LEADERS OF MEN

Mr. Ephraim Tait.

With a Merry Christmas

Flora.

B108
254


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/leadersofmenorty0000henr



WILLIAM MCKINLEY

THE MARTYRED LEADER

LEADERS of MEN

or

TYPES and PRINCIPLES of SUCCESS

As Illustrated in the Lives and Careers of Famous Americans of the Present Day



ILLUSTRATED

Edited by

HENRY W. RUOFF, M.A., D.C.L.

Author of "Woman in the Middle Ages," "Home and State," "Century Book of Facts," Etc.

THE KING-RICHARDSON COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD : MASSACHUSETTS

SAN JOSE CHICAGO TORONTO INDIANAPOLIS

Copyright 1902
By The King-Richardson Company

All Rights Reserved

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following pages have been prepared with two distinct purposes in view: first, to give a closer view of a number of distinguished contemporary Americans; and, second, to set out, in bold relief, the most important elements of success, as they are conceived and attested by these eminent personages. There is no kind of reading at the same time more stimulating, more entertaining, and more genuinely instructive than biography; especially if such biography brings us face to face with the most practical and vital problems and questions of everyday life.

The material for this work has been drawn from many persons and sources. For the sketch of John D. Long, we are especially indebted to Mrs. Mary C. Robbins; for that of Cardinal Gibbons, to Rev. Charles W. Currier; for that of John W. Daniel, to Mr. E. A. Herndon; for that of Charles Emory Smith, to Mr. Clarence E. Dawson; for that of David Starr Jordan, to Prof. William J. Neidig; for that of Henry Watterson, to Mr. Ernest L. Aroni; and for that of Senator W. A. Clark, to Mr. Joaquin Miller. All sketches included, indeed, have been prepared by unusually capable writers. The instructive discussions of the various elements of success are almost as diverse in authorship as the biographies, although the veteran author, Mr. William M. Thayer, has been the largest contributor.

It is earnestly hoped that this combination of living careers, coupled with wise and instructive counsel, may especially appeal to the youth of both sexes as well as to many others older in years.

CONTENTS.

PART ONE—LEADERS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ... 25

On Success — Sketch of his Life — A Leader from Youth — From Weakling to Athlete — Enters Public Life — Career in the Assembly — Combined Writing with Hunting — Efforts to Reform Gotham — In the Navy Department — Leader of Rough Riders — The First Battle — His Triumph at Philadelphia — President.

DECISION OF CHARACTER, ... 42

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE, ... 51

On Success — His Life and Career — At College — Enters the Profession of the Law — Beginnings of his Public Life — Member of the Paris Commission — President of the Senate — His Public Service — Love of Outdoor Life — A Fish Story — Some Characteristics.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH, ... 59

CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, ... 67

His Definition of Success — Boyhood — School Days — College Career — In Prize Contests — First Political Meeting — The Young Lawyer — Nebraska Politics — Elected to Congress — As Editor — Nominated for President — His Defeat — Campaign of 1900 — The Man.

HONESTY AS AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS, ... 83

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN DAVIS LONG, ... 91

On the Problem of Life — His Ancestry — Life in Oxford County, Maine — At Hebron Academy — College Career — As a Law Student — The Lawyer — Political Beginnings — Governor of Massachusetts — Secretary of the Navy — Personal Characteristics.

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS, ... 104

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL, ... 111

Places Emphasis on Persevering Effort — Entrance into Political Life — A Virginia Campaign — Elected to Congress — In the United States Senate — As an Orator — Mental Characteristics — Tone of his Public Life — Relations with the People — His Ancestry — Youth and Education — Military Career — Begins the Study of Law — The Lawyer — Personality.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PERSEVERANCE, ... 122

CHAPTER VI.

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA, ... 132

The Key to his Success — A Typical American — Parentage — Leaves College and Begins Work — His Early Business Enterprises — Qualities as a Manager — First Meeting with William McKinley — The Expansion of his Business Interests — Why he Entered Politics — Later Political Career — The Campaign of 1896 — A Convention Episode — Characteristics — Not a Boss — As an Orator — More Characteristics — Business Methods — Attitude toward Labor.

INDUSTRY, ... 146

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, ... 157

How Successes are Achieved — Incidents of his Life Compared with those of the Life of Benjamin Franklin — Birthplace, Parentage and Education — Choice of Vocation — Early Newspaper Experience — Career at Union College — His Part in the Campaign of 1860 — Becomes Editor of the Albany Express — Meeting with Horace Greeley — Editor of the Philadelphia Press — Made Minister to Russia — Campaigns with McKinley — His Appointment as Postmaster-General — Personal Characteristics — A Forceful and Eloquent Public Speaker — To what he Attributes his Success.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION, ... 168

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES ARNETTE TOWNE, ... 179

On the Qualifications that Assist Success — Some Moral and Mental Traits — His Early Life — School Days — College Career — First

PAGE

Efforts in Politics — Revolt against Machine Methods — Election to Congress — His Eloquent Plea on the Money Question — Leader of the Silver Republicans — Nominated for Vice-President by the Populist Convention — Appointment to the United States Senate — Retirement from Political Life.

OPPORTUNITY, ... 190

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON, ... 200

On the Elements of Success — His Birth and Ancestry — Where Educated — Admitted to the Bar — Removal to Iowa — Activity in Local Politics — Elected to Congress — First Important Service — Becomes an Authority on Public Finance — A Temperate Partisan in Politics — Some Characteristics.

POWER OF CHARACTER, ... 215

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE DEWEY, ... 222

His Detestation of Lying — Birthplace — George Dewey's Boyhood — First Cruise — Schooling — At the Naval Academy — In the Civil War — Afloat and Ashore — Characteristics — Manila — Personal Traits.

COMMON SENSE, ... 241

CHAPTER XI.

ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE, ... 245

On what Brings Success — His Early Struggles — How he Completed his College Course — A Hard Worker and Brilliant Speaker in College — Prepares for the Bar — His Rapid Rise as a Lawyer — Enters Public Life — Mental Characteristics — Forensic Power — Career in Politics — Election to the United States Senate — Philippine Speech.

TACT, ... 248

PART TWO—LEADERS IN PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

HENRY WATTERSON, ... 259
On the Elements of Success — His Personality — A Man of Great Versatility — Methods of Work — Birth and Early Surroundings — Education — "The New Era" — Newspaper Career in New York — War Correspondent — Becomes Editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" — Some Difficulties Encountered — His New Policy — What Politics Means to him — Member of Congress — As a Public Speaker — Home Life — What Leads to Success in Journalism.

COURAGE AND SELF-CONFIDENCE, ... 269

CHAPTER XIII.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, ... 279
On Purpose — Birthplace and Parentage — Youthful Characteristics — In School — Love of Nature — At College — The Teacher and Investigator — With Agassiz at Penikese — President of Indiana University — Accepts the Presidency of Leland Stanford Junior University — In Private Life — In the Class Room — An Impressive Lecturer — His Literary Work — Sense of Humor — As a University President — Views on Education — Personality — Scientific Work.

SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE, ... 288

CHAPTER XIV.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, ... 295
His Conception of Success — The Office of Cardinal — His Birthplace — The Cardinal's Cathedral — Early Training — First Priestly Labors — Made Bishop — Attends the Œcumenical Council of 1869 — At Richmond — Archbishop at Forty-three — Characteristics — Habits — Third Plenary Council of Baltimore — The Catholic University — Created Cardinal — A Well-Rounded Character — Home Surroundings — In Public Life.

DUTY, ... 307

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, ... 314
On "What Career" — Part in the Twentieth Century Celebration in Boston — Divisions of his Career — As a Journalist — As a Christian Minister — Social Reformer — Publicist and Patriot — Character of His Writings — As an Educator — Antiquarian — His Views as to the Purposes of Life — His Uplifting Personality.

NOT ABOVE ONE'S BUSINESS, ... 330

CHAPTER XVI.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, ... 336
A Confession — His Distinguished Career — Ancestry — Incident in Career of His Father — Early Pranks — Ambitions — Painting Under Limitations — His First Literary Work — Reads Law — In the Mexican War — Lawyer — Military Career Renewed — Civil War — Literary Career — Methods of Work.

HOW TO USE YOURSELF, ... 348

CHAPTER XVII.

RUSSELL HERMAN CONWELL, ... 354
How to Succeed — His Boyhood — Early Oratorical Efforts — Struggles for an Education — The Call to Arms — Yale College — Journalistic Experiences — Admitted to the Bar — Enters the Ministry — His First Church — Work in Philadelphia — The Temple College — Characteristics.

MINDING LITTLE THINGS, ... 365

CHAPTER XVIII.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL, ... 369
Observations about Successful Careers — Birthplace and Education — At Home — The Doctor — His Study — As a Conversationalist — Bric-a-Brac — The Author — Fondness for his Native City — His Literary Career — Literary Methods.

PERILS OF SUCCESS, ... 381

CHAPTER XIX.

PAGE

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, ... 390
On Happiness — Two Estimates of President Eliot — His Contemporaries — An Early Appreciation of his Administrative Abilities — As a Teacher in Harvard — Chosen President of Harvard — A Period of Reconstruction — The Elective System — Some Facts and Figures — His Educational Philosophy — At Heart a Democrat — As an Essayist — His Influence with Students — A Religious Man — As an Administrator — Characteristics.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE, ... 409

CHAPTER XX.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, ... 414
Success as Understood by Mr. Jefferson — His Rank among Actors — Blending of the Man and Actor — His Theatrical Lineage — Maternal Ancestry — Birthplace and Early Surroundings — Glimpses of Jefferson in the Early Days — The Mexican War Period — His First Permanent Success — In Australia — Visits South America — His Career in London — Later Career — His Performances of Rip Van Winkle — His Art.

HOW TO BE INSIGNIFICANT, ... 426

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN HEYL VINCENT, ... 433
On Success — What he Represents — Birth and Early Environment — His Ambitions to go to College — In Pennsylvania — At School — As a Teacher — Enters the Ministry — Some Early Characteristics — Career in the West — As an Editor — Secretary of the Sunday School Union — Further Education — First Identification with Chautauqua — Some Chautauqua Results — President Garfield's Tribute — Literary Work — Home Life — Sermons — Loyalty.

SELF-EDUCATION, ... 447

CHAPTER XXII.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, ... 455
A Poetic Interpretation of Success — Birthplace and Boyhood — A Picture of His Childhood — Early Theatrical Leanings — A Practical Joker — School Days — The "Leonainie" Episode — Personal Appearance — Preëminent Qualities of his Work — In What His Uniqueness Lies — "Poems Here at Home" — The Two Classes of Mr. Riley's Poetry — As a Balladist — His Lyrics — The Poet of the People — Characteristically American.

PERSONAL PURITY AND NOBILITY, ... 469

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAGE

THOMAS BRACKETT REED, ... 476

On the Right Use of Wealth — A Conversation — Glimpses of His Characteristics — Strength of his Personal Convictions — His Home — How it Bespeaks the Man — Favorite Club — Early Environment and Ancestry — The Schoolmaster — At College — Habits of Reading — Journeys to California — Admission to the Bar — His Return East — Enters Public Life — Member of Congress — A Memorable Speech — Speaker — Readiness in Debate — Literary Side of his Career — His Epigrams.

"MAKE, SAVE, GIVE ALL YOU CAN," 493

PART THREE—LEADERS IN BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, ... 507

Mr. Carnegie on Success — His Early Boyhood in the United States — His Birthplace — Ancestry — Messenger Boy — Death of His Father — Learns Telegraphy — Becomes an Employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad — Secretary to Thomas A. Scott — A First Investment — During the Civil War — How he Became Connected with the Iron and Steel Industry — His Organizing Ability — A Magazine Episode — His Careful Method — A Great Traveler — His Devotion to Golf — His Benefactions — Characteristics as a Thinker, Writer, and Speaker — His Literary Work — A Few Extracts — His Personality — Secret of his Success.

HOW TO START IN LIFE, ... 524

CHAPTER XXV.

MARSHALL FIELD, ... 533

Mr. Field on the Elements of Success and Failure — His Rank among Merchants — As an Individual — His Wholesale and Retail Business — General Estimate of His Wealth — His Business Methods — Foundation Stone of His Success — How His Mercantile Business Grew — A Man of Modest and Retiring Disposition — His Associations Restricted to a Few — Private Benefactions — Religious Life — Public Benefactions — The Field Columbian Museum — Gifts to Chicago University — Birthplace and Boyhood — Private Life.

THE YOUNG MAN IN MERCANTILE LIFE, ... 545

CHAPTER XXVI.

PAGE

WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK, ... 551

On Paramont Elements of Success — Type of the Successful Western Pioneer — Birthplace — Lineage — Early Education — Removal to the West — A Teacher in the Common Schools — Further Education — Studies Law — A Change of Purpose — First Mining Experiences — Becomes a Trader and Merchant — Organizes a Banking House — Successful Mining Projects — A Hard Worker — An Episode — Efforts in Behalf of Montana — His Political Career — A Memorable Contest — Elected United States Senator — His Home and Home-Life — Man of Culture and Patron of Art — Personal Characteristics.

METHOD, ... 562

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, ... 569

On Aids to Success — Birthplace — Descended from an Old American Family — How Educated — Beginning of his Career as a Banker — Inherited Advantage — J. P. Morgan & Company — What Mr. Morgan Does — Secret of His Power in Financial Circles — An Incessant Worker — Personal Appearance — Method of Transacting Business — His Wonderful Knowledge of Men — Reorganizer and Constructer — His Noteworthy Achievements on Behalf of the United States Government — Art Collector — His Fondness for Yachting — Gifts to Public Institutions — Characteristics.

HOW GREAT THINGS ARE DONE, ... 584

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOHN WANAMAKER, ... 593

On How to Succeed — Date and Place of his Birth — Parentage — A Country Boy — At School — Early Industry — "Everybody's Journal" — Secretary of Y. M. C. A. — Begins his Mercantile Career — Steady Expansion of his Business — New York Store — In Politics — Postmaster General under Harrison — As a Citizen — His Religious Work — Other Enterprises — Keynote of his Success — As an Exemplar.

HOW TO FAIL, ... 601

CHAPTER XXIX.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, ... 611

What Brings Success — Boyhood of a Genius — Newsboy, Editor, and Chemist at Fifteen — Heroic Tuition Fee — Not a Prig — Among Tramp Telegraphers — In Louisville — Astonishes Eastern

PAGE

Operators — First Patent — In New York — Capacity for Work — Personal Appearance — His Estimate of the Patent Pirate — A Closer View of Edison — Indifference to Plaudits — As a Business Man — A Sensitive Nature — Place Among Scientists — At Work — The Phonograph — Economic Features of his Inventions — Non-Electrical Experiments — His Principal Inventions — Achievements of the Twentieth Century — Edison the Man.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEA, ... 624

CHAPTER XXX.

JOHN DAVISON ROCKEFELLER, ... 634

On the Important Elements of Success — His Rank Among the Captains of Industry — His Great Wealth — Place of his Birth — Parental Qualities Inherited — His Boyhood Marked by Industry and Economy — Removed to Cleveland — Interest in Church Work — Education — Beginning of his Industrial Career — His Introduction to the Oil Industry — The Standard Oil Company — Other Business Enterprises — His Personality — Homes and Home Life — To What his Wonderful Success is Due — Philanthropies.

THE LEDGER OF ECONOMY, ... 645

CHAPTER XXXI.

JAMES JEROME HILL, ... 652

Where Opportunity Lies — Born in Canada — Ancestral Stock — How Educated — From County Clerk to Railroad President — Reorganization of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad — Transformation of the Northwest — Fortune Fairly Earned — The Great Northern of To-day — His Methods — The Training of Young Men — Mr. Hill a Many-sided Man — His Home at St. Paul — Interest in Agricultural Pursuits — Philanthropies — Something of his Personal Achievements.

THE VICTORY IN DEFEAT, ... 664

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHARLES MICHAEL SCHWAB, ... 677

On the Fundamental Elements of Success — Highest Salaried Man in the World — In the Prime of Life — Birthplace — Boyhood — How Educated — Begins Life as a Clerk in a Grocery Store — Stake-Driver — Early Promotions — Head of Steel Works — An Illustrative Anecdote — How he Works — Secret of his Power — Interested in Young Men — How he Regards Organized Labor — Not a Tyrant.

MANNERS AND DRESS, ... 688

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, ... *Frontispiece.*
Photograph by Clinedinst.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG, ... *Facing p.* 25

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE CABINET ROOM, ... 43
Photograph by Clinedinst.

SENATOR FRYE AS PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE, ... 58
Photograph by Clinedinst.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN AT HOME, ... 82
Photograph by Townsend.

SECRETARY LONG IN THE NAVY OFFICE, ... 105
Photograph by Clinedinst.

PORTRAIT OF SENATOR DANIEL, ... 123
Photograph by Parker.

SENATOR HANNA AT WORK, ... 147
Photograph by Clinedinst.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH AT HIS DESK, ... 169
Photograph by Clinedinst.

PORTRAIT OF EX-SENATOR TOWNE, ... 191
Photograph by Marceau.

PORTRAIT OF SENATOR ALLISON, ... 214
Photograph by Parker.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA, ... 240
From painting by H. T. See.

PORTRAIT OF SENATOR BEVERIDGE, ... 249

THE DOCTOR, ... *Facing p.* 259

EDITORIAL ROOM OF HENRY WATTERSON, ... 268
Photograph by Klauber.

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN, . . . 289
Photograph by Marceau.

PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL GIBBONS, ... 306
Photograph by Bachrach & Brother.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE IN HIS STUDY, ... 331
Photograph by Alden.

GEN. LEW WALLACE AT WORK IN HIS LIBRARY, . . . 349
Photograph by Lacey & Nicholson.

COLONEL CONWELL IN CAP AND GOWN, ... 364
Photograph by Gutekunst.

PAGE

PORTRAIT OF DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, ... 380
Photograph by Meynen.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, ... 408
Photograph by Notman.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES," 427
Photograph by Sarony.

PORTRAIT OF BISHOP VINCENT, ... 446
Photograph by Ginter & Cook.

PORTRAIT OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, ... 468
Photograph by Marceau.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS BRACKETT REED, ... 492
Photograph by Dupont.

THE NEW YORK EXCHANGE, ... *Facing p.* 507
Photograph by Rockwood.

PORTRAIT OF ANDREW CARNEGIE, ... 525
Photograph by Rockwood.

PORTRAIT OF MARSHALL FIELD, ... 544
Photograph by Steffens.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM A. CLARK, ... 563
Photograph by Marceau.

PORTRAIT OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ... 585
Photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN WANAMAKER, ... 600
Photograph by Gutekunst.

THOMAS A. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY, ... 625
Photograph by Brady.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, ... 644
Photograph by Dana.

PORTRAIT OF JAMES J. HILL, ... 665
Photograph by Pach.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB, ... 689
Photograph by Davis.

INTRODUCTION.

IN this stirring age it is difficult to find a sincere advocate of mediocrity. The vast majority desire self-development and self-advancement along the lines which their ambitions mark out for them. The impulses toward betterment come from so many sources, are so comprehensive and so widely prevalent, that the whole modern world is, as it were, infected with a desire for improvement. This desire to excel, whether in a professional career, in business, in statecraft, in artisanship, or in the humbler walks of life, is ennobling, and deserves the highest stimulation, for out of it have come the "shining marks" of history and the most worthy examples of private life.

The simple possession of a right desire is not sufficient in itself to procure all that such a desire implies. It must be accompanied by action, and often by the most heroic and self-sacrificing effort. It is true that in the career of every man there are some incontrollable elements, but these bear only a slight proportion, either in number or importance, to the elements which he can control. In other words, the character, the career, and the fortunes of every man are largely in his own keeping. He is what he makes himself. He can have what he desires if he will pay the price. He must take a mental inventory of himself and determine whether he possesses the qualities, either actual or potential, that fit him for a leader or a follower. If it is to be the former, he will need all the heroic virtues—courage, persistency, application, self-recognized honesty—that may come to him as a natural heritage or through acquirement.

Shakespeare says, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon

them." If this were paraphrased by the substitution of the words successful and success for the words great and greatness, it might form a fairly exhaustive scheme of explanation covering the various causes of success. The point must not be overlooked, however, that success is by no means a correct synonym for greatness.

By far the greatest number of successful men have become such through their own achievements; the other two classes mentioned in our paraphrase seem to reach success through a manifest destiny. What, then, are some of the elements that enter into success when self-achieved?

Obviously the first essential toward success is a *dominating purpose*—one that has so fastened itself upon the ambitions that the person so possessed recognizes no obstacle too great to be overcome. To this must be added the executive agencies of courage and industry. John Kitto, an eminent writer, expresses himself in these words: "I am not myself a believer in impossibilities. I think that all the fine stories about natural ability, and so on, are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his opportunities and industry, render himself almost anything he wishes to become." This view may possibly be extreme, if taken literally, but the emphasis put upon industry is certainly borne out in many concrete examples. "It is the worker who dignifies the task, and not the task that ennobles the worker."

Mark the following facts from the biographies of the world's celebrities :—

Thurlow Weed walked two miles through the snow with pieces of rag carpet about his feet for shoes, that he might borrow a book.

Samuel Drew went on with his studies when he was too poor to buy bread, and when he could appease the pangs of hunger only by tying a girdle about his body.

Lord Eldon, England's greatest Chief Justice, being too

poor to buy books when a boy, borrowed and copied three folio volumes of precedents, and the whole of Coke on Littleton.

John Scott, after working hard all day, studied long into the night, tying a wet towel around his head to keep awake.

Hugh Miller hammered an education from a stone quarry.

Henry Wilson worked on a farm for twelve long years for a yoke of oxen and six sheep.

The immortal Lincoln walked forty miles to borrow a book which he could not afford to buy.

Goethe spent his entire fortune of over half a million dollars on his education. Let the reader notice the difference between his success and that of Jay Gould.

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" in a world he could not see, and then sold it for fifteen pounds.

John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison, at the behest of conscience and in disregard of the edict of his accusers.

Euripides spent three days writing five lines, and those lines have lived centuries since his language has ceased to be spoken.

Sir Isaac Newton spent long years on an intricate calculation, and his papers having been destroyed by his dog Diamond he cheerfully began to replace them.

Carlyle, after lending the manuscript of the "French Revolution" to a friend, whose servant carelessly used it to kindle a fire, calmly went to work and rewrote it.

Napoleon waited for an appointment seven years after he had thoroughly prepared himself.

Blucher, although he lost nine battles out of every ten, still pressed on with an iron determination which won for him the title of "Marshal Forward."

Cyrus W. Field risked a fortune and devoted years of

seemingly hopeless drudgery, amid the scoffs of men, to lay the Atlantic cable.

Handel practiced on his harpsichord in secret, until every key was hollowed by his fingers to resemble the bowl of a spoon.

George Stephenson worked fifteen long years for his first successful locomotive.

Richard Arkwright, founder of cotton manufacture in England, began life by shaving people in a cellar at a penny a shave.

These citations might be prolonged indefinitely, but sufficient have been produced to show the practical power of the will over the environing circumstances that oftentimes apparently block the way of ambitious youth. Difficulties call out great qualities and make greatness possible. If there were no difficulties there would be no success. The spark in the flint would sleep forever but for friction; the fire in man would never blaze out but for antagonism. The moment man is relieved of opposition or friction and the track of his life is oiled with inherited wealth or other aids, that moment he often ceases to struggle, and, therefore, ceases to grow. "The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything, and in this lies the distinction between great men and little men."

The second element in success, though closely allied with the first, is *courage*. Courage may take on many different forms, and any one of its many attributes may be emphasized as the particular element of success. No more forcible illustration of this is needed than a careful reference to the utterances of the sages and men of action of all ages. "The education of the will," says Emerson, "is the object of our existence. For the resolute and the determined there is always time and opportunity." "To

think a thing impossible," says another, "is to make it so. Courage is victory; timidity is defeat." Napoleon says, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination," and to this President Porter adds, "Invincible determination, and a right nature, are the levers that move the world." "Little minds," interposes Irving, "are tamed and subdued by misfortunes, but great minds are above them," while the dramatic dictum of Bulwer rings out in clarion tones, "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for bright manhood, there is no such word as fail." Another says, "Intense, ceaseless activity is the law of life"; and still another, "It is defeat that turns bone to flint; it is defeat that turns gristle to muscle; it is defeat that makes men invincible." So, armed with this quality of the soul, — courage,— we need never fear the consequences in the presence of opposition; defeat may be only the threshold of victory.

Life is the arena of many forms of courage; as many, in fact, as there are lines of human action. There is physical courage, which dares to meet and overcome physical opposition. This form of courage is by no means low; but there are higher forms of courage. To be a martyr, one must have something more than the resignation to meet physical torture and death. He must have the courage to think the unthought and speak the unspoken, and not only to think and speak thus, but to do it amid the jeers of hatred and the hisses of calumny. But for this form of courage no triumphant vessel would to-day move upon the waters; no engine would jar the earth with its iron tread; no magic wires would belt the globe. History would be unstained with blood, it is true, and the simple record would be a colorless legend of submission — a world of rayless midnight, perhaps without stars.

The darkness of the past has been illumined by the fagot fire kindled at the feet of courage. No grand libra-

ries would adorn our cities, no inspiring canvases make living the walls of galleries of art, had not moral courage dared to depict its story. The steps of the world's progress have been over the red altars of human sacrifice.

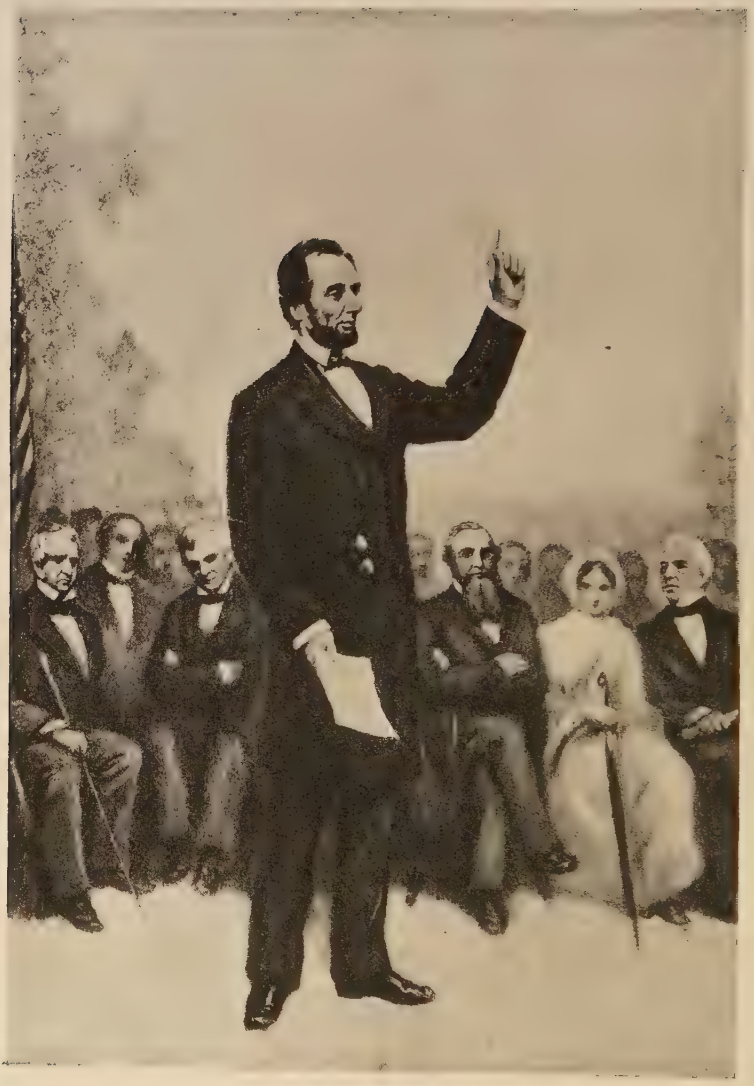
Physical, intellectual, and moral courage have been the grand leaders in the ceaseless conquest of thought. All honor to the martyrs of science and religion and human freedom! "Who falls for the love of God shall rise a star."

No age of human history has offered such a grand reward to courage in its highest sense as the present. The supreme need of human society to-day is a bold and fearless spirit of individuality. In both politics and religion we see a disgusting cowardice that makes men slaves to base schemes and cunning tyranny. The call of the hour is to duty. The courageous performance of duty leads to nobility; and this quality is not only one of the highest in human character but even an attribute of divinity itself.

If you would, therefore, make the most of life, do not seek the "path of least resistance"; rather welcome the difficulties in your way. Do not be frightened by them or discouraged because of them. They are your opportunities for winning success. "He who refuses to make use of, or flings away, his opportunities, flings away his manhood."

PART ONE.

LEADERS IN PUBLIC LIFE.



LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

CHAPTER I.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ON SUCCESS — SKETCH OF HIS LIFE — A LEADER FROM YOUTH — FROM WEAKLING TO ATHLETE—ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE—CAREER IN THE ASSEMBLY —COMBINED WRITING WITH HUNTING — EFFORTS TO REFORM GOTHAM — IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT—LEADER OF ROUGH RIDERS—THE FIRST BATTLE —HIS TRIUMPH AT PHILADELPHIA—PRESIDENT. DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Success must always include, as its first element, earning a competence for the support of the man himself, and for the bringing up of those dependent upon him. In the vast majority of cases it ought to include financially rather more than this. But the acquisition of wealth is not in the least the only test of success. Successful statesmen, soldiers, sailors, explorers, historians, poets, and scientific men are very much more essential than any mere successful business man can possibly be.



The average man into whom the average boy develops, is, of course, not going to be a marvel in any line, but, if he only chooses to try, he can be very good in any line, and the chances of his doing good work are immensely increased if he has trained his mind. If, of course, he gets to thinking that the only kind of learning is that to be found in books, he will do very little; but if he keeps his mental balance,—that is, if he shows character,—he will understand both what learning can do and what it cannot, and he will be all the better the more he can get.

Perhaps there is no more important component of character than steadfast resolution. The boy who is going to make a great man, or is going to count in any way in after life, must make up his mind not merely to overcome a thousand obstacles, but to win in spite of a thousand repulses or defeats.

Theodore Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, soldier, legislator, historian, ranchman, civil service reformer, politician, police commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of the Empire State, Vice-President of the United States, President of the United States, is one of the most remarkable personalities in the history of the United States of the last quarter century. Scarcely yet of middle age, he has won a place in the literary world as well as in that of politics. He has been a prime mover in noted reforms, has distinguished himself as a soldier by gallantry and generalship, as a statesman by a consistent and constant battle for purity in public office, and as an executive in the able conduct of the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy, and the management of the affairs of the State of New York.

As a politician, he has won from hostile leaders reluctant invitation to take command of their forces, offering by the popularity his personal record has gained, an assurance of success which made him necessary as a candidate to the welfare of his party.

Personally the President is most charming. No one denies the attractiveness of his frankness, his wealth of human interest and sympathy. His friends, who are legion, are sturdy and steadfast.

Though a weakling as a child, he has developed himself into a strong and active man, and his passion for hunting big game and his love for adventure have added not the least picturesque part to his history. Mr. Roosevelt is stockily built, and some three inches short of six feet in height. He is very near-sighted, and always wears thick eyeglasses. His expression is genial, and he smiles frequently, showing his teeth, which feature has been accented and lampooned in the thousands of caricatures published to ridicule him and the political party which has sent him to the Presidency.

From his college days Mr. Roosevelt has been a leader. His methods have always won the respect and support of those with whom he has been associated, though they have also brought upon him virulent attacks in almost every position he ever held. As a member of the legislature of New York he did much to purify office holding; as an historian, he showed himself a deep student; as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission and later a commissioner of

police in New York city, he displayed ability to enforce just, though unpopular, laws, and create a sentiment in favor of such enforcement. His most notable work, perhaps, was in the Navy Department, where he was admittedly responsible in large degree for the preparedness of ships and supplies which made the naval victories of Manila Bay and Santiago possible to the American fleets.

As a writer, the President has been a contributor to magazines of innumerable articles on historical, political, and scientific subjects. A list of his more extended and important works includes, "The Winning of the West," "Life of Governor Morris," "Life of Thomas Hart Benton," "Naval War of 1812," "History of New York," "American Ideals and other Essays," "The Wilderness Hunter," "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," "The Strenuous Life," and "The Rough Riders."

Mr. Roosevelt has been married twice. His home is at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island. He is a man of domestic tastes, and is devoted to his family. He has six children, the oldest, Alice, the offspring of his first marriage.

Theodore Roosevelt was born October 20, 1858, at 28 East Twentieth street, New York city. His father, also Theodore Roosevelt, was a member of an old New York Dutch family, and the President is of the eighth generation of the stock in the United States. Mingled with the Dutch in Theodore Roosevelt's veins are strains of English, Celtic, and French. His mother was Miss Martha Bulloch, who came of a distinguished Georgia family, which had given to that state a governor, Archibald Bulloch, in Revolutionary times. In a later generation a member of the family built the Confederate privateer "Alabama."

The father of the President was a merchant and importer of glassware. During the Civil War he was a noted figure in New York. He had great strength of character and a liking for practical benevolence, which made him foremost in many such charities. Newsboys' lodging houses, the allotment system, which permitted soldiers during the war to have portions of their pay sent to their families, and other forms of direct help to the poorer classes found in him a champion. His ancestors had been aldermen, judges of the Supreme Court of the city, and representatives in the National Congress. In

Revolutionary times, New York chose a Roosevelt to act with Alexander Hamilton in the United States Constitutional Convention. Roosevelt street was once a cowpath on the Roosevelt farm, and the Roosevelt Hospital is the gift of a wealthy member of a recent generation of the family.

As a child, the Roosevelt who was to rise to such high place in the nation was puny and backward. He could not keep up with his fellows either in study or play, and on this account was taught by a private tutor at home. The country residence of the Roosevelts was at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and here the children were brought up. They were compelled by their father to take plenty of outdoor exercise, and young Theodore, soon realizing that he must have strength of body if he was to do anything in life, entered into the scheme for the improvement of his physical condition with the same enthusiasm and determination which has characterized every act of his life. He grew up an athlete, strong and active, and when he entered Harvard in 1875 he soon became prominent in field sports. He became noted as a boxer and wrestler, and was for a time captain of the college polo team. He did not neglect his studies and, when he was graduated in 1880, he took high honors. During his stay in the university he had been editor of the *Advocate*, a college paper, and gave particular attention to the study of history and natural history. He became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Greek letter fraternity.

At the conclusion of his college course he went abroad for a year, spending part of the time in study in Dresden. His love for athletics led him to successfully attempt the ascent of the Jung-Frau and the Matterhorn, and won for him a membership in the Alpine Club of London. He returned to New York in 1881, and in the same year married Miss Alice Lee of Boston. Two years later he had the misfortune to lose his wife and mother within a week.

Theodore Roosevelt has been an ardent student of history from his college days, and before he was twenty-three years old had entered the field himself as a writer. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. On his return from Europe, and while engaged on his historical work, he entered the law office of his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, with the design of fitting himself for the bar. He was of too restless a disposition to find content in such a sober calling,

and the whole bent of his mind, as shown by his reading, his writing, and the effort to do something extraordinary, something that would mark him above his fellows, which had made him a bidder for college championships and prompted him to tempt the dangers of the Swiss mountain peaks, sent him hurrying into politics before he had settled down to anything like deep study of the law.

He attended his first primary in 1881, in the Twenty-first assembly district of New York. It was a gathering of the class attendant on such occasions, with little to charm the ordinary young man of aristocratic lineage and wealth, but Theodore Roosevelt had studied history with a purpose. He knew that through the primary led the way to political preferment, and he at once entered into the battle of politics in which he was to prove a gladiator of astonishing prowess, routing and terrifying his enemies, but often startling his allies by the originality and recklessness of his methods.

The natural enthusiasm of young Roosevelt, his undeniable personal charm, and the swirl of interest with which he descended into the arena of local politics made him friends on every side in a community where leaders are at a high premium, and within a few months the young college man was elected to the assembly of the state from his home district.

His ability and his methods were in strong evidence at the following session of the legislature. He proved a rallying power for the Republican minority, and actually succeeded in passing legislation which the majority submitted to only through fear and which his own party in the state would never have fathered had it been in power. Mr. Roosevelt was the undisputed leader of the Republicans in the assembly within two months after his election, and he immediately turned his attention to the purification of New York city. This would have appalled a man less determined or more experienced. But the young aspirant for a place in history reckoned neither with conditions nor precedents. His success, considering the strength of the combination against which he was arrayed, was extraordinary. He succeeded in securing the passage of the bill which deprived the city council of New York of the power to veto the appointments of the mayor, a prerogative which had nullified every previous attempt at reform and had

made the spoliation of the city's coffers an easy matter in the time of Tweed and other bosses.

Mr. Roosevelt's methods, it was cheerfully predicted by his political opponents, would certainly result in his retirement from participation in the state councils of New York, but this proved far from the case. As has happened in every case since, wherever Theodore Roosevelt has been thrown with any class of people, wherever they have come to know him personally, he has attracted to himself enthusiastic friendship and confidence. Theatrical though many of his acts have appeared, his honesty, his personal fearlessness, and the purity of his motives have not been questioned.

He became so popular that not only was he returned to three sessions of the assembly, but his party in the state soon realized that he was one of its strongest men, and he was sent to the Republican National Convention of 1884 as chairman of the New York delegation.

Meanwhile he had been hammering away at corruption in New York, and had secured the passage of the act making the offices of the county clerk, sheriff, and register salaried ones. He had been chairman of the committee to investigate the work of county officials, and, as a result of that investigation, offered the bill which cut from the clerk of the county of New York an income in fees which approximated $82,000 per annum; from the sheriff $100,000, and from the register also a very high return in fees. From the county offices to the police was not far, and Roosevelt was agitating an investigation and reform in the guardianship of the city when he left the legislature. After the convention, to which he went uninstructed, but in favor of the nomination of Mr. Edmunds against James G. Blaine, his health failed. The deaths of his wife and mother had been a severe shock, for Mr. Roosevelt is a man of the strongest personal attachments. He turned aside from public life for a time and went west.

He had been a lover of hunting from boyhood, and when he decided to spend some time in the wilds of Montana he took up the life as he found it there. On the banks of the Little Missouri he built a log house, working on it himself, and there turned ranchman, cowboy, and hunter. He engaged in one of the last of the big buffalo hunts, and saturated himself with the life of the West. His trips were not

alone confined to this section of the West, and his courage, intelligence, and companionable nature made him a name which in later years drew to his standard thousands of cowboys, among whom his name had come to mean all that they admire and all that appeals to their natures. The love and admiration were not one-sided, for Mr. Roosevelt came to regard these hardy, open-hearted, plain-spoken guardians of the wilderness as the finest types of manhood, and his overweening admiration of them as a class led him into comparisons which chilled the managers of his party to the very marrow during the presidential campaign.

Here among the Buttes and Bad Lands Mr. Roosevelt spent a year or more, hunting, trapping, and caring for his herds. It is told of him that he pursued for two weeks and finally captured some cattle thieves who had raided his ranch. In this time he made many hunting trips, often alone, and killed a great deal of big game.

In these years and between 1886 and 1889 Mr. Roosevelt was also busy on much of his literary work. The most important of his works—"The Winning of the West," a history in four volumes of the acquisition of the territory west of the Alleghanies—required an enormous amount of research. On its publication it leaped at once into popularity and soon acquired a reputation as a most reliable text-book.

His hunting trips and his months of life among the men and the game of the West have supplied the material for a number of Mr. Roosevelt's books, among them "The Wilderness Hunter," "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." His most noted work of recent years is "The Rough Riders," being a history of the formation, the battles, career, and disbandment of the remarkable body of soldiers comprising the regiment which Mr. Roosevelt recruited largely himself, and of which he was lieutenant-colonel and colonel in the brief campaign in Cuba. His style is interesting and clear, and, while the story is told in the first person, there is a simplicity of narrative and a cordiality of praise to all who seemed to deserve it that robs this book of much of the self-glorification of which its author has been freely accused.

Mr. Roosevelt's more important works have been historical, but his writings have not been confined to this subject. He

has contributed many articles to scientific magazines, particularly on discrimination of species and sub-species of the larger animals of the West. A species of elk is named after him, and he made known the enlarged western species of a little insectivore called the shrew.

This period of writing and hunting was broken by two important events. He was defeated as candidate for mayor of New York and he married again. The second wife of the President was Miss Edith Kermit Carow, daughter of an old New York family. They have five children—three sons and two daughters. The marriage took place in 1886, and in the same year Theodore Roosevelt was the Republican nominee for mayor of his native city. Opposed to him were Abram S. Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, and Henry George, the apostle of single tax. So great an enthusiasm had been created by Mr. George's book "Progress and Poverty," and so quickly did he attach to himself all the floating elements dissatisfied with the régime of both the old parties and without the vested wealth threatened by the theories of their leader, that both of the old parties were alarmed. It was said that fear that George would be elected sent thousands of Republican votes to Hewitt, whose chances of success seemed greatly better than those of his young Republican opponent. Hewitt was elected, but Mr. Roosevelt received a larger proportion of the votes cast than had any other Republican candidate for mayor up to that time.

For years after this Mr. Roosevelt was not prominent in politics. He spent his time in writing and in hunting trips to the West. Never an idle man, he accomplished an immense amount of research in the preparation of his historical works.

President Harrison appointed Theodore Roosevelt a member of the United States Civil Service Commission May 13, 1889. While in the New York legislature much of his efforts had been directed to the improvement of the public service. He was one of the most noted advocates in the country of the merit system, and his enmity to the spoilsman had won him objurgations of press and party on numberless occasions. To his new duties he brought enthusiastic faith in the righteousness and the expediency of a civil service system, and he at once embarked on a campaign for establishing its permanency and for its extension, which again made him the butt of almost

daily attacks. In Congress and in the ranks of the leaders of his party hundreds of opponents sprang up to attack him, but he held to his course and eventually won to his own way of thinking many public men. Though always determined and aggressive, Mr. Roosevelt is a man of great tact, and to this no less than to the resolute assurance of his methods was due the success of his efforts for the extension of the civil service in the national service.

In the wave of reform which swept over New York in 1894-'95 the men, including Mayor Strong, who were borne into power were something of the same stamp as the civil service commissioner. They were of the class which fought political rings, and they turned to Mr. Roosevelt to take a hand in purifying the police force of New York city, which was alleged to be a sink of political rottenness and studied inefficiency. Mr. Roosevelt resigned as civil service commissioner May 5, 1895, and was appointed a police commissioner of New York city May 24 following.

The uproar that followed the introduction of Roosevelt methods in the conduct of the New York police force has never been equaled as a police sensation in that city. Within a month after his appointment the whole force was in a state of fright. The new commissioner made night rounds himself, and being unknown to the men he caught scores of them in dereliction of duty. He dismissed and promoted and punished entirely on a plan of his own. Politics ceased to save or help the men, and the bosses were up in arms. In this emergency an attempt was made to have Roosevelt's appointment by Mayor Strong vetoed by the city council and it was discovered that an act of the legislature, passed some twelve years prior, had taken the power of veto from the city council. Theodore Roosevelt was the author of this act, and its passage had been secured after one of the strongest fights he had made when a member of the state legislature.

Commissioner Roosevelt announced that he would enforce the laws as he found them. He gave special attention to the operation of the excise law on Sunday, and, after severe measures had been used on some of the more hardy saloon keepers, New York at last had, in June, 1895, for the first time within the memory of living man, a "dry" Sunday. Though undoubtedly a great deal of good was done by Commissioner

Roosevelt in breaking up much of the blackmail which had been levied by policemen, in transferring and degrading officers who were notoriously responsible for the bad name the force had, and in making promotions for merit, fidelity and courage, Mr. Roosevelt's career as a police commissioner made him extremely unpopular not only with the class at which his crusade was aimed, but with the business men and the more conservative of the citizens.

His methods attracted to his support a great swarm of spies, the agents of various kinds of so-called reform organizations, and against these men the police were powerless. Some of them were convicted themselves of blackmail, but this was after the first flush of the Roosevelt campaign. An air of espionage was attached to all police methods and the affiliation of the new police commissioner with the notoriety-seeking municipal reformers lost him many adherents, who would have applauded his work had the means been more to manly taste.

The fierce crusade against the saloon keepers was brief, and its effects lasted but a few weeks. The new commissioner gave his attention to more important matters, and really made the force cleaner than it had been before. He undoubtedly gained the hearty devotion of the better class of the policemen. He was most careful of their comfort and quick to see and reward merit. He was also quick to punish, and this kept the worse half of the men on their good behavior.

The attacks of the enemies which Mr. Roosevelt's methods raised up against him were not confined to verbal denunciations nor expressions through the press. Dynamite bombs were left in his office, a part of his associates on the police board fought his every move, and all the skill of New York politicians with whom he interfered was exercised to trap him into a situation where he would become discredited in his work. In this they were unsuccessful and the stormy career of the police force continued. In the end the new commissioner conquered. He had the necessary power and the personal courage and tenacity of purpose to carry out his plans. He fought blackmail until he had practically stopped it and he promoted and removed men without regard to color, creed, or politics. He resigned in April, 1897, to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Theodore Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy April 19, 1897. The troubles of the Cubans with Spain, the long history of oppression and outrage to which they had been subjected, and the years of warfare they had known with the armies of Weyler and Campos, had excited American sympathy, and many public men realized that interference by the United States was almost assured. In this connection it was realized by President McKinley and his advisers that the navy was not in condition to make it an effective war instrument in the impending conflict. In casting about for a man to fill the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which place carried with it much of the executive work which would be required in putting fighting ships into shape, the President and Secretary Long were favorably disposed toward Mr. Roosevelt, who was one of the many candidates for the place. His work on the naval war of 1812 had acquired fame for its accuracy and its exhibition of wide knowledge of naval matters on the part of the author, and Mr. Roosevelt was asked to accept the appointment.

He brought to the duties of the office a great interest in the work, as well as the tremendous energy and talent for closely studying and mastering his work which had characterized him in other fields. He also brought to the position some of his startling methods, and again proved himself a "storm center," a name he had already been given, and to which he has earned better title in each succeeding year. In the fall of 1897 he was detailed to inspect the fleet gathered at Hampton Roads, and he kept the commanders and their jackies in a ferment for a week. Whenever he thought of a drill he would like to see, he ordered it. The crews were called to night quarters and all sorts of emergency orders were given at all sorts of hours. When the Assistant Secretary came back to Washington to report, he had mastered some of the important details of the situation, at least.

During his rather brief connection with the department, Mr. Roosevelt was a strong advocate of the naval *personnel* bill. He was also in charge of the purchase of auxiliary vessels after war was actually declared. When guns had been fired in actual warfare and the invasion of Cuba had been determined upon Mr. Roosevelt resigned to take part with the land forces in that campaign.

His resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Navy bears date of May 6, 1898. His appointment as lieutenant-colonel, First Regiment United States Volunteer Cavalry, is dated May 5, 1898.

The body of men of which Col. Roosevelt took command was one of the most remarkable ever enlisted in any country. It was chosen from some 3,500 applicants and numbered about 900. The plains gave it its largest membership, and the name under which it soon came to be known was the "Rough Riders." Dr. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., a close personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, and his companion on many hunting trips, was, like himself, an ardent admirer of the fearless and sterling characters so often found among the cowboys of the American cattle ranges. When war was an assured fact, these two men conceived the idea of recruiting a regiment from among the ranks of these plainsmen. Both were known throughout many Western states to the most famous of the frontiersmen, and the project met with instant and enthusiastic favor in a thousand ranches. Cowboys, dead shots, perfect horsemen, who did not know what fear or fatigue meant, flocked to the standard raised by Wood and Roosevelt, and there eventually gathered at Tampa a body of men than whom it would be hard to find any more perfectly fitted for such war as the conflict with Spain in the jungles of Cuba assured. Old Indian fighters were there by the score, and there were even six full-blooded Indians among the enlisted men.

Such an outburst of popular interest attended the recruiting of this regiment that Col. Wood and Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt were soon overwhelmed with applications for enlistment from the college men, athletes, clubmen, sons of millionaire parents, who loved the idea of adventure and battle in such company. As a result several companies were recruited from the pick of the young men of the country. Nearly every noted club of the country had its quota, and scores of Wall street stockbrokers wore khaki in the ranks.

The Rough Riders, it was originally intended, should be mounted, and as cavalry they went to the rendezvous at Tampa. But when the time came to go to Cuba there was no room on the transports for horses, and these cavalrymen, like the rest of the men who had enlisted in all the regiments

assembled at the Florida port, were mad to get to the front. Rather than not see some of the fighting, the commander of the Rough Riders secured a place for his men among the troops sent to participate in the siege of Santiago, and they went as dismounted cavalry. As such they went to Cuba and fought through the brief but bloody campaign before the besieged city. They never had an opportunity to display their skill as horsemen after they left the training camps at San Antonio and Tampa, but they won a reputation for courage and cheerful patience under hardship, battle, and disease which is not surpassed in history.

This was not the first military service of Roosevelt. Soon after his graduation from Harvard he had joined the Eighth Regiment, New York National Guard, and had been in time promoted to the captaincy of a company. He remained a militiaman for four years, leaving his command only when he took up his permanent residence in Washington as a member of the Civil Service Commission.

The recruiting of the Rough Riders had been begun and had progressed rapidly even before Roosevelt left his post in the Navy Department, and in a few days after his arrival in San Antonio, the Rough Riders, then about 900 strong, were removed to Tampa. When the selection of the troops to go to Cuba was made, but eight companies of seventy men each were taken. Those who were left behind were most disconsolate. The transports carrying the army of invasion to Cuba sailed from Port Tampa June 13, 1898. Thirty large vessels carried the troops and took six days to reach Daiquiri, the little port to the east of the harbor of Santiago where the army was disembarked. The Rough Riders were in the brigade commanded by Gen. S. M. B. Young, together with the First (white) and Tenth (colored) regular cavalry regiments, and was a part of the division commanded by Gen. Joseph Wheeler.

The first fight of the Rough Riders took place in the advance from Daiquiri toward Santiago. They were sent out on a hill trail to attack the position of the Spaniards who blocked the road to the town. The Spanish occupied ridges opposite to those along which the trail used by the Rough Riders led, and a fierce fight took place in the jungle. The Spanish had smokeless powder, and it was almost impossible to locate

them in the underbrush. The Rough Riders behaved with great gallantry, and took the position occupied by the enemy, but not without considerable loss. For distinguished gallantry in this action Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt was promoted to be colonel July 11, 1898. The place of this engagement is called Las Guasimas, "the thorns," from the large number of trees of that species found there. The Rough Riders in this action acted in concert with other attacking forces composing the vanguard of the army. Several days after this Gen. Young was taken with fever, and, Col. Wood taking command of the brigade, Col. Roosevelt became commanding officer of the regiment.

In this capacity he commanded the Rough Riders in the battle of San Juan, where they withstood a heavy fire for a long time, and finally, when ordered to advance, made a gallant charge, capturing two of the hills occupied by the enemy. The fall of Santiago followed the American success, and a period of inactivity began for the American troops. Insufficient transportation had entailed improper and insufficient food, and, together with the effects of the climate, began to have serious effects on the troops. Fever decimated their ranks, and those who were still able to attend to their duties were weakened by disease.

It soon became apparent to the officers in command of the Americans that the only salvation for their men was removal to the North. It had been reported that yellow fever was epidemic among the soldiers in camp about Santiago, and, while this was not at all true, most of the men were suffering from malarial fever, and there was some fear of the introduction of the tropic scourge into the United States if the troops were brought home suffering from it.

Col. Roosevelt was in command of the brigade at this time, owing to Gen. Wood having been made governor-general of Santiago, and as such the commander of the Rough Riders discussed with the other generals an appeal to the authorities to remove the troops back to the United States. There was disinclination on the part of the regular officers to take the initiative, as much correspondence had taken place between Gen. Shafter and the War Department, the latter stating the reasons why it seemed inexpedient to cause the removal at that time. In this emergency Col. Roosevelt prepared a pres-

entation of the situation and, after reading over the rough draft to the other commanders, submitted it to Gen. Shafter. Directly afterward a circular letter was prepared and signed by all the generals and commanding officers and presented to Gen. Shafter. This came to be known as "the round robin," and its result was instantaneous. Both letters, Col. Roosevelt's and the round robin, were published throughout the United States and created a profound sensation. Within three days after they had been delivered to Gen. Shafter the order for the return of the army was issued.

The Rough Riders with their colonel returned to Camp Wikoff, at the northern extremity of Long Island, in late August, and on September 15, 1898, were mustered out of the service with Col. Roosevelt.

The campaign for the control of New York state in the approaching election of a governor had already begun when the Rough Riders returned from Cuba. Col. Roosevelt's name had often been mentioned for the Republican nomination and the popular enthusiasm for this selection was supported by the leaders of the party in the state. Gov. Frank S. Black had been elected by an enormous plurality two years previously, and according to all traditions should have been renominated. He was set aside, however, for the new hero, and the convention at Saratoga nominated Col. Roosevelt with a hurrah. The friends of Gov. Black had fought bitterly so long as there seemed a chance for success, and they started the rumor that Col. Roosevelt was ineligible for the nomination, as he had relinquished his residence in New York when he went to Washington to enter the Navy Department.

The actual campaign was a most picturesque one. B. B. Odell, chairman of the state committee and now governor, was opposed to Col. Roosevelt stumping the state in his own canvass, but it soon became apparent that general apathy existed, and consent was reluctantly given to the candidate to do so. There followed a series of speeches that woke up the voters. Col. Roosevelt, by nature forceful, direct and theatrical in his manner and method, went back and forward, up and down New York, accompanied by a few of his Rough Riders in their uniforms. These cowboys made speeches, telling, usually, how much they thought of their colonel, and the tour met with success. Col. Roosevelt was elected governor

over Augustus Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate, by a plurality of about 17,000.

Among the achievements of Governor Roosevelt as chief executive of the Empire State were the enforcement of the law to tax corporations, which had been passed at a special session of the legislature called by the governor for that purpose; making the Erie Canal Commission non-partisan; his aid to the tenement commission in their work for the betterment of the poor in New York, and in breaking up the sweat shops through rigid enforcement of the factory law.

Theodore Roosevelt, as governor of New York, continued to keep in the public eye, as he had always done in every other position he had held from the day of his election to the legislature of his native state. In the spring of 1900, on the approach of the Republican National Convention, his name was the most often spoken of in connection with the second place on the national ticket. The convention met June 19 in Philadelphia, and it was soon made known that Colonel Roosevelt was the choice of the convention.

In the campaign that followed with its issues and its personalities the figure of Roosevelt looms prominently into the picture which memory paints. He gave to the otherwise dull and spiritless contest the little exhilaration which it possessed. He stood shoulder to shoulder with McKinley in the public eye. He leaped into the glad embrace of cow-punchers in Montana, he wrestled with rowdies in Colorado, he swept through the Middle West theatrically attended by processions of amateur rough riders. He was the picturesque feature of the campaign. His slouch hat, his eyeglasses, his prominent front teeth, were in universal evidence, either in friendly portrait or hostile cartoon. He made numerous speeches in his impulsive way, always plunging ahead and fearing neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil. What he said does not so much matter now. It was the way in which he said it that fastened his picture indelibly upon the minds of those who basked beneath his expansive smile.

Out of the clouds of misconception and the false impressions thrown about this picturesque figure by the cartoonists and the paragraphers, more interested in sensationalism than in reality, there suddenly emerges this intensely earnest, patriotic, humanity-loving, non-sectional American, this prac-

tical idealist, to become ruler of the greatest country in the world.

By the tragic death of William McKinley on Saturday morning, September 14, 1901, Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the high office of President of the United States, and is the youngest man ever inducted into that office. No one doubted either his fitness or his willingness to accept the responsibilities of policy and administration which his oath of office imposed upon him. His declaration of policy was simple and direct: "I shall continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity, and honor of our beloved country." How well and with what fidelity this declaration has been followed is so obvious that it needs no exposition.

The lamented President McKinley, so foully murdered and so universally mourned, was probably the last of our presidents who had participated in the Civil War. Standing at the threshold of a new century, President Roosevelt seems to mark the dawn of a new era in our public life. His military record belongs to the whole country, even more so than the military records of our presidents who had served in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War; for those wars had both sectional and political opposition. The country during the Spanish War was united as never before in its history, and it is among the greatest of President McKinley's achievements that during that war he contributed so materially to the obliteration of sectional and political differences.

Most of our presidents have been well fitted for the work they had to do, but no president has had the forcefulness and ability, combined with education and varied training and experience, of the present chief executive.

Theodore Roosevelt is one of the interesting personalities of our day and generation. He is a picturesque figure, and was so before the Rough Rider uniform and hat existed, and would be even if he had never worn them. Within him was a vital spark that has flamed into perfect physical vigor. His characteristic is force. This is the central quality. But with this are an honest mind, right motives, readiness and directness in speech, frankness and courage, and high ideals of public and private duty and service. It could not be otherwise than that such a man should not only fill the popular eye, but

command the popular favor. The people like a bold man, a square man, a strong man, and they know instinctively that he is all these.

DECISION AND ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

THE elements of success lock and interlock; it is difficult to separate them—to tell where one ends and another begins: so it is with decision; it is involved in the operation of other qualities. Yet it has a character of its own. It was the spirit of our fathers when they arose to cast off the British yoke, and adopted the Declaration of Independence.

Patrick Henry voiced it in the convention of Virginia in that impassioned speech in which he said:—

"If we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry 'Peace, peace!' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen would have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death."

John Foster cites an example of decision of character worthy of our study:—

A young Englishman inherited a vast estate just when his wild nature was yielding to dissipation. The great legacy served only to hasten his progress to ruin. Within a few years the last dollar of his patrimony was spent, and poverty and degradation stared him in the face.

One day, in his deep despair, he rushed out of the house resolved to take his own life in the field yonder. Reaching an eminence that overlooked the estates which had passed out of his hands, he stopped, entranced by the splendid panorama that spread out before him, and finally sat down to reflect.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE CABINET ROOM.

Then and there, with mighty difficulties and apparent impossibilities before him, he resolved to regain the estates which his immorality had wasted. At once he decided to carry out his decision by performing the first work that offered. A load of coal was dumped at a fine residence; he sought, and obtained, the job of carrying it into the cellar. Other menial work was offered, and he did it. Step by step, onward and upward, he advanced, until he became a prosperous and wealthy merchant, and purchased the estates which his folly once squandered.

These facts are a signal illustration of the maxim, "Where there 's a will, there 's a way."

Perhaps the soul asserts itself through this quality as forcibly as it does through any other; and this is what is needed to assure success. While the soul is not an organ, it controls and animates all the organs. It is greater than the intellect or will, because it is the master of both. Without its inspiration, the physical and mental powers languish. Hence, any attribute through which the soul will specially flash and influence, becomes of first importance.

Pompey was entreated by his friends not to risk his life on a tempestuous sea that he might be in Rome at a certain time, when his soul bounded to the climax of dignity, investing all his powers with greatness, and he replied, "It is necessary for me to go, but it is not necessary for me to live."

The great English orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, made a ridiculous failure of his first attempt to speak in Parliament. The sneering laugh of the members mortified him exceedingly, and, at the same time, aroused the noblest elements of humanity within him, so that he exclaimed, as he sat down in humiliating confusion, "It is in me and it shall come out."

And it did come out. His soul took possession of his brain, and whipped every faculty to the front, forcing a brilliant career, almost without a parallel in history.

Under the power of heroic decision, he, of whom the schoolmaster said when he was a boy, "He is a dunce," became the eloquent statesman of whom it is said, "Had his character been reliable, he might have ruled the world."

In like manner, our American Sheridan, the great general, turned defeat into victory by his remarkable decision. He was miles away from his army when the booming of cannon

assured him that his men were engaged in a hot battle. Putting spurs to his horse, he struck into his famous ride down the "Winchester Road" toward the seat of conflict. Within a few miles he met his beaten and retreating forces ingloriously running from the foe; whereupon, rising to his full height in his saddle, he cried, "Halt! Halt!" and commanded them to "right about face" and follow him. On, on, he dashed, his valiant men rallying at the sound of his voice, and inspired with fresh hope of triumph by his decisive act; nearer and nearer to the foe they came, more and more invincible under their leader's contagious heroism, until commander and men fell upon the foe like an avalanche, surprising them when flushed with victory, and completely routing them, horse, foot, and dragoon.

It was when General Grant was fighting the bloody battles of the Wilderness, and the whole loyal North was watching every movement of his army to learn what hope there was of his ever capturing Richmond, that he rose to the sublime decision which sent a thrill of joy through the country. "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." That settled the fate of the Rebellion; the people accepted it as the harbinger of victory and the return of peace.

Decision answers the questions: Can you do it? Will you do it? and answers them in the affirmative. We know better than we do; decision helps us to do even better than we know.

Grant thought, at the beginning of the late war, that he could not command a regiment; but his decision fitted him in two years to lead a thousand regiments. He did better than he knew.

Persons who are weakened by indecision are always subservient to circumstances; while circumstances are subservient to manly decision.

It is decision of character which makes a youth proof against the lures to excessive play and pleasure, to gaming and drink, and to all other forms of temptation that are inimical to study, uprightness, and virtue. Decision thunders "No!" and the devil of temptation flees. It is indecision that hesitates, delays, fears, and finally says "Yes," and becomes the slave of immorality or vice.

Many people, young and old, know what duty is, but fail to do it for the want of decision. They know very well what

labors and self-denials are necessary to obtain an education, master a trade, or attain to excellence in any pursuit; but their ignoble indecision, which is a sort of mental and moral debility, disqualifies them for the undertaking.

"The will, which is the central force of character, must be trained to habits of decision; otherwise, it will neither be able to resist evil, nor to follow good."

It is not an exhibition of manly or womanly character for youth to waste their breath in laments over their present situation; to think if their circumstances, or friends, or talents were different, they might achieve something worth recording. This is indecision, which often leads a person to think that embarrassments are especially numerous in his own experience, and that he does not have his full share of advantages falling to the common lot of humanity. Nothing can be more unmanly and belittling. Rise above the unmanly view of life! Decide for the best in everything—and then win it.

Said Calhoun to his roommate at Yale College:—

"I am fitting myself for Congress."

His roommate laughed.

"Do you doubt it?" exclaimed Calhoun. "If I were not convinced that I should be in Congress in six years, I would leave college to-day."

John C. Calhoun was not visionary. With the eye of faith he beheld the dome of the capitol in which were spent the proudest and best days of his life. He was there within six years after he was graduated; and there he died in the service of his country, after forty years of congressional labor. Ability, perseverance, decision, and force of character did it.

Decision is more of the head; energy more of the heart. The latter is "the power to produce positive effects." It is recorded of Hezekiah: "And in every work that he did in the service of the house of God and in the law, and in the commandments to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

Doing "with all the heart" is energy. Without it, no one prospers in anything.

It is necessary to maintain decision; it is the force that reduces decision to practice, or supplements it.

Success comes to the class who pursue their life work "with all the heart."

The motto on the pickaxe well expressed it: "I will find a way, or make it."

The Spartan father understood it when he said to his son, who complained that his sword was too short, "Then add a step to it."

Another says: "Hence it is that, inspired by energy of purpose, men of comparatively mediocre powers have often been enabled to accomplish such extraordinary results. For the men who have most powerfully influenced the world have not been so much men of genius as men of strong convictions and enduring capacity for work, impelled by irresistible energy and invincible determination; such men, for example, as were Mohammed, Luther, Knox, Calvin, Loyola, and Wesley."

The hearts of all these reformers were in their work; and "he who has heart has everything." Hence, in the most important of all concerns, this sort of energy is required. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." God does not accept half-hearted work. His servants must throw their whole souls into service they render him, if they would count. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might." It would be difficult to state the case more strongly.

God knows exactly the measure of human power that we can put into any work and he demands the full measure.

The noted Nathaniel Bowditch once said to a young man, "Never undertake anything but with the feeling that you can and will do it." He put the case very much as the Bible does.

About seventy years ago, perhaps longer, a youth of eighteen years, residing on Cape Cod, resolved to seek his fortune in Boston. He was bright, enterprising, and honest; and he knew too much about a seafaring life to cast his lot there. He saw a better opportunity in the capital of his native state, and resolved to try there, though he had not a friend to assist him. He had in mind no particular calling, but was ready to accept any honorable position that might offer.

So he started for Boston, with only four dollars in his pocket,— all the money he could raise. On reaching the city he set himself to work at once to find a situation; and he traveled and traveled, applying in vain here and there for a place, but finding none.

A single day satisfied him that there was no opening for him, and he was strongly tempted to return home, but his stout heart rose in rebellion against the thought. He would not return to his native town discomfited. He had too much force of character for that. He was a live boy, and his energy said, "If I can't find a situation, I will make one."

And he did. He found a board about the right size, which he converted into an oyster stand on the corner of a street. He borrowed a wheelbarrow and went three miles to an oyster smack, where he purchased three bushels of the bivalves, and wheeled them to his place of business.

He was a Boston merchant now. He had made a situation that he could not find.

He sold all his oysters on the first day, and was well satisfied with his profits.

He continued this method of doing business until he had laid by one hundred and thirty dollars, with which he purchased a horse and cart. He removed his place of business, also, from out of doors, into a convenient room.

On the first day in his new place of traffic, he made seventeen dollars; and from that time he continued to enlarge his business rapidly, taking on other departments, adding daily to his property, until he became a Boston millionaire, blessing others with his money, and leaving hundreds of thousands at his death to found the Boston University, where young men and women are educated for usefulness.

Such was the career of the late Isaac Rich, an example of energy and perseverance worthy of the highest praise.

When Sir Rowell Buxton was a boy, neighbors thought that his great energy, in connection with much waywardness, would be his ruin. But his good mother said, "Never mind; he is self-willed now, but you will see that it will turn out well in the end."

Subsequently he became very intimate with the Gurney family, who were highly respected for their social qualities, mental culture, and philanthropy. He married one of the daughters, and entered upon his business career with a will. His mother's prophecy, that his will power and mighty energy would be a blessing in the end, proved true. Some said that he would do more work in a given time than any two men in England. He became wealthy, was a member of Parliament

at thirty-two, and a leading spirit of Great Britain thereafter.

One of the Gurney family, Priscilla Gurney, entreated him on her deathbed, in 1821, "to make the cause of the slave the great object of his life." He was already engaged in the cause of British emancipation, but her dying words fired his heart anew, and he resolved to give himself no rest until the shackles were broken from the last slave in the British realm. With unsurpassed energy he gave himself to the work year after year, and, on the day of his daughter's marriage, August 1, 1834, he wrote to a friend: "The bride is just gone; everything has passed off to admiration; and there is not a slave in the British colonies."

Such men "never strike sails to a fear"; they "come into port grandly, or sail with God the seas"; they never join "communities," so-called, where everything is held in common. Their self-reliance, independence, and force of character lifts them high above such dependent relations.

"We love our upright, energetic men. Pull them this way and that way and the other, and they only bend, but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet."

Ferdinand DeLesseps, who is called the Napoleon of engineering, inherited his tireless energy and indomitable perseverance from his father, Count Mathieu DeLesseps, who was the architect of the Edinburgh cathedral. That the son should possess the talent for undertaking great enterprises, and the force of character to push them forward in spite of difficulties, was as natural as it was to be like his father. He built the Suez canal, valued at fifty million dollars; and to his honor a statue was erected at Port Saïd.

CHAPTER II.

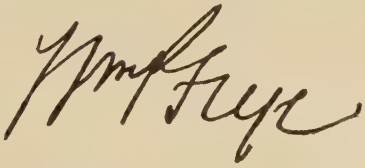
WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE.

ON SUCCESS — HIS LIFE AND CAREER — AT COLLEGE — ENTERS THE PROFESSION OF THE LAW — BEGINNINGS OF HIS PUBLIC LIFE — MEMBER OF THE PARIS COMMISSION — PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE — HIS PUBLIC SERVICE — LOVE OF OUTDOOR LIFE — A FISH STORY — SOME CHARACTERISTICS. THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

E. P. Whipple, the famous essayist, asks and answers this question: "What common quality distinguishes men of genius from other men, in practical life, in science, in letters, in every department of human thought and action? This common quality is vital energy of mind, inherent, original force of thought, and vitality of conception. Men in whom this energy glows seem to spurn the limitations of matter, to leap the gulf which separates positive knowledge from discovery, the actual from the possible. They give palpable evidence of infinite capacity, of indefinite power of growth. This life, this energy, this uprising, aspiring flame of thought, has been variously called power of combination, invention, creation, insight; but in the last analysis it is resolved into vital energy of soul *to think* and *to do.*"



If I were to amend this and state it in fewer words, I should say that the essentials of success are integrity of purpose and persistence in endeavor.



WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE was born at Lewiston, Maine, September 2, 1831. His father, Col. John M. Frye, was one of the early settlers of that town, largely interested in developing its manufacturing industries, and one of its most respected citizens. The grandfather of the

Senator, Gen. Joseph Frye, was a colonel in the English army and a general in the American, during the Revolutionary War, receiving in recognition of his military service a grant of the town of Fryeburg, Maine.

William P. graduated at Bowdoin College in 1850. It must be confessed that he was not a model student. He was too full of animal life and vigor to be content to live laborious days and burn the midnight oil over musty books. Not that he was entirely negligent in this respect; but his ability to grasp the salient points of a page at a single reading allowed him to retain a fair standing in his class and yet to participate largely in the sport and frolic of college life, which were, at that early period, more to his taste. Traditions of his infractions of college discipline, of his valiant leadership of the college forces in battle royal against the untutored hordes of the town, and of personal encounters in which he distinguished himself, still linger about the halls of that venerable institution, and are quoted to his discomfiture by his numerous grandsons, who, in succession, have been there in recent years, devoting as much attention to athletic as to intellectual development.

After his graduation Mr. Frye took up his life work in earnest, finding the study of the law congenial and absorbing. He was fortunate in passing this period of his development in the office of William Pitt Fessenden, a master mind, who stimulated the young man's interest and aroused his ambition.

He began the practice of law in 1853. His fine physique, magnificent voice, logical mind, and acuteness of perception peculiarly fitted him for the duties of an advocate, and his services in this capacity were soon much in demand.

The capacious supreme court room in Androscoggin county was the arena of many a famous legal battle, and, as is usual in New England shire towns, these often called out great numbers of eager listeners. This was especially true when Mr. Frye was of counsel. He was noted, not only for his eloquence, but for the rapidity with which he was able to absorb the facts of a case, and the promptness with which he met any new phase of its development. In the cross-examination of witness he particularly excelled, by virtue of that intuition which alone guides the practitioner safely through these troubled waters.

He continued in active practice until 1871, when he was elected to a seat in the national House of Representatives. During this period he enjoyed a constantly growing business, involving affairs of considerable importance, especially in connection with the cotton manufacturing corporations, which formed the principal industry of the city in which he has always resided. In 1867 he was elected attorney-general of his state and served in that capacity for three years.

He was a member of the state legislature in 1861, 1862, and 1867. In the latter year he held the three offices of representative, mayor, and attorney-general.

Mr. Frye was elected a member of the National Republican Executive Committee in 1872; was re-elected in 1876, and again in 1880; was a delegate to the National Republican Conventions in 1872, 1876, and 1880. In 1881 he was elected chairman of the Republican State Committee, succeeding Hon. James G. Blaine.

He was elected a trustee of Bowdoin College in 1880, and received the degree of LL.D. from that institution in 1889, having previously received the same honor from Bates College.

He was elected a representative in the Forty-second Congress, which assembled in December, 1871. He continued to occupy a seat in that body until his election to the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. James G. Blaine, who had been appointed Secretary of State. Mr. Frye's committee service in the House was such as to necessitate a familiarity with, and a participation in, many important subjects of legislation. He was chairman of the Library Committee; served for several years on the Judiciary, and was a member of the Committee on Ways and Means. During two or three congresses he was chairman of the Executive Committee. He took an active part in debates, especially on political questions, having a keen relish for those exciting impromptu discussions which frequently occurred in that body during those days of more intense party feeling. It was generally conceded that he would have been elected Speaker of the House in the Forty-seventh Congress, without opposition on the Republican side, had he not resigned before its meeting on account of his election to the Senate.

He took his seat in that body March 18, 1881; was re-elected in 1883, in 1888, and in 1895, receiving, with a single exception, every vote in both branches of the legislature in the latter election. In January, 1901, he was elected for the fifth time to the Senate. His term will expire March 3, 1907.

Senator Frye was appointed by President McKinley a member of the commission which met in Paris in September, 1898, and adjusted terms of peace between the United States and Spain.

He was elected president *pro tempore* of the Senate in February, 1896, and has been since continued in that office. It was by virtue of this incumbency that, upon the death of Vice-President Hobart, the functions of his office devolved upon Senator Frye, who has therefore presided over the deliberations of the Senate during the entire Fifty-sixth Congress. His service as chairman of the Committee on Rules of the Senate during three congresses, and his work in the codification and revision of the rules of that body in the Forty-eighth Congress, had especially equipped him for presiding over the Senate, and his administration of the office has been entirely acceptable to that body.

In assuming the chair he lost none of the privileges and escaped none of the burdens of the senatorial office. Indeed, his responsibilities in that respect were augmented by the untimely death of Senator Davis, which entailed upon Sentor Frye the duties of chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. This important chairmanship had been placed at his command in March, 1897, by the resignation of Senator Sherman to enter the Cabinet, but was declined by Senator Frye, who preferred to continue at the head of the Committee on Commerce, the largest and one of the most important in the Senate.

To this position, which he has held for many years, he has given, perhaps, the best work of his life, and in it he has been enabled to accomplish much of benefit to the commercial and navigation interests of the country. He has given especial attention to matters relating to shipping during his entire congressional life, and is the acknowledged leader in such affairs. Indeed, scarcely a law relating to shipping has been enacted during the past twenty years which does not bear the marks of his handiwork.

But he has not confined his attention to these interests. Looking over the debates of Congress for the last thirty years, one cannot fail to note that Senator Frye has done his part in molding general legislation. His persistent effort through five congresses in respect to the Geneva awards, securing at last the rights of the actual losers, is one of his important achievements. His efforts toward securing the abrogation of the fishery articles in the treaty with Great Britain ; his successful work in respect to Samoan affairs, securing an honorable settlement of threatening complications ; his bill providing for a Congress of American Nations, and another for a Maritime Congress ; his Postal Subsidy bill ; his Tonnage bill ; his important amendments to the Dingley Shipping bill ; his championship of the Nicaragua Canal bill ; his speeches in defense of the protective tariff measures, indicate something of the scope of his efforts.

As a speaker he commands attention and carries conviction through his earnestness and evident sincerity. Another has said of him : "Senator Frye's style is generally colloquial, not grandiloquent, but yet it has that all-potent element, that mysterious and intangible something or other, which is not a physical gift, nor the result of intellectual culture, but which charms the ears of his auditors and takes the public mind by storm. His arguments are substantial, his reasons cogent, his theories plausible, his illustrations apt, his resources not those of the dramatist, or the formal rhetorician, but drawn from deep wells of actual personal experience and practical observation in the everyday affairs of real life, as well as from the exhaustless reservoirs of classic and general reading. When he rises to speak he may not know in just what exact form of language he is about to express himself, but he is sure of certain ideas, great underlying principles of government, of political economy, of Republicanism,— fundamental truths thoroughly thought out, safe springs of action on which he may depend for the inspiration of the moment."

Outside the halls of Congress his voice is often heard. At many notable public meetings and banquets he has delivered speeches on national topics, which have been widely circulated by the press. His memorial address on Blaine in Boston Music Hall was one of the most elaborate of these. Among

his more recent orations perhaps, that at the banquet given in his honor by the commercial and mercantile bodies of New York city in April, 1899, was the most notable, dealing with questions of commercial and national expansion.

As a campaign orator he is considered one of the most effective, and his services are much in demand. During the past forty years he has participated in every political campaign and spoken in nearly every Northern state.

His fondness for sport and correct habits of life account in large measure for his robust health. He rarely fails to spend at least two months of each year at his camp by the Rangeley Lakes, where he takes the keenest delight in the pleasures of the rod and gun and the beauties of nature in that unspoiled region. If there is one achievement of his life of which he is inclined to boast, it is of having caught the largest square-tailed trout ever taken with a fly. And thereby hangs a tale.

Some years ago, at a dinner, the conversation drifted to fish stories, and Senator Frye naturally embraced the opportunity to inform the company of his good fortune in landing a seven pound trout. Prof. Agassiz, who was present, asserted that the Senator must be in error, that the fish could not have been a true trout. Senator Frye insisted that he knew a trout when he saw it. The Professor explained that he referred to the *Salmo fontinalis*. The Senator replied that that was the identical fish to which he referred. Agassiz closed the conversation by asserting that it was a scientific fact that the *Salmo fontinalis* never attained the size mentioned. The following season the Senator was fortunate enough to catch an eight-pound *Salmo fontinalis*, which he packed in ice and sent by express to Prof. Agassiz, who acknowledged his defeat in the following laconic expression : "The theory of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact."

Senator Frye's long continuance and many advancements in office have not been due to any of the arts popularly attributed to politicians, in which, indeed, he is singularly deficient. He has been content to give his best efforts to the fulfillment of the duties of the various offices he has held, neglecting no opportunity to further the interests of individual constituents, or to promote the welfare of his state and nation, trusting to the appreciation of those efforts for future honors ; and



SENATOR FRYE AS PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

he has been fortunate in a constituency which has never been lacking in such appreciation.

His influence in Congress has been largely augmented by the fact that he has devoted a large share of his attention to a single line of legislation, one in which his own state is especially interested, that relating to shipping. He has made it his business to master details relating to the necessities of this great industry and to promote all legislation in its interest. In these matters the Senate has learned to follow his lead with confidence, and that confidence has never been violated.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

A BODY for a soul is not more indispensable than a sound body for a sound mind. To develop the latter at the expense of the former is unfavorable to success. Mind and matter are so dependent upon each other that disease of one interrupts the functions of the other. Not that a strong mind is never found in a frail body ; but this is the exception.

Johnson was in feeble health most of his life ; Dr. Channing never knew the happy experience of having a sound body for his great mind ; Cæsar was subject to epileptic fits, and usually celebrated the planning of a battle by going into one ; Amos Lawrence, the great merchant of Boston, was a confirmed dyspeptic many years, and only lived by carefully weighing his food ; Pascal was always "sickly," and Pope was an invalid when he did his best work.

After citing all the exceptional examples possible, it is still true that brain power has a strong ally in muscular vigor. The Broughams, Peels, Palmerstons, Gladstones, Washingtons, Franklins, Websters, Lincolns, Garfields, and Grants were as renowned for muscle as brain. Physical power was an important factor in their successful careers.

Nevertheless, there is a large amount of ignorance, even among educated people, concerning the laws of health ; and there is more disobedience than there is ignorance. Here most men and women, including youth of both sexes, know better than they do. They violate physical laws knowingly and deliberately ; they indulge in excesses, against which they know that Nature remonstrates ; they neglect their

bodies, and overwork their brains, with Nature's signals of distress flying before their eyes. Every day they disregard known laws of health, all the while knowing just what they do, and having an inkling, at least, that sure penalties will follow.

The late Dr. Edward Jarvis of Boston wrote: —

"We see men managing their farms and carrying on their mechanical operations in wisdom, while they manage their own bodies in folly; they make such mistakes in the conduct and use of their bodies as they would be ashamed to show in regard to their wagons, water wheels, or spinning jenny. If a weaver, when he has woven his web, should put into his loom a parcel of sticks and wire, and then set the loom in motion, just for the pleasure of seeing it move; or, perhaps, in the hope that the loom would, out of these hard materials, make cloth as well as out of cotton and wool, he would do a very foolish act; but not more foolish than when he has eaten enough for nutrition to eat indigestible and innutritious matters just for the pleasure of eating. No engineer would pour upon the gudgeons and pistons of his engine acids instead of oil, just for a change, because this would be in opposition to his knowledge of the laws of mechanics, and spoil his machine. Yet he will pour wine and brandy and tobacco juice into his stomach, and tobacco smoke into his lungs, which are infinitely more delicate organs than anything of wood or iron."

Both ignorance and defiance of physical laws create this state of things, especially among the young. The latter class are too apt to undervalue health, and even to treat it with indifference, as if it had little or no claim upon their intelligence.

There can be few graver errors than this. What though they can repeat the names and number of bones of the hand or foot, and not know how to use or take care of them; what though they can enumerate the functions of the stomach, and not know or care what they put into it; what though they can repeat all the text-books say about the lobes of the lungs, and still persist in denying them fresh air and full play; what though they can rehearse all physiological rules in respect to exercise and sleep, and then pursue their studies so as to wholly neglect the first and scrimp the last; — their knowl-

edge is of no practical value whatever. Just where they ought to be benefited by it, they receive no benefit at all. Time and breath, spent in learning and reciting, are well-nigh wasted.

What is still more unaccountable is the fact that young persons of both sexes — and the same is largely true of older persons — appear to think that there is no moral obligation resting upon them to be healthy, when they are as really bound to observe physical as moral laws. We are in duty bound to do all we can for health, as we are to do all we can for honesty. There is no more excuse for neglecting the body than the soul. Spiritual laws have no better claim upon our regard than physical laws.

Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, writing of schoolgirls, says: "Health is the holiness of the body, and every girl should have a high standard of perfect health set before her, and be made to feel that she has no more right to trifle with and disobey hygienic laws than those of morality, or civil society. She should be as much ashamed of illness brought on by her own folly as of being whipped at school for disobedience to her teacher."

Mrs. Cheney's rebuke applies to all classes, no less than girls.

We ought to be ashamed of acts that lure to disease, as we are of those that lure to vice. If the cultivation of health were regarded as a religious duty, we should be as ashamed of, and as sorry for, self-imposed diseases, as we are of falsehood and overreaching; and that would show we understood and appreciated the subject.

Many a person has tossed with fever of which he ought to be heartily ashamed, because it was induced by inexcusable exposure and defiance of the laws of his being. He has trampled unblushingly upon a divine law, as really as the man who patronizes a saloon or a house of ill-fame. It is a matter in which conscience ought to remonstrate, and it would but for the fact that it is seared, as with a hot iron, on the subject.

Nothing can be more clearly demonstrated than that a sound mind must dwell in a sound body in order to do its best.

Matthews says: "We are discovering that though the pale, sickly student may win the most prizes in college, it is

the tough, sinewy one who will win the most prizes in life; and that in every calling, other things being equal, the most successful man will be the one who has slept the soundest and digested the most dinners with the least difficulty."

Horace Mann declared that "the spendthrift of health was the guiltiest of spendthrifts"; and he went on to say: "I am certain that I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous; I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should become their turn.

"The laws of physical health are fixed and uniform; just as inexorable as any laws by which planets move, or plants grow.

"If we wish to be useful, happy, and capable of mental progress, we need a physical system well cared for, working without friction or disturbance."

Lord Palmerston, for fifty-seven years England's popular premier, may well be cited as an illustration of a sound mind in a sound body.

He entered Parliament at twenty-one years of age, with a vow in his heart to serve his country well. For sixty years he was identified with the nation's welfare, and performed an amount of work that would have utterly exhausted ordinary men. He was Secretary of War when Napoleon was overthrown at the battle of Waterloo, and assisted in the vast operations of that conflict. When he died he was the most popular man in the British realm.

It was always a subject of inquiry how Lord Palmerston maintained a sound body under the burden of such enormous labors. The only explanation is that he took excellent care of his body. Exercise, with him, was a religious duty. He rode horseback, walked, hunted, fished, and studied in every way to preserve his health. It was a common thing for him to ride off thirty miles on the back of a fleet horse. In a

word, he adopted such a course of living as he thought would maintain a sound body, and rejected all others.

It is more important to know how to have and keep a sound body than how to get riches and keep them. A writer says: "There is this difference between the two temporal blessings —health and money: money is the most envied but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health."

A nutritious diet is indispensable to a sound body. This is substantially correct, whether a person lives indoors or outdoors. Scholars need it no less than mechanics, because it is the only way to make muscle. Both sexes need it, because food makes feminine as it does masculine muscle. There is a singular impression abroad that girls require less substantial food than boys; many parents think so. So we have the spectacle of boys consuming beef and bread, baked beans and a boiled dish, while many girls nibble bread daintily, and eat "goodies" as if heaven had prescribed a different diet for them. A grave error this. Girls require as nourishing food as boys. Let boys eat as girls do, and they would be no more robust. Array a boy in girls' apparel, hang six or seven pounds of skirts upon his hips, rig his head with folderols, tell him to avoid romping, play the lady in school and out, and adopt a diet of bread and cake, and six months will be long enough to convert him into a flabby, puny, pitiable specimen of humanity.

On the other hand, put coat and trousers upon a girl, with thick-soled shoes, and a real boy's hat; tell her to run and play, and work in the field, garden, or woods, and to eat generously of beef and bread, fresh fruit and vegetables, and drink milk by the pint instead of tea and coffee, and in six months the rose will blush upon her fat cheeks, her eye will sparkle with fun and life, her muscles wax firm and strong, and her physical power will be sufficient to shame the strengthless fellow, who has been waddling about in girls' clothes, trying to live on girls' fare.

A few years since, Miss Nutting, a teacher in Mount Holyoke College, wrote:—

"Our physician attributes a great part of the ill-health from which the young ladies suffer, to errors in dress — tight lacing, long and heavy skirts dragging from the hips, and the great weight of clothing upon the lower portion of the back, and insufficient covering for the lower extremities."

Another fruitful source of evil, for which parents are largely responsible, is the supplying of schoolgirls with quantities of rich pastry, cakes, and sweetmeats, which are eaten between meals and often just before going to bed. In one instance, a young lady, previously in perfect health, in the course of two years made herself a confirmed dyspeptic, simply by indulging, night after night, in the indigestible dainties with which she was constantly supplied from home."

Facts prove that girls must have as sensible, nutritious diet as boys.

A generous amount of sleep also assists in making a sound body. Nature will not be cheated out of sleep without protest any more than she will out of food. Scrimp the hours of sleep and the consequences may be even worse than those that follow a meager diet, since insanity is more to be dreaded than starvation.

The celebrated Dr. Richardson, of London, maintains that adults in middle life require an average of eight hours' sleep daily, summer and winter, and that young people require more,— nine and even ten hours. Sleep is "nerve food,"— "Nature's sweet restorer,"— and without it there cannot be a sound body any more than a sound mind. Turning night to day in frolic, study, or work, therefore, is abusing Nature, for she demands sleep from nine o'clock in the evening to six in the morning, regularly and unalterably, as sure as the clock can mark the time, as one of the conditions of a sound body. "Early to bed," in the old saw, is well enough ; but "early to rise," if it means getting up a long time before breakfast for study or work, is poor counsel. It will not make a man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

Air and exercise are indispensable. We can live longer without food and sleep than we can without air. Indeed, food and sleep fulfill their mission well only by the aid of pure, fresh air. People, old and young, deny themselves pure air and exercise, sleep and rest, and then ache and battle with

disease the remainder of their days and charge the result to brain work.

It is of no consequence what the pursuit of man or woman may be, health and strength cannot be preserved without constant watch and care.

We often wonder that such men as Jay Gould, bearing the burden of millions in business, are not crushed under its weight before they have lived half their days; but one reason is found in the good care they take of themselves.

A friend of Mr. Gould says:—

"During office hours he is one of the hardest working men in the world; outside his office he never talks and probably seldom thinks of business. He gives himself up to his books, his pictures, his flowers, his yacht, and, above all, to the companionship of his family. He is of abstemious habits, a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors and tobacco. His food is always plain. He usually rises before six in the morning, and is generally asleep soon after ten at night. His family relations have always been a model of purity and kindly affection."

At the present day there is much talk about overworked pupils in our schools. It is claimed that too close and protracted study breaks down scholars—that our system of education is hard upon the nerves and health of students of both sexes. We very much question the ground of this complaint. The average student, male or female, is not overworked. Other things are the cause of poor health among this class, such as improper dress and diet, late hours, bad habits, and general neglect of the laws of health. In other words, the real cause of the poor health of most students is found at home, and not in the schoolroom.

Miss Adelia A. F. Johnson, a professor in Oberlin College, wrote as follows of female students:—

"When mothers are able to send us strong, healthy girls, with simple habits and unperverted tastes, we will return to them and the world, strong healthy women, fitted physically and mentally for woman's work. We believe that more girls are benefited than are injured by the regimen of a well-regulated school, and our belief is founded upon years of observation. The number is not small of girls who have come to us, pale, nervous, and laboring under many of the ills of life, to whom

the regularity that must be observed in a large school, but, most of all, the stimulus of systematic brain work upon the body, has proved most salutary."

Mrs. Mary E. Beedy, who has enjoyed superior opportunities to learn of English customs and schools, writes:—

"The importance of health is a dominant idea in the whole nation. Children are trained into habits of out-of-door exercise till they get an appetite for it, as they have for their food; and it is not unusual to hear an Englishwoman say, 'I would as soon go without my lunch as without a walk of an hour and a half in the day.' And the habits of the upper class percolate down through all ranks of life. The schools that expect to get the daughters of the best families must show the best results in health. My own experience would lead me most unhesitatingly to say that regular mental occupation, well arranged, conduces wholly to the health of a girl, and boy, too, in every way, and that girls who have well-regulated mental work are far less liable to fall into hysterical fancies than those who have not such occupation."

The attempt to make study responsible for ill-health, which is the legitimate product of ignorance or defiance of physical laws, can be readily controverted by recurring to facts.

We have spoken of Jay Gould as a conspicuous figure on Wall Street who has observed the laws of health. That a poor boy reared on a farm, with no schooling except the primitive district school, and a few months' study of civil engineering should become the "Money King of Wall Street," and the "Napoleon of American Finance," before he was forty-five years old, is a fact that challenges examination. How was such an experience made possible? No one helped him to this position. Certain elements of character, as business tact, observation, industry, sagacity, temperance, and self-denial on the lines of ease, appetite, and ambition, explain his unusual career. What a university has been to the education of some men, that has Wall Street been to the education of Gould. Business has been his college.

CHAPTER III.

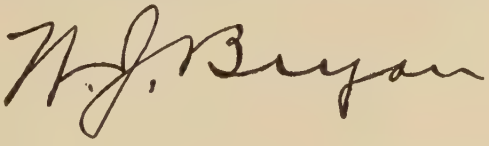
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

HIS DEFINITION OF SUCCESS — BOYHOOD — SCHOOL DAYS — COLLEGE CAREER — IN PRIZE CONTESTS — FIRST POLITICAL MEETING — THE YOUNG LAWYER — NEBRASKA POLITICS — ELECTED TO CONGRESS — AS EDITOR — NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT — HIS DEFEAT — CAMPAIGN OF 1900 — THE MAN. HONESTY AS AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

There are three necessary elements in any honorable success: first, honesty; second, industry; and third, ability. I might say that the honesty and industry being granted, the success will ordinarily be measured by the ability, but no amount of ability can make up for the lack of either honesty or industry.



Second, large successes are attainable by great ability or by special opportunity. I do not speak of those successes which are attained by favors secured from the government, or by the use of illegal or immoral means. Sometimes great financial successes are secured by an accidental discovery of the precious metals, by a fortunate investment in a growing locality, or by an invention or the purchase of a patent,—but the element of chance enters into these so largely that no rule could be made for such instances.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN was born in Salem, Illinois, March 19, 1860. He was sturdy, round-limbed, and fond of play. There is a tradition that his appetite, which has since been a constant companion, developed very early. The pockets of his first trousers were always filled with bread, which he kept for an emergency. One of the

memories belonging to this period was his ambition to be a minister, but this soon gave place to determination to become a lawyer "like father." This purpose was a lasting one, and his education was directed toward that end.

His father purchased a farm of five hundred acres, one mile from the village, and when William was six years old the family removed to their new home. Here he studied, worked and played, until ten years of age, his mother being his teacher. He learned to read quite early ; after committing his lessons to memory, he stood upon a little table and spoke them to his mother. This was his first recorded effort at speech-making. His work was feeding the deer, which his father kept in a small park, helping care for the pigs and chickens, in short, the variety of work known as "doing chores." His favorite sport was rabbit hunting with dogs. It is not certain that these expeditions were harmful to the game, but they have furnished his only fund of adventure.

At the age of ten William entered the public school at Salem, and, during his five years' attendance, was not an especially brilliant pupil, though he never failed in an examination. In connection with his school, he developed an interest in the work of literary and debating societies.

His father's Congressional campaign in 1872 was his first political awakening, and from that time on he always cherished the thought of entering public life. His idea was to first win a reputation and secure a competency at the bar, but he seized the unexpected opportunity which came to him in 1890.

At fourteen he become a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Later, he joined the First Presbyterian Church at Jacksonville, Illinois, and, upon his removal to Nebraska, brought his letter to the First Presbyterian Church of Lincoln, to which he still belongs.

At fifteen he entered Whipple Academy, the preparatory department of Illinois College, at Jacksonville, Illinois, and with this step a changed life began. Vacations found him at home, but for eight years he led the life of a student, and then took up the work of his profession. Six years of his school life were spent in Jacksonville, in the home of Dr. Hiram K. Jones, a relative. The atmosphere of this home had its influence upon the growing lad. Dr. Jones is a man of strong character, of scholarly tastes, and of high ideals, and during the existence

of the Concord school was a lecturer upon Platonic Philosophy. His wife, too, was a woman of rare attainments, and, having no children, they gave the youth a home in the fullest sense of the word.

His parents wished him to take a classical course and, while sometimes grumbling over his Latin and Greek, he has since recognized the wisdom of their choice. Of these two languages, Latin was his favorite. He had a strong preference for mathematics, and especially for geometry, and has believed that the mental discipline acquired in this study has since been useful in argument. He was, too, an earnest student in political economy. This entrance to college life brings to mind an incident which shows both the young man's rapid growth and his father's practical views. During the first year of his absence, he discovered, as holidays drew near, that his trousers were becoming too short, and wrote home for money to buy a new pair. His father responded that as it was so near vacation he need not make any purchase until he reached home, and added: "My son, you may as well learn now, that people will measure you by the length of your head, rather than by the length of your breeches."

As to college athletics, he played very little at baseball or at football, but was fond of foot-racing and of jumping. Three years after graduation, on Osage Orange Day, he won a medal for the broad or standing jump, in a contest open to students and to alumni. The medal records twelve feet and four inches as the distance covered.

A prize contest always fired William's ambition. It may interest the boys who read these pages to know of his record on this point, and to note his gradual rise. During his first year at the academy he declaimed Patrick Henry's masterpiece and not only failed to win a prize, but ranked well down in the list. Nothing daunted, the second year found him again entered with "The Palmetto and the Pine" as his subject. This time he ranked third. The next year, when a freshman, he tried for a prize in Latin prose, and won half of the second prize. Later in the year he declaimed "Bernardo del Carpio," and gained the second prize. In his sophomore year he entered another contest, with an essay on the not altogether novel subject, "Labor." This time the first prize rewarded his work. An oration upon "Individual Powers"

gave him the first prize in the junior year. A part of this prize was a volume of Bryant's poems, containing his favorite poem, an ode to a waterfowl, which concludes :—

> "He who, from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright."

The winning of the Junior prize entitled him to represent Illinois College in the intercollegiate oratorical contest which was held at Galesburg, Illinois, in the fall of 1880. His oration was upon "Justice," and was awarded the second prize of fifty dollars. Gen. John C. Black, of Illinois, was one of the judges in this contest and marked Mr. Bryan one hundred on delivery. Upon invitation of Mr. Black, the young man called at the hotel and received many valuable suggestions upon the art of speaking. At the time of graduation he was elected class orator by his class, and, having the highest rank in scholarship during the four years' course, delivered the valedictory. Upon entering the academy, he joined the Sigma Pi society, and was an active member for six years, profiting much by the training in essay, declamation and debate.

During the summer of 1880, Mr. Bryan attended his first political meeting. The details of this gathering are here recorded for the encouragement of young speakers. He was to make a democratic speech at a farmers' picnic near Salem, and the bills announced two other speakers, Mr. Bryan standing third upon the list. Upon reaching the grove, he found the two speakers and an audience of four, namely, the owner of the grove, one man in control of a wheel of fortune, and two men in charge of a lemonade stand. After waiting an hour for an audience which failed to come, the meeting adjourned *sine die*, and Mr. Bryan went home. Later in the fall, however, he made four speeches for Hancock and English, the first being delivered in the court house at Salem.

When fall came, he entered the Union College of Law at Chicago. Out of school hours his time was spent in the office of ex-Senator Lyman Trumbull, who had been a political friend of Mr. Bryan's father. This acquaintance, together with the fact that a warm friendship existed between Mr. Bryan and his law school classmate, Henry Trumbull, the judge's son, led

to the establishment of a second foster home—a home in which he and his family have ever found a cordial welcome. In this home, but lately bereft of its head, he spent his first Sabbath after the Democratic National Convention.

Mr. Bryan stood well in law school, taking an especial interest in constitutional law. Here again, he was connected with the debating society of the college, and took an active part in its meetings. At graduation, his thesis was a defense of the jury system. His first fee was earned in the County Court at Salem.

To these years of study belong many things which are of domestic interest, but which are too trivial for the public eye. One may be ventured upon however. Many people have remarked upon the fondness which Mr. Bryan shows for quoting Scripture. This habit is one of long standing, as the following circumstance shows. The time came when it seemed proper to have a little conversation with Mr. Baird, his wife's father, and this was something of an ordeal. In his dilemma, William sought refuge in the Scriptures, and began: "Mr. Baird, I have been reading proverbs a good deal lately, and find that Solomon says: 'Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord!'" Mr. Baird being something of a Bible scholar himself, replied, "Yes, I believe Solomon did say that, but Paul suggests that, while he that marrieth doeth well, he that marrieth not doeth better." This was disheartening, but the young man saw his way through. "Solomon would be the best authority upon the point," he rejoined, "because Paul was never married, while Solomon had a number of wives." After this friendly tilt the matter was satisfactorily arranged.

On July 4, 1883, Mr. Bryan began the practice of his profession in Jacksonville, Illinois. Desk room was obtained in the office of Brown & Kirby, one of the leading firms in the city, and the struggle encountered by all young professional men began. The first six months were rather trying to his patience, and he was compelled to supplement his earnings by a small draft upon his father's estate. Toward the close of the year, he entered into correspondence with his former law school classmate, Henry Trumbull, then located at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and discussed with him the advisability of removing to that territory. After the 1st of January, how-

ever, clients became more numerous, and he felt encouraged to make Jacksonville his permanent home. The following spring he took charge of the collection department of Brown & Kirby's office, and in a little more than a year his income seemed large enough to support two. During the summer of 1884 a modest home was planned and built, and on October 1, 1884, he married.

Three years after graduation, Mr. Bryan attended the commencement at Illinois College, delivered the Master's oration, and received the degree. His subject on that occasion was "American Citizenship."

In the summer of 1887, legal business called him to Kansas and Iowa, and a Sabbath was spent in Lincoln, Nebraska, with a law school classmate, Mr. A. R. Talbot. Mr. Bryan was greatly impressed with the beauty and business enterprise of Lincoln, and with the advantages which a growing capital furnishes for a young lawyer. He returned to Illinois full of enthusiasm for the West, and perfected plans for his removal thither. No political ambitions entered into this change of residence, as the city, county and state were strongly Republican. He arrived in Lincoln, October 1, 1887, and a partnership was formed with Mr. Talbot. As Mr. Bryan did not share in the salary which Mr. Talbot received as a railway attorney, he had to begin again at the bottom of the ladder. At the time of his election to Congress his practice was in a thriving condition, and fully equal to that of any man of his age in the city.

During the spring following a second house was built, and the family reunited in their western home. The Bryan home is a comfortable dwelling, but not in any way a pretentious one. The large library in which Mr. Bryan spends most of his time has, as its most notable feature, three large portraits of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln — Jefferson, significantly enough, occupying the central place. The books that fill the shelves are, in the main, devoted to political economy and American history, though some of the standard novelists are also represented. It is, however, the library of a serious man, with whom the political life of his own country is the absorbing passion.

Mr. Bryan became actively connected with the Democratic organization in Nebraska immediately after coming to the

state, his first political speech being made at Seward in the spring of 1888. Soon afterward he went as a delegate to the state convention; this gave him an acquaintance with the leading Democrats of the state and resulted in a series of speeches. He made a canvass of the First Congressional district that fall in behalf of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, and also visited some thirty counties throughout the state. Mr. Morton was defeated by thirty-four hundred, the district being normally Republican.

When the campaign of 1890 opened, there seemed small hope of carrying the district and there was but little rivalry for the nomination. Mr. Bryan was selected without opposition, and at once began a vigorous campaign. An invitation to joint debate was issued by his committee and accepted by his opponent, Hon. W. J. Connell, of Omaha, who then represented the district. These debates excited attention throughout the state. The first debate of this series is regarded as marking an important epoch in Mr. Bryan's life. The meeting took place in Lincoln, and he had the opening and the closing speeches. The hall was packed with friends of both candidates and applause was quite evenly divided until the closing speech. The people had not expected such a summing up of the discussion; each sentence contained an argument; the audience was surprised, pleased, and enthusiastic. The occasion was a Chicago convention in miniature, and was satisfactory to those most concerned. In addition to these eleven joint contests, Mr. Bryan made a thorough canvass, speaking about eighty times and visiting every city and village in the district. Though these debates were crisp and sharp in argument, they were marked by the utmost friendliness between the opponents.

When the returns were all in, it was found that Mr. Bryan was elected by a plurality of 6,713. Desiring to give his entire time to his Congressional work, he, soon after election, so arranged his affairs as to retire from practice, although retaining a nominal connection with the firm.

In the speakership caucus with which Congress opened, Mr. Bryan supported Mr. Springer, in whose district he had lived when at Jacksonville; in the House, he voted for Mr. Crisp, the caucus nominee. Mr. Springer was made chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and it was largely

through his influence that Mr. Bryan was given a place upon that committee. His first speech of consequence was the tariff speech of March 16, 1892. This was the second important event in his career as a public speaker. The place which he held upon the Ways and Means Committee is rarely given to a new member, and he wished the speech to justify the appointment.

It is perhaps unnecessary to comment at length upon the reception accorded this speech, as the press at the time gave such reports that the occasion will probably be remembered by those who read this sketch. This speech increased his acquaintance with public men, and added to his strength at home. More than one hundred thousand copies were circulated by members of Congress. Upon his return to Nebraska, he was able to secure re-election in a new district (the state having been reapportioned in 1891), which that year gave the Republican state ticket a plurality of 6,500. His opponent this time was Judge A. W. Field of Lincoln. The Democratic committee invited the Republicans to join in arranging series of debates, and this invitation was accepted. This was even a more bitter contest than the campaign of 1890, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Foraker and others being called to Nebraska to aid the Republican candidate. Besides the eleven debates, which aroused much enthusiasm, Mr. Bryan again made a thorough canvass of the district. The victory was claimed by both sides until the Friday following the election, when the result was determined by official count, Mr. Bryan receiving a plurality of 140.

In the Fifty-Third Congress, Mr. Bryan was reappointed upon the Ways and Means Committee and assisted in the preparation of the Wilson bill. He was a member of the subcommittee which drafted the income tax portion of the bill. In the spring of 1893, through the courtesy of the State Department, Mr. Bryan obtained a report from the several European nations which collect an income tax, and the results of this research were embodied in the Congressional Records during the debate. He succeeded in having incorporated in the bill a provision borrowed from the Prussian law whereby the citizens who have taxable incomes make their own returns and those whose incomes are within the exemption are relieved from annoyance. On behalf of the committee, Mr.

Bryan closed the debate upon the income tax, replying to Mr. Cockran.

During the discussion of the Wilson bill, Mr. Bryan spoke in its defense. His principal work of the term, however, was in connection with monetary legislation. His speech of August 16, 1893, in opposition to the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, brought out even more hearty commendation than his first tariff speech. Of this effort, it may be said that it contained the results of three years of careful study upon the money question.

While in Congress he made a fruitless effort to secure the passage of the following bill :—

"Be it enacted, etc.: That section 800 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, of 1878, be amended by adding thereto the words, "In civil cases the verdict of three-fourths of the jurors constituting the jury shall stand as the verdict of the jury, and such a verdict shall have the same force and effect as a unanimous verdict."

The desire to have the law changed so as to permit less than a unanimous verdict in civil cases was one which he had long entertained. In February, 1890, in response to a toast at a bar association banquet in Lincoln, he spoke upon the jury system, advocating the same reform.

Besides the work mentioned, Mr. Bryan spoke briefly upon several other questions, namely, in favor of the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, and in favor of the anti-option bill; in opposition to the railroad pooling bill and against the extension of the Pacific liens.

In the spring of 1894, Mr. Bryan announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election to Congress, and later decided to stand as a candidate for the United States Senate. He was nominated for that office by the unanimous vote of the Democratic state convention. While the Republicans made no nomination, it seemed certain that Mr. Thurston would be their candidate and the Democratic committee accordingly issued a challenge to him for a series of debates. The Republicans were also invited to arrange a debate between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, Mr. McKinley having at that time an appointment to speak in Nebraska. The latter invitation was declined, but two meetings were arranged with Mr. Thurston. These were the largest political gatherings

ever held in the state and were as gratifying to the friends of Mr. Bryan as his previous debates. During the campaign, Mr. Bryan made a canvass of the state, speaking four or five hours each day, and sometimes riding thirty miles over rough roads between speeches. At the election, Nebraska shared in the general landslides; the Republicans had a large majority in the Legislature and elected Mr. Thurston.

This defeat was a disappointment, but it did not discourage Mr. Bryan: he received the votes of all the Democrats and of nearly half of the Populist members. It might be suggested here that while Mr. Bryan had never received a nomination from the Populist party, he had been, since 1892, materially aided by individual members of that organization. In Nebraska, the Democratic party has been in the minority, and as there are several points of agreement between it and the Populist party, Mr. Bryan advocated co-operation between the two. In the spring of 1893, he received the support of a majority of the Democratic members of the Legislature, but, when it became evident that no Democrat could be elected, he assisted in the election of Senator Allen, a Populist. Again, in 1894, in the Democratic state convention, he aided in securing the nomination of a portion of the Populist ticket, including Mr. Holcomb, Populist candidate for Governor. The cordial relations which existed between the Democrats and Populists in Nebraska were a potent influence in securing his nomination at Chicago.

On September 1, 1894, Mr. Bryan became chief of the editorial staff of the Omaha *World-Herald*, and from that date until the national convention of 1900 gave a portion of his time to this work. This position enabled him daily to reach a large number of people in the discussion of public questions and also added considerably to his income. While the contract fixed a certain amount of editorial matter as a minimum, his interest in the work was such that he generally exceeded rather than fell below the required space.

After the adjournment of Congress, Mr. Bryan, on his way home, lectured at Cincinnati, Nashville, Tenn., Little Rock, Ark., and at several points in Missouri, arriving in Lincoln, March 19, his thirty-fifth birthday. The Jefferson Club tendered him a reception and an opera house packed with an appreciative audience rendered this a very gratifying occasion

to Mr. Bryan. As he was no longer in public life, and could show no favors in return, the disinterested friendship shown will always be remembered with pleasure. He chose as his theme, "Thomas Jefferson still lives," and, after reviewing the work of the Fifty-Third Congress, discussed at length the principles of his patron saint.

Mr. Bryan intended to resume the practice of law and reopen his office. At this time, however, the contest for supremacy in the Democratic party had begun in earnest and calls for speeches were so numerous and so urgent that it seemed best to devote his time to lecturing and to the public discussion of the money question. Many of the free speeches were made en route to lecture engagements, and never at any time was he under the direction of, or in the pay of, any silver league or association of persons pecuniarily interested in silver. During the interim between the adjournment of Congress and the Chicago convention he spoke in all the states of the West and South, and became acquainted with those most prominently connected with the silver cause.

When the Democratic National convention met in Chicago on July 7, 1896, it was well known that a factional fight would be precipitated between the "free-silver coinage" and "sound money" wings of the party. The East was for "sound money," the West and South for "free-silver coinage." The ablest leaders of all sections were in the front as advocates of their respective doctrines. They came into the convention determined to fight to the last for what they believed to be cardinal principles of the party.

It was on the third day's session of the convention that the crucial moment was reached, and Mr. Bryan made the great forensic effort which carried the convention by storm and made him its nominee for President. Even the attention given to Tillman and Hill, and the storm of demonstration that greeted Russell's peroration, was quickly submerged by that which welcomed the appearance of William J. Bryan. The thousands who peered forward to catch the first sentence of this man were not disappointed. Nearly every sentence was received with ringing applause and at times the approval was so boisterous and continuous as to interrupt his torrent of eloquence for several minutes.

The story of what followed and of the famous campaign

of 1896 is now a part of the history of American politics. Mr. Bryan began his bold and unique campaign almost immediately by an invasion of "the enemy's country," while his return journey consisted of station receptions and platform speeches, with longer and more deliberate addresses at principal cities. But with all his popularity and magnetism he could not allay that opposition to his principles and platform claimed to be of a socialistic and revolutionary nature, and so victory escaped him.

The defeat of 1896 had not in the least affected Mr. Bryan's belief in the future triumphs of his doctrines, but, if anything, only the more fully imbued him with faith in his cause. Though relegated to private life, he could find pleasure only in industrious activity. He indulged in authorship, prepared instructive lectures, delivered a series of political addresses in various parts of the country, and was in daily preparation for a renewal of his battle in 1900.

When the Democratic National convention met at Kansas City, July 4, 1900, the situation as to presidential nominee was without question or doubt. No other name than Bryan's was broached. The convention was organized in his interest, and, when the roll of states was made, he received the full vote of every delegation.

In the campaign that followed Mr. Bryan was defeated, but, under all the circumstances, he made a very brilliant and remarkable contest. His defeat, nevertheless, was complete and decisive. He was embarrassed by the multiplicity of his issues. The load was too heavy for any candidate that ever lived. The only wonder is that Mr. Bryan carried it so well. He made perhaps more out of the situation than anyone else could have done. This accomplished, he accepted the situation like a man of splendid poise, and took up the duties of a vocation that affords ample opportunity to the man of civic virtues for the continued exercise of political power.

No one can understand the character of William Jennings Bryan, who does not recognize his reckless sincerity. Right or wrong, he is honest; he is of such a nature that he cannot be otherwise; and all things, for good or for evil, for success or for defeat, must subordinate themselves to his personal conception of duty. There is law within him.

Mr. Bryan is a mid-continental personality. He is conserv-

ative and slow, rather than impulsive. He has all the angularity of the untraveled American. He fears innovations upon the old order of things. To his mind the Republican party represents a revolutionary idea ; its policy of industrial concentration, a war upon the competitive system ; its colonial policy, a polyglot empire ; its gold standard and its national bank currency, a conspiracy of dealers in money against the actual producers of wealth. To Mr. Bryan's mind these policies are all symptoms of the swift approach of monarchy. They are political, industrial, and financial experiments condemned by the past. In this sense Mr. Bryan stands for the United States of the past ; is essentially an old-fashioned statesman, full of American prejudice and American confidence.

Trace his career from country school to supreme political leadership, and it will reveal at every point the patient planning of a wholesome ambition for public life. There never was a political career less accidental. There never was a politician less temperamental. The study and practice of elocution, the study of law, the study of public questions—all these were carefully considered preparations for political leadership. Impulse had little to do with them. The boy planned what the man should be. Mr. Bryan's favorite quotation reveals his theory of life :—

> "We build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
> And mount to the summit round by round."

Then Mr. Bryan went to live in Lincoln, Nebraska. Again he struggled for an honest law practice, and again he became self-supporting, although at first he had to live on two meals a day and sleep in his office. He was little more than a boy in years and the birth of three children made his task harder. But no man ever heard him whimper or complain. He was following out his life's plan with sturdy cheerfulness.

There was a corrupt political gang in Mr. Bryan's ward. He decided to fight it. On election day he remained at the polling place. Night came and he was still at his post. It was not until daybreak that he returned to his wife and told her that the corrupt ward leader had been beaten by a few votes. Nothing could drive him away, not even hunger, until the last

ballot had been honestly counted and declared. This was the beginning of his career in practical politics.

The multiplication is as correct in the nighttime as it is in the daytime. It works as well in China as in America. So it is with all sound principles—they are universal. Mr. Bryan has based his life on principles and he relies on time and the intelligence of the plain people as his sure allies. He scorns neutrality, that stagnant home of those who are neither great enough for love nor strong enough for hate.

A pen picture of Mr. Bryan at home, among his children or with his neighbors, or on his well-kept farm, would reveal a kindly, upright, debt-paying, unassuming citizen, full of a gentle, rollicking humor—a man without an impure thought or an impure act. It would portray a profoundly religious Presbyterian, without cant or presumptuous piety; a man who neither drinks alcohol nor smokes tobacco, and yet does not deny other men the right to do so—frequently offering cigars to his friends;—a graceful horseman, an expert hunter, a generous host. His books and lectures have given him a large income, but he has spent more than half of it in establishing college and school prizes and in contributions to political organizations. Although he has been lawyer, editor, member of Congress and a successful author and lecturer, his entire wealth to-day is exceedingly moderate.

But these are not the things that show Bryan the man, as the public should know him. They relate rather to his private life; and a man may have two natures, one private and the other public. Private virtue and public virtue are not inseparable. A man may be true to his wife and children and neighbors and yet be quite capable of wronging a stranger.

Mr. Bryan's three great attributes are deliberation, decency, and honesty. He is intensely American in all that distinguishes an American from a European. He has the same square-jawed courage, broad humanity, and quaint dignity that made Abraham Lincoln the typical American of his day. He has Lincoln's deep religious feeling and Lincoln's unwavering faith in the Declaration of Independence as a sure political guide. He is North America personified, with all its continental prejudices and confidence. Living in the very heart of the continent, surrounded by a rich country as yet undeveloped, he cannot see why the American Governm nt



MR. BRYAN AT HOME.

should seek to establish colonies in Asia by bloodshed when American soil calls for industrious inhabitants. He sees the trust system rapidly narrowing the opportunities of young men at home while the Government is pretending to offer them opportunities abroad. He believes in his own country, in its material strength and its moral leadership among the nations of the world. He has the hope of youth, of good health, of sound morals. He loathes unnecessary war, and, being by nature a civilian, he refuses to use the soldier's coat he wore during the Spanish-American war as a political advertisement. The black charger he rode at the head of his regiment now carries him to and from his waving fields of corn and oats.

There is not a saner or more wholesome personality in the world than Mr. Bryan. He is evenly developed and evenly balanced. He loves books better than theaters, the fields better than cities, and he loves men better than all. He is equally opposed to imperialism on the one hand and socialism on the other hand, believing that the path of national safety lies midway between the two, along the old American competitive system, with its equal opportunities for all.

Mr. Bryan's financial theories may prevent him from ever being president of the United States — for there are many who will stickle at the minor issue of free silver and swallow imperialism — but he will always be a great leader while he lives. He is the greatest commoner America has yet seen, a figure of romantic sincerity in an age of commercialism. It has been said of him by his critics that he is merely a trained voice. Rather is he a will, disciplined and hindered by conscience.

HONESTY.

THERE is a distinction in the use of the four words, honesty, uprightness, integrity, and probity ; and yet, in their popular use, they embrace the same correctness of principle and conduct. "We look for *honesty* and *uprightness* in citizens ; it sets every question at rest between man and man : we look for *integrity* and *probity* in statesmen, or such as have to adjust the rights of many." Yet all of these persons are alike in moral *soundness* and virtuous living. So we select honesty from the four words as

the more common, though homely, using it in the highest sense as the poet has it: —

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

When Lamartine introduced the honored De l'Eure to the tumultuous populace of Paris in 1848, he said, "Listen, citizens! It is sixty years of a pure life that is to address you." Whatever more and higher De l'Eure might have been, he was *honest*. Such ought to be every son and daughter of Adam. Sir Benjamin Rudyard once said, "No man is bound to be rich or great — no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest." Therefore, honesty is more important than money, greatness, or wisdom. A valuable possession, surely!

A merchant engaged in an extensive wholesale business pointed a customer to a young man in his store.

"That young man," said he, "is my banker."

Perceiving that his friend did not comprehend the drift of his remark, he added, "He has the entire control of my financial matters. I have too much on my mind to be perplexed with them."

"Do you not fear to commit such a trust to a youth?" responded the customer. "No business man ought to run such a risk in these days of embezzlement and defalcation."

The merchant replied: "I have no fears; James came into my store when he was not more than twelve years of age, and he has proved to me that he is strictly honest. I would trust him as quick as I would my minister. He could defraud me of fifty thousand dollars if he were disposed, and make his escape before I could help myself. But I have no fears."

That young man was rich without having money. Such a character was worth more to him "than gold, yea, than much fine gold." It was something to get wealth with. Even Mirabeau said, "If there were no honesty, it would be invented as a means of getting wealth." We know that some business men deny this, and say that success cannot be achieved by strict honesty. We heard a Boston merchant make a labored argument to prove this, but his argument was an insult to God, who would not require undoubted honesty in business life if it were impossible, as it was an exposure of his own lack of principle. Just such men as he have brought disgrace

upon mercantile life, and made possible a state of things which Henry Ward Beecher truthfully described as follows : —

"If every brick in every wall that was laid in transgression, and every nail driven in sin, and every bale and box brought forth with iniquity, were to groan and sigh, how many articles around us would remain silent ? How many would shriek and cry, 'Art thou come to torment us before the time ?' If every article of trade in any store that is there through wrong were to fly through the air to the rightful ownership, what a flight of bales, and boxes, and sugar casks should we see !"

No ! Such a reign of immorality is not necessary. The solid and useful virtue of honesty is highly practicable. "Nothing is profitable that is dishonest," is a truthful maxim. "Virtue alone is invincible." "I would give ten thousand dollars for your reputation for uprightness," said a sharper to an upright tradesman, "for I could make a hundred thousand dollars with it." Honesty succeeds ; dishonesty fails. The biographer of Amos Lawrence says, "His integrity stands absolutely unimpeached, without spot or blemish. He seemed ever to have a reverence for right, unalloyed, unfaltering, supreme ; a moral perception and moral sensibility, which kept him from deviating a hair's breadth from what he saw and felt to be his duty. It was this that constituted the strength of his character, *and was one of the great secrets of his success.*"

Dr. Peabody said of Samuel Appleton, another affluent merchant of Boston in the early part of the present century, "He was an *honest* man. Without subterfuge or disguise, incapable of anything indirect or underhanded, he had no concealment of his own, and anything in the form of a secret was to him a trouble and a burden. He knew of but one way of speaking, and that was to say straight on the truth."

The biographer of Samuel Budgett speaks of his transparent truthfulness throughout his business career, and, among many incidents, he relates the following : "In Mr. Budgett's early days, pepper was under a heavy tax ; and in the trade, universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody expected pepper to be mixed. In the shop stood a cask labeled 'P. D.,' containing something very like pepper dust, where-

with it was used to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve the public. The trade tradition had obtained for the hypocritical P. D. a place among the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were honest. But as Samuel went forward in life, his ideas on trade morality grew clearer. This P. D. began to give him much discomfort. He thought upon it until he was satisfied that, when all that could be said was weighed, the thing was wrong. Arrived at this conclusion, he felt that no blessing could be upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was night; but back he went to the shop, took his hypocritical cask, carried it forth to the quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clods, slags, and stones. He returned with a light heart."

Such examples, which might be indefinitely multiplied, disprove the unfounded plea that strict honesty cannot achieve success in this wicked age of the world. They illustrate, also, the declarations of Holy Writ :—

"The integrity of the upright shall guide them; but the perverseness of the transgressors shall destroy them."

"He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known."

A few years ago a lady entered a store in Boston, looked at some goods, and walked out without making a purchase.

"Why did not that lady purchase those goods?" inquired the proprietor of his clerk.

"Because, sir, she wanted Middlesex cloths," the clerk answered.

"And why did you not show her the next pile, and call them Middlesex?" continued the unprincipled trader.

"Because, sir, I knew they were not Middlesex," was the emphatic answer of the honest young man.

"Young man," said the merchant, "if you are so particular, and can't bend a little to circumstances, you will never do for me."

The clerk's response is worthy of a high place in history:—

"Very well, sir; if I must tell falsehoods in order to keep my place, I must lose it; that is all."

He left the store, and that God who requires as strict honesty in the warehouse as in the church, led him forth to

prosperity. He became a leading merchant in a western city, while his dishonest employer became a bankrupt, and died in poverty.

Society never needed uncompromising honesty more than it does to-day. Young people never needed it more in going out into the great world than the young people of our day, for they will meet temptations to dishonesty everywhere. Designing and intriguing men who "have an eye to the main chance," and who claim that "every man is for himself," will press their way clear to the front. Mean, brazen, unscrupulous, licentious, desperate, despicable men and women will be met on life's great thoroughfares, but if thoroughly mailed with unyielding honesty, having a conscience void of offense, these tempters will be powerless, for the highest authority declares, "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his *own lust*, and enticed." If they are right inside, the temptations outside will be as though they were not.

The honest man may be unfortunate. In the ups and downs of business he may become embarrassed, and even ruined financially, but he cannot be ruined morally. His unbending integrity is a guarantee against that; and, at the same time, it gathers a host of sympathizing friends around him in the hour of his adversity. A conflagration may sweep away his last dollar, or a sudden financial crash may leave him penniless, but all is not lost; the best survives the wreck. Honesty will never perish; and noble hearts bring their loving tributes of respect in the dark hour of misfortune. *Honesty triumphs.*

Abraham Lincoln was called "Honest Abe." This *sobriquet* was given to him at New Salem, Illinois, whither he went to take charge of the "country store" of one Orfutt, in 1831. He was about twenty-two years of age, awkward, bashful, but strictly upright. He took no advantage of the ignorance or necessities of customers, but represented goods just as they were, gave Scripture measure and weight, and always hastened to correct mistakes.

One day he sold a bill of goods, amounting to two dollars and six cents, to Mrs. Duncan, living more than two miles away. On looking over the account again in the evening, before closing the store, he found that Mrs. Duncan paid him six cents too much. "That must be corrected to-night," he

said to himself; so, as soon as he had closed the shutters for the night, he posted away with the six cents surplus to her house. She was preparing to retire when he knocked at the door, and was very much surprised, on opening it, to see Orfutt's clerk standing there. Apologizing for the mistake, Lincoln deposited the six cents in her hand, and slept all the better that night for having corrected the error.

At another time, a woman came to the store late in the evening, when Lincoln was closing it, for a half pound of tea, which was weighed in haste. Immediately after she left, Lincoln locked the store and went home. On returning the next morning, his attention was called to the scales, which had a four-ounce weight instead of eight in them. He knew at once that he must have given the woman a quarter instead of a half pound of tea. Weighing another quarter of a pound, he closed the store and delivered it to the customer, asking her pardon, before commencing the labors of the day.

Such examples of honesty were not overlooked by the public. Men and women talked about them, and extolled the author of them. They led, also, to something more. In that part of the country, at that time, various games prevailed in which two sides enlisted; and it was the custom to appoint an umpire for each game. Lincoln became the universal umpire, both sides insisting upon his appointment on account of his fairness. His honesty won the confidence of all.

One Henry McHenry planned a horse-race, and applied to Lincoln to act as judge.

"No; I 've done with that," answered Lincoln.

"But you must," urged McHenry.

"I must not and *I will not*," responded Lincoln, with much emphasis; "this horse-racing business is all wrong."

"Just this once; never will ask you again," continued McHenry.

"Well, remember, 'just this once' it is," was Lincoln's conclusion, thinking it might be the best way to make a corrupting practice of "wild western life" unpopular. He acted as judge, and the party against whom his judgment weighed said, "Lincoln is the fairest man I ever had to deal with. If he is in this country when I die, I want him to be my administrator, for he is the only man I ever met with that was wholly and unselfishly honest."

Dr. Holland says: "When Lincoln terminated his labors for Orfutt, every one trusted him. He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority in all disputes, games, matches of man-flesh and horse-flesh; a pacificator in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best natured, the most sensible, the best informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best young fellow in all New Salem and the region round about."

This is a just encomium; but it never could have been said of him but for his unbending honesty, a quality for which he was known from his boyhood. The honest boy makes the honest man.

When Lincoln became a lawyer, he carried to the bar this habitual honesty. His associates were often surprised by his utter disregard of self-interest, while they could but admire his conscientious defense of what he considered right. One day a stranger called to secure his services.

"State your case," said Lincoln. A history of the case was given, when Lincoln astonished him by saying: —

"I cannot serve you; for you are wrong, and the other party is right."

"That is none of your business, if I hire and pay you for taking the case," retorted the man.

"Not my business!" exclaimed Lincoln. "My business is never to defend wrong, if I *am* a lawyer. I never undertake a case that is manifestly wrong."

"Well, you can make trouble for the fellow," added the applicant.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, fully aroused; "there is no doubt but that I can gain the case for you, and set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads. I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightly belongs as much to the woman and her children as it does to you; but I won't do it."

"Not for any amount of pay?" continued the stranger.

"Not for all you are worth," replied Lincoln. "You must remember that some things which are legally right are not morally right. I shall not take your case."

"I don't care a snap whether you do or not!" exclaimed the man, angrily, starting to go.

"I will give you a piece of advice without charge," added

Lincoln. "You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to make six hundred dollars some other way."

Judge Treat gives the following: "A case being called for hearing in the court, Mr. Lincoln stated that he appeared for the appellant, and said, 'This is the first case I have ever had in this court, and I have, therefore, examined it with great care. As the court will perceive, by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority to sustain *my* side of the case, but I *have* found several cases to sustain the *other side*. I will now give these cases, and then submit the case.'"

Some lawyers present thought he was crazy, not being accustomed to look for "exact justice."

He undertook the celebrated Patterson trial, a case of murder, supposing the accused was innocent. Before the evidence was all in, he became satisfied that the man was guilty, and withdrew from the case, leaving his partner to conduct it. The accused was acquitted, but Lincoln would not take a cent of the one thousand dollars paid to his partner for services.

Lincoln's professional life abounded with similar incidents, leading Judge David Davis to say, "The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty. He never took from a client, even when the cause was gained, more than he thought the service was worth and the client could afford to pay."

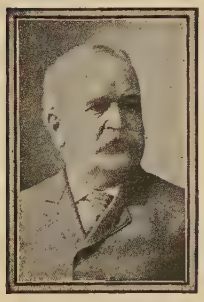
The time came, in 1860, when Lincoln's honesty was needed to save the nation. Slavery threatened to overthrow the Republic unless it was allowed to become universal. North and South there was distrust, alienation, and apprehension. The retiring president had governed for the South, in the interest of bondage. Loyal citizens had lost confidence in public men. The next president must be one whose character would challenge the respect and confidence of loyal people, or the ship of state would go under in the fearful storm gathering. Abraham Lincoln was the man. He could be trusted. Friends of the Union gave him their implicit confidence, and became a unit. His honesty had reached its highest value and saved the Republic by destroying slavery.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN DAVIS LONG.

ON THE PROBLEM OF LIFE — HIS ANCESTRY — LIFE IN OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE — AT HEBRON ACADEMY — COLLEGE CAREER — AS A LAW STUDENT — THE LAWYER — POLITICAL BEGINNINGS — GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS — SECRETARY OF THE NAVY — PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS. CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

The problem of life is never solved, and yet the method of its solution is as plain as daylight, and that method is progress, progress, progress,— progress in physical and material circumstance, in intellectual enlargement and force, in moral sentiment, in æsthetic refinement, in personal character.



No man is altogether the master of his own character or inclination, but I should say the personal elements of success are natural capacity and industry. With these must go, however, thoroughness in intellectual culture and moral impress on character.

My maturer experience has shown me that nothing is so important to a young man in the formation of character as the influence, inspiration, elevation of a riper or superior mind, sensibly or insensibly holding him to higher standards, not in the goody-goody sense, but in the appreciation of his own powers, capacities and obligations.



THERE is a type of character which we have come to look upon as distinctively American. It is compounded of keen intelligence, celerity in action, readiness of resource, large toleration, easy good humor, confident optimism, and entire independence. A shrewd wit flavors it, a ready speech belongs to it, a fine and tender sentiment lies

at its heart. It scorns conventionalities, though it easily takes on the polish of the great world. Through all its knowledge of men and things we detect that racy smack of the soil, that solidity of principle, that intense conviction of a great future for our country, which mark the true home-bred American.

To this type belongs the subject of this sketch, and we are to learn to what influences it owes its existence; from what strong sources its springs are fed.

Back of a man, as the foundation of his personality, lie his ancestors. We do not gather figs of thistles. Education and environment do much, no doubt, to mold the outward show, but, given ordinary conditions of wholesome country living in childhood, an individual is apt to develop on pre-determined lines, and it is characteristic of the strong American to promptly select his own surroundings as soon as he is out of leading strings, to bring his own force to play on circumstance, and to elect his own form of education, assimilating what is congenial, rejecting the superfluous, moved by a keen natural instinct of what he needs.

The more one studies our men of mark, the more one becomes convinced that they are the lords, not the slaves of circumstance, and that if they stand out from the multitude of their fellows who had a similar start in life, it is owing to that happy combination of qualities which makes them masters of the event. What America gives them is the chance — that they avail themselves of it is their proof of ability.

First of all, then, we must examine the stock to understand the shoot.

John Davis Long came of a line of Massachusetts ancestry which extends back to the "Mayflower" and the "Ann." For whatever reason the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country, the fact of their coming at all shows them to have been daring, resolute, enterprising men, afraid of no risks so long as they were assured of a chance to carry out their own ideas without government interference. Bold were they and willful, full of stern convictions, unflinching amid perils unknown, scornful of luxury, familiar with hardship, in which they had the Anglo-Saxon's joy. Labor was their pleasure, religion their meat and drink. Hard and narrow as no doubt many of them were, they were clear-

sighted, conscientious, and tenacious, inspired by that practical imagination which is the endowment of the English race, an imagination which has led to the planting of a thousand colonies, and the development of them along lines once purely ideal; an imagination which could picture the desert blossoming as the rose, and see the future city in the hamlet. Aided by it the great race has spread over the face of the globe, building up mighty states, enforcing its theories of life and free government along its conquering path. Such a race stamps its characteristics upon its children to remotest generations.

On his father's side, Mr. Long hails from Plymouth. His grandfather was a descendant of the pilgrim Thomas Clark, who came over in the "Ann" in 1623, and his grandmother Bathsheba Churchill's forbear, Richard Warren, was one of the passengers in the "Mayflower." His mother's progenitor, Dolar Davis, came with the emigration of 1634 and settled first in Cambridge and died in Barnstable. His wife was Margery Willard, the sister of Major Simon Willard of Concord, Mass.

Thus we see by what right their descendant holds many of the qualities which stand for success: steadfastness, endurance, capacity, and a genius for hard work—the key perhaps, to many a triumph.

From the strong stock which first occupied Massachusetts went forth into the Province of Maine a class of especially vigorous settlers, whose descendants still return from time to time to the parent state, to administer its affairs and lead in its councils, with the freshness and force characteristic of the sturdy men of the Pine Tree state. Among these pioneers went in 1806, sailing by packet from Plymouth to Salem and thence overland in a pioneer's wagon, Thomas Long, the grandfather of John D. Long.

Zadoc Long, the latter's father, was then six years old, and often told him of the mile-long hill at their journey's end which they had to climb to reach the half-finished house and half-cleared farm which was to be their future home in Buckfield, Maine. The other men who settled Oxford county were a sturdy set, whose descendants are well-known to fame. They were poor, as everybody was poor in those parts, but shrewd, intelligent, thinking men, who read books and talked

politics, kept alert minds, and gave their children the best education going.

Among these sturdy people, in a hill country, which always develops individuality, and in an atmosphere of home cultivation (for Zadoc Long was a reading man and a writer of verse), little John grew up. In one of his speeches he feelingly alludes to the impression, never to be effaced, of snowy peaks, cool woods, and picturesque roads over hills and through valleys, upon his childish mind. Alluding to Oxford county he says :—

"Enlarging and educating as were its physical influences, I pay my tribute still more gratefully to the living influence of its people . . . . . the solid democracy of a country such as Oxford county typifies—absolutely meeting the ideal of a free and equal people, and ignorant of such a thing as caste or class. Add to such a democracy the elements of the education of the common schools, the unfettered exercise of religious freedom, the popular political discussion of the street corner, the store, and the hay-field, the frequent vacancies of leisure, the common knowledge of men and things, the splendid ingrained inheritance of English common law ripened into the maxims, habits, converse and system of the people, the absence on the one hand of great accumulations of wealth, and on the other of any consciousness of the deprivations of extreme poverty, and especially that unconscious unreserve and inartificiality of intercourse which made the hewer of stone the free and easy, if not superior disputant as well as companion of the owner of the field, —add all these, and you have an atmosphere of education out of which no boy could emerge, and not have a fitting future life such as the metropolis with its schools, the university with its colleges, could not give, a homely familiarity with the popular mind, an inbred sympathy with the masses, not artificial nor assumed, but a part of the character itself, and a helpful agency in public service, and in useful conduct in life. Its fruits you see to-day, and for years have seen, in the elements which from rural counties like Oxford have gone into the busy avenues of our national life, and given enterprise, growth, success to the business, the government, the literature, and the progress of the country."

This paragraph is quoted at length as the keynote of that popularity, arising from his true humanity, which has made the career of the able ex-Secretary of the Navy a long progress from one honor to another. A life so wise, serene, and successful affords little light and shadow for writing a dramatic story full of sharp and interesting contrasts ; but it is worth studying as a product of the truest Americanism, and we can

see, though Buckfield was too small to long hold a man of his caliber, how his roots are there, how his heart ever fondly returns thither, while to it his happiest hours of leisure are still devoted on the old home farm.

One of Mr. Long's classmates at Hebron Academy, where he prepared for college, alluding to his early proficiency in composition and declamation, says : —

"We looked upon Johnny Long as if he were Daniel Webster himself." This must have been when he was quite a boy, for he entered Harvard at fourteen.

The youth was really too young to reap the advantages of college life, but he was a good student, with a fine memory and unusual abilities, so that though almost the youngest member in his class, being only eighteen when he was graduated in 1857, he stood second in it in the senior year and was assigned a commencement part.

He narrates his experiences in a way which must find an echo in the heart of many a solitary country boy struggling far from home for an education.

"I got no lift from college at all. Nobody noticed me. I had the knack of getting lessons easily. I was under age and out of sight." Again, in a speech, he tells how he walked from Boston to Cambridge, to take his entrance examinations, so that every inch of Main street is "blistered into his memory" and later "sat crying for sheer homesickness on the western steps of Gore Hall," a record which may be a consolation to some of the university's future LL.D.'s, now heart-sick from neglect and solitude in that cosmos.

He did not live in the college except in his senior year, and so did not get the benefit of its social life, but trudged back and forth two miles a day to his lodgings, working hard no doubt, and learning at least the valuable lessons of self-reliance and fortitude.

After leaving college he taught for two years at Westford Academy, which he alludes to as "an outburst into a larger life," and then settled down to the study of the law in the office of Mr. Sydney Bartlett, one of the famous lawyers of Boston. This contact he considered wasted, for his chief never spoke to him but once on any legal subject. "From him," he says, "I got nothing. I was in his office nearly a year, reading a book, and now and then copying a paper, but

never talked with him five minutes. He took no interest in me and was otherwise occupied."

Afterwards the youth attended the Harvard Law School for a while, taught for a few months in the Boston Latin School, and was finally admitted to the Suffolk bar, and began the practice of the law in 1862 in Buckfield, Maine.

Fond as Mr. Long has ever been of the simple neighborhood in which his boyhood was spent, it was "a pent-up Utica" for mental powers like his, and very soon we find him drifting back to Boston, into the office of Mr. Stillman B. Allen, with whom he formed a partnership in 1867, in which they were afterwards joined by Mr. Alfred Hemenway, who had been a neighbor and warm friend of Mr. Long from the beginning of the latter's life in Boston.

These years were not conscious periods of development for the young lawyer, but were undoubtedly spent in gaining knowledge of men and life and books, of which he was an eager and industrious reader, which was to be of service to him in his after career.

Later, he looked upon them as drifting, purposeless years, when he was without ambition, or any particular object except that of getting some kind of foothold so as to earn a living.

He worked at his profession when he got a chance, and in his leisure moments he wrote poetry by the cart load, and he even composed a play for Maggie Mitchell, then a popular actress, which was given several times at the Boston Theater. When he was afterwards speaker he made a translation of Virgil's Æneid in blank verse.

By an accident he drifted to Hingham, one of the earliest settlements on the south shore of Massachusetts bay, where a pleasant boarding place was offered for the summer. The quaint, picturesque old town suited him, and he chose it as his home. Born among mountains he had always dreamed of living by the blue waters, and as he walked to and from the steamboat landing, he often crossed the lot on which his dwelling now stands, and thought of it as one he would like to own, and occupy with his parents.

His mother died before that dream came true, but when in 1870 he married Miss Mary Woodward Glover, daughter of George S. and Helen M. (Paul) Glover, he built his house

upon it, and there his two daughters, Margaret and Helen, passed their childhood. In 1882, Mrs. Long died in Boston.

To his life in a country town Mr. Long owes his political preferment. Undoubtedly his ability would have won him a position as a lawyer in Boston, had he settled there ; but as a recognized force in a small community he came very soon to the top.

His father was always an old-fashioned Whig, but the great tide of 1860 swept the son into the Republican party, and he cast his vote in that momentous election, for Israel Washburn, its candidate for governor of Maine, and spoke for Lincoln on the stump. Before the November election he went to Boston, and there, having no vote, he lost the opportunity which he desired to vote for Abraham Lincoln for President. After that he seems to have had for a time no special interest in politics, and when his abilities first brought him to the attention of the Hingham people as a possible candidate for the Legislature, in 1871, he was nominated to run as a Democrat, but in his reply to the electors he expressed his desire to be regarded as

"An independent candidate, free to do my duty in the improbable event of my election, according to the best of my own judgment and intelligence, unpledged and unbiased, and considered as the representative, not of party issues, but of the general interests of this district and of the Commonwealth."

This was not enough for Hingham, however, and he was defeated. In 1872 he shared the dissatisfaction of Sumner and other Republicans with Grant, and voted for Horace Greeley. In the fall of 1874 he was nominated and elected by the Republicans and represented them in the General Court for four years. In the Legislature his readiness in debate, his geniality, and his fairness of mind were promptly recognized. The Speaker often called him to the chair, and in 1876 he was elected to occupy it, and remained for three years Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

In 1879 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the state, and upon the retirement of Governor Talbot, the following year, he was given the first place on the ticket. He was Governor of Massachusetts in 1880, 1881, and 1882, and distin-

guished himself as an administrator, and by the excellence of his appointments. His official public speeches were admirable for appropriateness and eloquence.

Many vacancies in the courts occurred during his terms of office, and so rapid were the changes on the supreme bench, that at one time every judge there held his commission from him, including such distinguished men as Chief Justice Morton, Judges Devens, William and Charles Allen, Field, Holmes, Colburn, etc. Five of the eleven judges of the superior court also held their commissions from him.

His choice of men for important positions has always been marked by the clear insight and sound judgment for which he is distinguished. Those who know him best say that his intuitive perception of character is never at fault. His decisions are swift and sure, and always justified by results.

He made a steady and efficient chief magistrate, and one most popular with the people. His clear, prompt habits of mind, his perfect coolness, and his absolute faithfulness in the performance of every function, made executive duty easy for him, and as an administrator he has always excelled. His dignified and cordial manners, his memory of names and faces, combined with the happy humor and eloquence which made his official speeches models of their kind, endeared him to every one, and then, as now, he was always warmly and eagerly welcomed as a brilliant figure in any gathering.

At the close of his third term, Mr. Long was elected to the Forty-Eighth and afterwards to the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Congresses of the United States, distinguishing himself in these by attention to legislative business and by certain noticeable speeches : On the Whisky Tax (March 25, 1884), on Interstate Commerce (December 3, 1884), on Silver Coinage (March 27, 1886), and on the French Spoliation Claim (August 4, 1888), all of which were logical, well-reasoned discourses of weight and interest.

Legislative duty proved, however, not altogether to his taste. He chafed at being everybody's errand boy, and the issues of that time did not call especially for his gifts of oratory, while his administrative ability was largely thrown away.

The necessity of looking after his private interests induced him to decline a re-nomination and he returned to his law

practice in Boston at the close of his third term in Congress. In 1886 he had made a second marriage with Miss Agnes Pierce, daughter of Rev. Joseph D. Pierce of North Attleboro, Mass., and his son Pierce was born in that town December 29, 1887.

As a jury lawyer Mr. Long was called one of the foremost in the state. His knowledge of the law, founded on long, intelligent study, became instinctive rather than the result of memory. He knew what the law ought to be, and announced it fearlessly, while the junior counsel looked up the authorities. His simple, direct statements, his genial humor, carried juries with him and insured a favorable verdict.

In the law he was held in high esteem on account of his aptitude for business, his quick insight, and rapid methods, and also for an unusual ability to adjust cases by the fairness of mind which enabled him to see both sides, and bring opponents to an understanding. For some years he was a member of the State House Construction Committee, and was influential in obtaining the open space about the building so essential to its effect.

It was while he was taking a much needed rest in 1896 from the arduous duties of his profession, that President-Elect McKinley made him the unlooked-for offer of a seat in his cabinet, with a choice between several offices. The suggestion was such a surprise to Mr. Long that there was some delay in his acceptance, but he finally selected the Navy, thinking that under its able chiefs of department its perfection of routine was such as to make the position of Secretary of the Navy comparatively easy in a time of profound peace such as was then enjoyed.

His nomination was sent to the Senate by the President and on March 5, 1897, it was promptly confirmed, but to his surprise, after a short time, the post of Secretary of the Navy became one of unexpected importance. After a year of enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate* of the position, during which he had an opportunity to become familiar with the duties of his office, and a chance to learn to know the qualities of his subordinates, the outbreak of the war with Spain made the office of the Secretary of the Navy, contrary to all expectations, one of the most responsible positions in the United States.

To this surprising emergency Mr. Long brought the calm good judgment and ready perception which have never failed him in his administrative career. Recognizing the need of technical counsel, he promptly called about him the most experienced naval men and organized them into a board of strategy. The purpose of this board was to divine and forestall the possible plans of the enemy, and to devise a plan of campaign to which the best skill in the profession should contribute advice and knowledge.

The results of this well considered scheme promptly testified to its value. The success of Dewey in Manila Bay speedily brought about a respectful consideration from those nations of the old world which in the beginning were most hostile in their attitude towards the United States.

The forethought of the Secretary of the Navy had insured proper preparation for the event long before war was declared.

"Let me know," he said, "just how much money you need to put the ships in sailing order and you shall have it." The first Congressional appropriation of twenty millions gave him the means of carrying out the promise, and when the 19th of April, 1898, came, the navy was ready, and its victory was the first thing to turn the scale among foreign governments, and to win for the United States the enthusiastic moral support of England, most important to it at that crisis. During the year of the war, the business of his department involved amounts aggregating $140,000,000, every cent of which was properly accounted for.

The story of the astounding success of our fleets in the Philippines and Cuba, without the loss of a vessel, is a tribute not only to the valor and ability of officers and men, but also to the foresight and wise supervision of the Secretary, owing to which the great increase in the laboring force at the navy yards, in the beginning of the war, was accomplished without undue rush, and under such regulations as resulted in obtaining only skilled men. Also the right commanders were sent to the right places.

Though the Secretary modestly awarded the merit to the able department chiefs, no one can deny that mal-administration at the head might have brought about fatal delays or lack of proper equipment at the right time; and the country did not fail to recognize that in the Secretary of the Navy, the

right man was in the right place, and gave him its entire confidence.

A little untimely neglect, a few appointments for some reason besides proved ability, a lack at headquarters of an intelligent plan, and no master hand at the helm, might have brought about disaster, a lagging campaign, disaffection at home, and the mockery of those outside spectators whose sympathy it was important to win.

One of his considerations for the comfort and welfare of the sailors at the front was the provision of refrigerating supply ships, which are practically innovations in naval warfare, and never before were hospital ships so admirably equipped for service.

After the war with Spain was over, Secretary Long gave his direct attention to increasing the material and personal efficiency of the naval service, and also to the reduction of the expenditures of his great department to the lowest limit consistent with efficiency. During his incumbency the entire personnel of the navy was reorganized upon a new basis : the naval militia organizations of our various states were fostered and encouraged, the upbuilding of the navy was carried on with a proper regard for our future necessities, and the beginning of the 20th century found him urging upon Congress a naval reserve force to act as an extension of the navy in time of war, and thus enable the regular establishment to be kept at the lowest limit consistent with due regard for the care of our vessels during peace times. He resigned early in 1902.

A subordinate said of him during his term of office : "Secretary Long's devotion to the business of the department is complete. Reaching his office before nine (the opening hour) every morning, he makes it a point to answer every communication addressed to him. When this is accomplished he gives the rest of the morning to the examination of and decision in matters of business of the various bureaus, and to receiving official and private visitors. Nor does he leave the department until all the letters are signed, and every item of the day's business has been completed."

A gentleman, who was his guest for a few days during the war, was struck with an interview at which he was present, between the Secretary and two Senators who came to advo-

cate some plausible scheme. Mr. Long listened to them with his usual cordial deference, but, when the plan had been laid before him, politely asked a question or two, which showed that he had laid his finger at once upon the weak point in the proposition, and afterwards could not be moved by any specious argument or personal influence to give his consent to it.

This honesty and keen perception of shams have been invaluable to Mr. Long in his executive positions and he has that practical sense and celerity in dispatching business characteristic of the able administrator, which always makes itself felt. Exciting the least possible friction by a courteous and conciliating bearing, he obtains what he wants without bluster or fuss. Behind his suavity of manner lie a resolute will, and a passionate, high spirit in excellent control, and his playful ease never detracts from a simple and manly dignity upon which no one dares to presume, while his acuteness prevents deception.

Perfectly reasonable in listening to argument, deliberate in coming to an important decision, Mr. Long is entirely tenacious of a position once taken as the result of his mature judgment, and this clearness and moderation, combined with resolution, give his opinions great weight in cabinet councils. Sharing the anxiety with regard to the ambassadors in Pekin at the time of the massacres in the summer of 1900, the Secretary of the Navy alone firmly maintained the logical opinion that the foreign ministers must be alive, since we knew for certain of the one death which had occurred. This shrewd judgment, though ridiculed at home and abroad, proved to be correct, and is another instance of that sagacity which has often stood the administration in good stead.

Add to these qualities a great power of turning off work with coolness, insight, and dispatch, apparent freedom from doubt or anxiety, a large serenity of temper, the capacity to change promptly from one duty to another, combined with a fresh, gay humor which enlivens and makes palatable serious counsel,—and we have an ideal administrator, whose steadiness and cheerfulness in emergencies were a great support to the Executive as well as to public confidence.

Such, briefly, is the sketch up to the beginning of the 20th century of the life of a typical American, who has performed his duty simply and effectively to his town, his state and his

country. The story shows no dramatic events, no melancholy depths, no dazzling glory, but a career manly, efficient, distinguished, honorable alike to the individual and to the civilization of which he is a characteristic product.

In estimating the causes of his success we must not fail to take into account, after his sincerity, and the kindliness of his nature, his exceptional mental ability and his remarkable gift of oratory, especially that which is best characterized as "occasional," the aptitude for speaking at a given moment words beautiful and appropriate which move every listener and touch the heart.

In his speeches Mr. Long has the literary gift of grace and poetic feeling, but still better he has the power to comprehend and express the popular sentiment, not with effort, but from true understanding. He is by turns playful, tender, impassioned; he can strike the keynote of the moment, always. Of dignified and appropriate eloquence, he is a master. His published speeches give a clew to his character, and in them the true, hearty, kindly simplicity of the man are clearly apparent, lighted up by that cheerful optimism, that boundless confidence in the future of the race, which distinguish him.

One of his warmest friends, speaking of him, says: "He has no personal enthusiasms, and no vanity. He never thinks highly of anything he does himself, but only feels that anyone in his place would have done as well." And this feeling he brings to bear on historical characters whose greatness he feels to be the greatness of the hour, of the opportunity, rather than of remarkable heroism or ability.

Whether one agrees with this or not, that he believes it, is a part of the unpretending nature of a man who thinks that doing one's duty is easy and natural to every one, and that its simple performance in high moments must lead to high results. Great men he considers myths, and when we search for his own best title to distinction, we find it in that large common sense,—the common sense of Washington, of Lincoln, of Queen Victoria, which acts sincerely and acts wisely, because it feels with the people, and knows instinctively the larger human needs.

In summing up his character, Mr. Long's great friendliness and sympathy must not be forgotten, a generous helpfulness that all his townspeople recognize so fully, that every one of

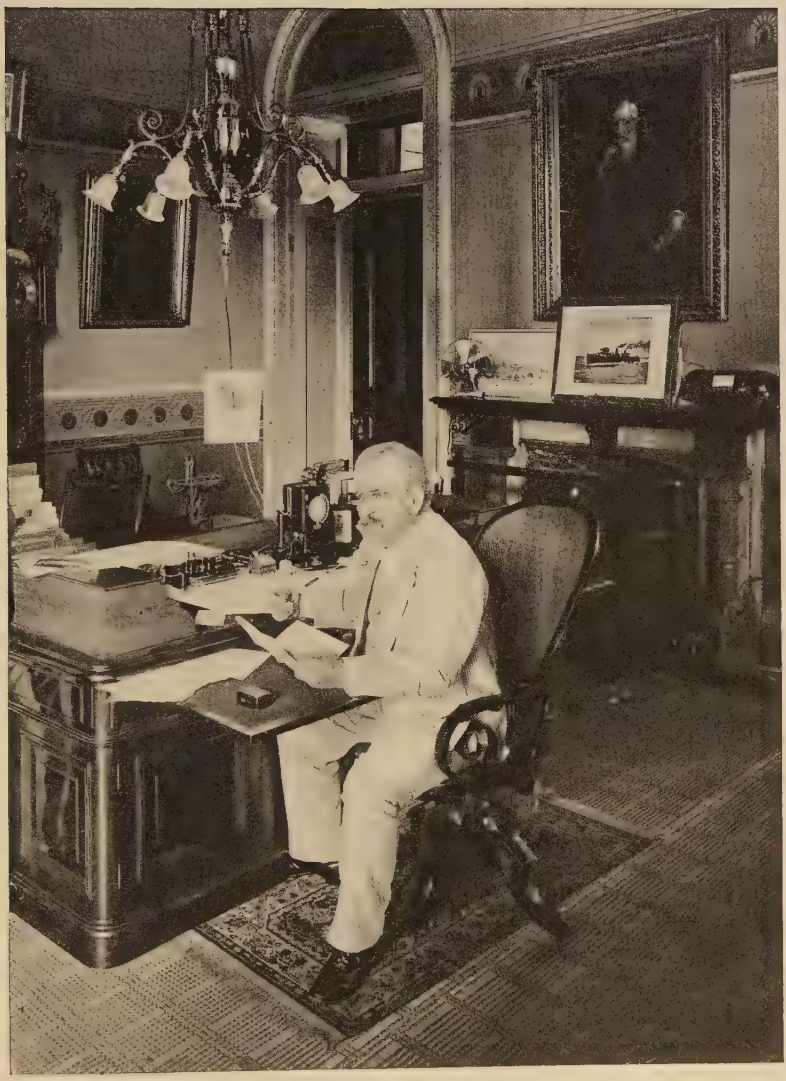
them turns instinctively to him in an emergency for aid and advice, sure of comprehension and service given without stint. That flower of courtesy which recognizes every individual as having equal rights distinguishes him from lesser men, and wins him a place in the popular heart, such as can only be gained by something genuine, cordial, and unpretending in the individual himself.

In looking back over his career we find nothing adventitious in his success in life,—no struggle for effect, no ambitious grasping for power, no powerful backing, no great financial support. We have only the straightforward progress of a country lad of fine abilities and sound judgment, endowed with the gift of silver speech, who, by the sheer force of his intellect, and his honorable fulfillment of every duty which fell to him, rose in time to distinction in his town, and in the capital of the state, to the highest place in the gift of the commonwealth, and to one of the most responsible positions in the nation. We see him filling these offices with efficiency and dignity, with no shadow on his fair fame, respected by his fellow-men of all stations; and we are anew proud of a country where such a character is sure of recognition, and in which we can truly claim he is no uncommon type of the public men who are the result of the splendid opportunities for development afforded by the United States of America.

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

A GOOD companion or adviser is better than a fortune, for a fortune cannot purchase those elements of character which make companionship a blessing. The best companion is one who is wiser and better than ourselves, for we are inspired by his wisdom and virtue to nobler deeds. Greater wisdom and goodness than we possess lift us higher mentally and morally. Says Feltham: "He that means to be a good limner will be sure to draw after the most excellent copies, and guide every stroke of his pencil by the better pattern that lies before him; so he who desires that the table of his life may be fair will be careful to propose the best examples, and will never be content till he equal or excels them."

"Keep good company, and you shall be of the number,"



SECRETARY LONG IN THE NAVY OFFICE.

said George Herbert, and nothing can be more certain. "A man is known by the company he keeps." It is always true. Companionship of a high order is powerful to develop character. Character makes character in the associations of life faster than anything else. Purity begets purity ; like begets like ; and this fact makes the choice of companions in early life more important, even, than that of teachers and guardians. When Sir Joshua Reynolds was a boy, he had so great a reverence for the character of Pope, that he would press through a crowd to touch his coat with the end of his forefinger, as if he expected to be lifted higher by the act, and finally become more of a man. Somewhat of that feeling should rule in the choice of companions, selecting those whose nobleness challenges the touch of admiration.

It is true that we cannot always choose all of our companions. Some are thrust upon us by business and the social relations of life. We do not choose them, we do not enjoy them ; and yet, we have to associate with them more or less. The experience is not altogether without compensation, if there be principle enough in us to bear the strain. Still, in the main, choice of companions *can* be made, and *must* be made. It is not best nor necessary for a young person to associate with "Tom, Dick, and Harry," without forethought or purpose. Some fixed rules about the company he or she keeps should be observed. The subject should be uppermost in the thoughts, and canvassed often.

Companionship is education, good or bad ; it develops manhood or womanhood, high or low ; it lifts the soul upward or drags it downward ; it ministers to virtue or vice. There is no halfway work about its influence. If it ennobles, it does it grandly ; if it demoralizes, it does it devilishly. It saves or destroys lustily. One school companion saved Henry Martyn, and made a missionary of him ; one school companion ruined John Newton, and made a most profligate and profane companion of him. Newton was sent away to a boarding school. He was an obedient and virtuous lad, and his parents had no anxiety for his moral safety. But there was a bright, immoral youth in the school, who cared more for coarse fun than he did for books, and was profane, vulgar, and artful. He sought the companionship of young Newton, and the latter was captivated by his brilliancy and social

qualities. He did not appear to be a *bad* young man. The two became intimate, their friendship strengthening from week to week. John Newton soon became as wicked as his companion, and finally ran away from home and went to sea —the worst school he could enter. On board the ship he found kindred spirits, and he waxed worse and worse. At last he was "the worst sailor on board the vessel," and many were the boon companions that he ruined. His end would have been fearful, had not a kind Providence interposed, after years of debauchery, and made him a Christian man.

The late Rev. Dr. Thomson, of New York city, published the story of a youth who came under his ministry at nineteen years of age. He was the son of pious parents, neither profane, idle, nor vicious, and had established a character for industry and sobriety. At twenty he united with Dr. Thomson's church, and at twenty-one was employed by a railroad company, where wicked companions beset him. He soon fell into evil ways, and, in less than one year, became too abandoned and reckless to be harbored by the church. The end came within three years and Dr. Thomson shall describe it:—

"Two weeks ago to-day I knelt in that murderer's cell, in company with his parents, sister, and brother, who had come for their last interview with him on earth. That narrow cell was more solemn than the grave itself. Two weeks ago to-morrow I saw the youth, who had once been of my spiritual flock, upon the scaffold. It was an awful scene. He made a brief address. Oh, that you could have heard the warning of that young man from the scaffold: 'You know,' he said, 'how I was brought up. I had the best instructions a Christian father could give. Oh, if I had followed them, I should have been in my dear father's home; but evil companions led me astray, and I have come to this! I hope, now, as I leave the world, my voice will warn all young men. Our desires and passions are so strong that it requires very little to lead us astray. I want to urge it upon all young men, never to take the first step in such a career as mine. When the first step is taken in the paths of sin, it is very difficult to stop.'"

Companionship did it. It can make or mar a man. It is powerful even to disprove the truth of the familiar maxim, "The boy is father to the man." The promising boy is transformed into the felon. All the good lessons of home are nulli-

fied, and the language, spirits, and habits of the saloon and other evil resorts are substituted. Nothing good, fair, and beautiful can withstand its destructive power. The picture is relieved only by the fact that good companionship has equal power to ennoble and bless forever. It can do more for a youth than wealth, home, or books. Even the blessings of schools and churches are the outcome, in a large measure, of the high and pure companionships that are found there.

Beware of companions whose moral character is below your own, unless you associate with them solely to reform them. Avoid those who depreciate true worth, and speak lightly of the best class of citizens, and sneer at reforms. They who sip wine, use profane and vulgar language, think that man cannot be successful in business and be honest, find their pleasure in the circus, theater, or ball room, instead of books, lectures, and literary society, are not suitable companions. They may not be bad young people, but their moral tone is below yours, and hence they are perilous associates for you. Rather choose those of higher, nobler aims, whose aspirations are to be true and useful, who would not, knowingly, risk a stain upon their life-work, with whom "a good name is better than great riches," and whose strong purpose is to make the best record possible.

Strength of character may successfully resist the worst companionship. The princess regent of Russia planned to destroy the claim of Peter the Great to the throne by subjecting him to the company of a hundred profligate young Russians. Peter was a youth of sagacity, sobriety, and moral principle, so that his character withstood the test without a blemish. Instead of being lured into excesses of any kind, he beguiled his wayward companions into "the love of manly sports and military exercises." The evil designed by the princess was rebuked by the failure of her fiendish plot.

Thomas Jefferson's life was shaped by the companionship of his early years. He was an excellent scholar, fond of books, and bent upon securing a thorough education. He commenced the study of Latin and Greek at nine years of age, and entered William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Virginia, when he was seventeen. At this time he was a remarkable youth, whose personal appearance attracted many friends older than himself. Among them were Francis Farquier, governor of

the colony, Doctor William Sewell, professor of mathematics, and George Wythe, an eminent lawyer,—all citizens of Williamsburg. These men were much with young Jefferson, whom they treated as a younger brother, and their influence over him was very decided. Governor Farquier was a skeptic, and he converted the youth into another, while the other two gentlemen inspired him with the desire to become a public man. Their companionship really decided his career.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL.

PLACES EMPHASIS ON PERSEVERING EFFORT — ENTRANCE INTO POLITICAL LIFE — A VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN — ELECTED TO CONGRESS — IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE — AS AN ORATOR — MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS — TONE OF HIS PUBLIC LIFE — RELATIONS WITH THE PEOPLE — HIS ANCESTRY — YOUTH AND EDUCATION — MILITARY CAREER — BEGINS THE STUDY OF LAW — THE LAWYER — PERSONALITY. THE IMPORTANCE OF PERSEVERANCE.

Success in life, whether confined to business pursuits or to professional or public careers, is reached in many different ways. Sometimes it is largely a matter of chance, or environment; more often, however, it is dependent upon the personal equation of the individual. Opportunity, natural equipment, application, purpose, self-reliance, all have their proper place in its attainment, but primarily, in my opinion, in order to succeed as we ordinarily construe it, a man has to do two things: first, find out what he wants to get or to do; second, stick, stick, stick.



Any man who has these qualifications has the qualities of knowing what to attempt, and of sustained effort. He has all the chances of success in his favor.



THE position of pre-eminence in the political life of Virginia occupied by John Warwick Daniel may be said to date from about twenty years ago. Previous to that he was a force in politics. He had been a member of the Virginia House of Delegates and the state Senate. He had attained high rank as a lawyer. His reputation as an orator had extended beyond the borders of the state. But

when in 1881, at the Democratic State convention at Richmond, he was nominated for governor, and accepted in a speech that quickened the pulses and roused to enthusiasm the great party gathering, his political fortune was made. True, before the fact became apparent, he had to suffer the pang of defeat. The funding of the state debt was the issue. Thousands of voters who had for years supported Democratic candidates at every election, joined with the solid black and white Republican party to defeat the "Bourbon Funders," as they called the regular Democracy. The Coalition, under the name of Readjusters, triumphed at the polls, Daniel went down, and William E. Cameron was elevated to the governorship.

It was a titanic battle. Both the candidates were brilliant, aggressive, and tireless. The ablest platform speakers in the commonwealth, and many from elsewhere, stumped the state from end to end, meeting, in every town and county, foemen worthy of their steel. For forensic fury and sustained, excited public interest, it was a campaign without a parallel in the annals of Virginia politics. As many as one hundred and eighty speeches were made at different points in a single day, and the fight went fiercely on until the polls closed on the day of election.

It was in that fiery struggle that Daniel came in touch with the whole state, revealing to the people everywhere his high motives and his qualifications for leadership, while over all he threw the spell of his magnetic eloquence. In the light of events that followed, it is seen that he then established himself firmly in the confidence of the rank and file. The forces allied against his party in that contest could not then be overcome. But from then till now his title to first place among political leaders in the popular regard has been seriously questioned but once. And the outcome of that one episode served but to further intrench him.

The rule of the Readjuster régime was brief. The debt-scaling measure was passed by the legislature, and, after a long series of contentions in the courts, was made effective. A Democratic State convention, accepting the readjustment as the verdict of the people, and *res adjudicata*, formally acquiesced in the settlement. Men in great numbers, who had with reluctance separated from the party on the debt

issue, returned with eagerness to its ranks. The power of Gen. William Mahone, masterful but despotic, who had organized the victory of the Readjusters, had moreover been tremendously weakened by the refusal of certain conspicuous adherents of his party in the legislature to obey the commands from party headquarters. The breach thus made never healed, but widened, for Mahone brooked no insubordination — he asked for no quarter and gave none. From these and a variety of other causes, after a bitter and tragic campaign in 1883, the Democrats regained control of the legislature. Two years later, the Democratic candidate, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, was elected governor, defeating John S. Wise. Another Democratic legislature was chosen, and the rejuvenated Democracy was again firm in the saddle.

John S. Barbour, president of the Virginia Midland Railroad, was the chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee during these critical contests, and he and his lieutenants had perfected an organization of the party more thorough and far-reaching than had ever been known. Barbour, not a speaker, but a worker ; Barbour, silent, sagacious, efficient, had done a giant's part toward wresting the state from the control of the opposition. The sentiment of the party toward him was that of gratitude mingled with admiration. Meanwhile, in 1884, Major Daniel had been elected to the lower house of Congress from his district. He had been taking part in every campaign with all his zeal and fire, with every appearance before an audience adding to his prestige and power among the people. It was universally understood that these two men were slated for the United States Senate to succeed Mahone and Riddleberger, the senators elected by the Readjusters. Mahone's term expired first, in 1887 ; Riddleberger's expired in 1889. The names of their successors were known of all men, before the legislature met in December, 1885,— but which should it be, Barbour and Daniel or Daniel and Barbour ?

That was the question the legislature had to decide. It would have pleased the majority to honor both candidates in the most conspicuous manner. But a choice had to be made, and upon Daniel fell the mantle. Barbour's turn came two years later, but the preference given to his younger competitor in the first instance set the seal of popular support

upon Daniel in a way that the circumstances rendered doubly impressive. Not since then has any contest been made against him for the office of United States senator from Virginia. He has been twice re-elected, by the legislatures of 1891-2 and 1897-8, both times unanimously.

Since his advent in the Senate, the reputation and influence of Senator Daniel have steadily widened. It is a forum for which he is peculiarly fitted by inclination, talents, and education, and his long service has added invaluable experience to his other qualifications. Now, in the prime of his matured powers, he is one of the counselors whom the Senate always hears with attention, and often applauds. His prominence has become national, and in Democratic National conventions he is a well-known and conspicuous figure. In 1896, most probably he could have had the nomination for vice-president for the asking.

As a member of the Senate Committees on Foreign Relations and on Finance, and of the Industrial Commission, he has had to deal with subjects of permanent and universal importance. Bringing to the task a well-stored, well-trained, comprehending mind, and a patriotic purpose, his counsel is respected and his advice valued by men of all parties. He is easily one of the leaders of the minority in the Chamber, and in many of the great debates his words have attracted the attention of the whole country.

Senator Daniel's record is that of a career, not an episode. The forces by which it has been promoted are various. It cannot be doubted, however, that the chief agency to bring his abilities and worth into public view and public favor at the outset, was his brilliancy as an orator. Daniel as a speaker makes a strong appeal to a people of sensibility and patriotism. His appearance on the platform is impressive and engaging. He has a handsome face, strong yet pleasing, and marked with the lines that bespeak the man of serious reflection. His fine head is crowned with hair almost black, and worn rather long, which, at sixty, shows scarcely a trace of gray. He comes forward always to the music of hand-clapping and cheers. He walks with a limp that has a history, being the result of a severe wound received in 1864, when, as Major Daniel, the young Confederate officer, he was fighting for the "Lost Cause" in the battles of the Wilder-

ness. The efforts of admirers to coin a *sobriquet* that should refer to his war record have not been altogether successful, the product being "The Lame Lion of the Virginia Democracy," and, for those more fond of alliteration, "The Lame Lion of Lynchburg." It needs not to be said that the physical reminder of his gallantry in battle detracts nothing from his "stage presence"—most certainly not in the eyes of a Virginia audience. It but adds a touch of pathos to the grace of his bearing. His voice is sonorous, with music in it, capable of expressing a wide range of feeling; his gestures, not too frequent, are graceful without being theatrical; his manner, while at times exceedingly vigorous, seldom reaches the stage of excitement. Denunciatory in a personal way, he rarely is, and only under the stress of strong provocation. Buffoonery is foreign to his style.

Senator Daniel for years has been in great demand as a speaker on all sorts of occasions. His addresses have covered a great variety of subjects. Speeches on the political issues, as they vary in successive campaigns, have, of course, been most numerous. He has, however, moved many a gathering of Confederate veterans to laughter and tears and enthusiasm with reminiscences of camp and field, and appeals to noble sentiment. He has delivered literary addresses at college commencements, engaged in dignified controversy on the floor of the Senate, and in arguments before courts and juries, and in the rough-and-tumble joint debate of the campaign tour. He has spoken on a number of occasions that are historic—his address on Washington in the hall of the House of Representatives on the completion of the Washington monument, and that on Lee at the unveiling of the recumbent statue of the Confederate leader at Lexington, are masterpieces of their kind. Many others might be included in the same category.

He has wide-sweeping command of the resources of the language, and words when used by him seem to fall without effort on his part into rhythmic sentences, or energetic, convincing phrases, as the moment may demand. If in later years there is less of a certain exuberance that marked his earlier speeches, there is not less of richness and beauty, and even more of salient thought and convincing power. It is the minted product. Variety and force of illustration continue,

while the play of fancy and the brilliant climax work their magic still.

Given an occasion and a subject worthy of his powers, Senator Daniel will not hurry through. Opening with some happy hit, grave or gay, that puts him *en rapport* with his audience, he passes almost imperceptibly into his argument. Step by step it is developed, with here and there an anecdote to divert, a bit of history or philosophy to point a moral, or a burst of eloquence to inspire. With striking facility he marshals facts and knowledge for the purposes in hand. Through it all, the line of his reasoning is kept close and unbroken, until the conclusion seems to follow as naturally as the sequence of days. His method is persuasive rather than peremptory, but is none the less compelling. "That's exactly what I think on that question, only he can tell it and I can't," was the tribute to Daniel from a man who had listened to him intently for over two hours.

While his eloquence was Daniel's first stepping-stone to political preferment, this fine gift cannot be set down as the sole bulwark of his political strength. This has endured so long in the past, consistently growing all the while, and promises to continue so long in the future, that broader foundations must be sought. As the people have come to know him better and better, they have come to realize and appreciate more fully the high order of ability with which he is endowed, the rectitude of the sentiments and motives which actuate him, his loyalty to the best traditions of the state, his unquestionable integrity, and the genuineness of his democracy.

With well-balanced judgment, cultivated by reflection and experience, he is not easily deceived by "the shouting and the tumult." Though comporting himself as a representative of the people, and not a dictator, yet he has often made his hand felt as a restraining force. He is not given to extremes, and recklessness or undue haste in matters affecting the public interest he is not afraid to oppose, having confidence that the "sober second thought" will sustain him. "War," said he in the Senate when so many members of his party were clamoring for immediate aggressive action—"war," said Daniel, "can wait a day." He was for doing things—even the things that had to be done—deliberately, and in order. He desired to omit no precaution, or even formality, that

might afterward be needed to justify the course of this country, in the view of the enlightened sentiment of the world. In Virginia his political utterances have much weight. He does not assume the tone of an oracle, but expresses his views with the reasons for them, as something to be considered and not to be swallowed with eyes closed. Thus is enlisted the attention of the thinking element, and the influence on public opinion is obviously far greater than could be wielded through the cocksure edict of a "boss."

Amid the criticism and censure that have been aimed at the United States Senate in recent years, there has never been a suggestion that an unworthy motive has inspired any act of Senator Daniel. In respect of personal and official integrity, he is absolutely above suspicion. Whatever verdict may be passed by ally or antagonist concerning him or his course, it never takes the color of an intimation that he is corrupt. On that point the people of Virginia feel secure. They know that Daniel is a clean man, and know it so well that the contrary idea never presents itself. Political mistakes and errors of judgment many may attribute to him; dishonesty, none. This is a tower of strength in the midst of the modern fashionable outcry concerning corruption in public life.

Daniel's attitude is that of a Democrat from conviction and principle. His effort is to place himself at the standpoint of the masses, and then to evolve his own conclusions. His opinions so arrived at may or may not satisfy all men, but as to his point of view there can be no doubt. He identifies himself with the people at large, and he joins with them in attacking problems involving the common welfare. It would be surprising in an age of independent thought if his solution should in every case receive universal approbation. But in every case it is felt that he himself is convinced, and deliberately convinced, that he is acting for the best interests of his constituency. There is no fear that on any issue involving a principle he will place himself in any other position — that he will allow himself to be diverted from his course by either the lures or the threats of any class as opposed to the whole.

Senator Daniel keeps in touch with the people. He is very approachable, ready to hear the opinions of others, anxious for new light from any source. In his many campaigns he has met the citizens of the commonwealth of all classes, on

the court green, by the fireside, on the railroad train, as well as in the mansion, the political council, and the hall of legislation. He marks the trend of public opinion, continually refreshing his interest in the subjects that enlist the attention of those whom he represents. He keeps himself in a position to act on information rather than hearsay.

This identification in interest and aspiration with the masses, and respect for them as the source of power in a free government, is one of the secrets of his strong and apparently permanent hold upon their support, and, it may be added, upon their affections. Here again comes, indispensably, the confidence of the public in his sincerity. He is a man of ideals, and the fact is recognized — ideals of government and civic development toward which he endeavors to lead the way by such steps as may be practicable in the changing conditions of the times.

Honors rest so fittingly upon the shoulders of Senator Daniel, and time has touched him so lightly, that the fact is apt to be overlooked that his success has been a growth, reached by successive stages from his youth to the present day. Advantages he had which do not fall to the lot of every man, but, with all that, he has had to carve out his own career, to abide defeats as well as to win victories, and whatever he has become must be attributed in chief degree to his own well-directed efforts in the use of his powers and his opportunities. He comes of old Virginia stock, and of a family of lawyers. His father, Judge William Daniel, Jr., and his grandfather, also named William, were both lawyers and judges of distinction. John W. Daniel was born in Lynchburg on September 5, 1842. His early inclination was toward the profession with which his family had been so prominently identified. He attended in his boyhood days several of the excellent private schools at his home. At the old Lynchburg College in the late fifties his favorite field of effort was not so much the class room as the platform. The weapon that in the future was to prove so notably efficient was already shaping itself, and as declaimer, debater, and orator he shone even then among his contemporaries. Public debates participated in by the students, and attended by the people of the town generally, in those days were not infrequent, and on such occasions Daniel carried off a large share of the honors. He

is remembered also by his schoolfellows as a youth of kindly impulses, sociable in disposition, courteous and companionable, and fond of the outdoor sports of the time.

The war between the states came on and young Daniel, nineteen years of age, went to the front, soon thereafter being elected second lieutenant of Company A, Eleventh Virginia Regiment. Subsequent promotions raised him to the rank of major, on the staff of Gen. Jubal A. Early. His three strenuous years in the army were full of incident and abundantly exciting, and his record was one of gallant conduct and devotion to duty. He received four wounds at different times, the last being the most serious. On the 6th of May, 1864, during the Battle of the Wilderness, he was in the act of leading forward a section of the Confederate force. It was not a duty required of a major of the staff, but he saw a point where it appeared that a mounted officer could be of service, and there he went. On horseback and in front of the soldiers on foot, he was a good mark. A detachment of the enemy seemed to rise up from the ground in the woods just ahead. A volley came, and Major Daniel was unhorsed. A large femoral vein had been opened by the bullet, and there was danger. His own presence of mind and the timely aid of a comrade from the ranks saved him from bleeding to death, but his active service in the army was over. The thigh bone had been shattered, and it is still necessary for him to use crutches.

After the close of the struggle at arms, Major Daniel found himself in the thick of the battle of life. The environment of wealth that had been his lot in his boyhood had been changed by the blight of war, and he had his own future to make. It required no prophet then to predict that it would be a bright one. He studied law at the University of Virginia for a year, incidentally carrying off the highest honors for oratory. Returning to Lynchburg, he engaged in the practice of law with his father, the partnership continuing until the death of Judge Daniel seven years later. John Daniel devoted himself earnestly to the labors of his profession, and soon established himself at the bar. His intellectual gifts, his talents as speaker and advocate, and his popularity soon marked him, however, for the political arena. There was urgent call for the brightest and best in those troubled times. In 1869 he

was elected to the state legislature as a member of the House of Delegates, remaining in that body for three years. In 1875, he was elected to the State Senate, was re-elected four years later, and was a state senator when nominated for governor in 1881. In the meantime, he had twice been an unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress, the honor being awarded to older men, and in 1877, his name had been presented to the Democratic State convention for governor. There was a deadlock between him and his leading competitor, and a dark horse won. The result of the unsuccessful but splendidly fought campaign of 1881 has already been told. In 1884, Major Daniel was nominated and elected to the National House of Representatives from the Sixth District of Virginia. Here he served but one term, his election to the Federal Senate occurring in the meantime. He began his service in that body in 1887.

Major Daniel's rank as a lawyer is high and of long standing. When he was a comparatively young man, in his thirties, he was rated among the leaders at the Virginia bar. His reputation in this regard, extended and strengthened by time and experience, rests upon a solid basis. His thoroughness of equipment and power of concentration are no less marked than his eloquence and skill as an advocate. He does not spare himself in point of hard labor when affairs of moment claim his attention; indeed, his intensity of application at times is extreme. He turns the light from many directions on the subject before him. Not merely the letter of the law, but literature, history, philosophy, any and all of them, furnish tools for his mental laboratory, and he uses them with an ease and deftness of touch that is as fascinating as it is enlightening. In elucidation he is a master, having an instant perception of essentials and the ability to extract from a seeming chaos of facts the relevant and the significant.

Senator Daniel is the author of two law books which are accepted as standards — "Daniel on Negotiable Instruments" and "Daniel on Attachments." Among the honors which have been bestowed upon him is the degree of LL.D., conferred by both Washington and Lee University and the University of Michigan.

Senator Daniel is not a wealthy man. The time and the talents that might have brought him riches have been de-

voted in greater part, during many years of his life, to his legislative duties and the political responsibilities which leadership imposes. He applies himself to these as assiduously as the business man does to the affairs of his countingroom. He lives in modest style in Washington during the sessions of Congress, and, during the recesses, at his residence in Campbell county, about a mile from the corporate limits of Lynchburg. Here, on the crest of a hill, surrounded by a fine landscape of fields and woods, mountains and valleys, he has a delightful home, where he lives with his interesting family, comfortably but unostentatiously.

He is a man of exceptionally attractive personality. His manner is of the courtly type, but unaffected, cordial, and friendly withal. He does not hedge himself in. In the more intimate circle, he is genial, responsive, and unreserved. He cherishes his friendships, and they are many.

Without sacrifice of dignity, he is essentially democratic in his mingling with men. The atmosphere of popular applause in which he has lived for a quarter of a century has not unduly elated him, nor caused him to forget that "a man's a man for a' that." And with all his attainments, it may well be believed that not the least important factor in his education has been the free and friendly contact with many kinds of men of his own country in his own day and generation.

Senator Daniel's passport to promotion and success in public life is found in the fullness with which he has measured up to his opportunities; the ability in a constantly expanding sphere of influence and activity, to meet the emergencies, and to fulfill the expectations of the people; always ready, and ready with the best there is in him. Throughout he has been faithful to the fundamental ideas of democracy, and the confidence of the people in the sincerity of his purpose has never been shaken. He is a stanch party man, generally in full harmony with the organization leaders; but his real strength is with the people themselves, independent to a remarkable degree of the ordinary devices of what is called "practical politics." He has already served in the Federal Senate longer than any other member from Virginia in the history of the state, and he will, from all indications, continue there for an indefinite period. Under modern conditions, the term "favorite son" is generally a misnomer; in Daniel's case it may be

applied literally. He has not escaped criticism, of course; no man of convictions can escape it. But personally and politically, he is held in high regard throughout the state. He is thoroughly trusted, after having been in the public eye for thirty odd years. One of the newspaper editorials written at the time Daniel was nominated for the state Senate, a quarter of a century ago, spoke of his exceptional qualifications, his patriotism, his eminence as a lawyer, and predicted for him a "still higher niche in the Temple of Fame" than that of a state senator. The references to Major Daniel were in strong terms of eulogy. There was one word in italics, and that word was "integrity." Twenty-seven years later, it can still be underscored.

Senator Daniel's achievement and the best of his reward are not wholly disclosed by the bare appellation of United States Senator. Nor can they be briefly summed up, since, aside from the conspicuous part he has had in national political conventions and the federal legislative bodies, his hand and voice for two decades and more have been potential in all the prominent councils and policies of the party that controls in his commonwealth. He is the representative Virginian of his time. There is no great political movement but that there is call for him at the front; no state enterprise that does not seek his support; no great civic or patriotic demonstration that is quite complete without his presence. It is a flattering distinction, and rare, and it falls to the lot of a man but once in a while.

PERSEVERANCE.

PERSEVERANCE means the steady pursuit of a plan, whether good or bad; but it would be very unwise to persevere in a plan which conscience or practice had proved to be bad. In actual life, where there are so many different pursuits, and different ways of doing the same thing, it means steadiness in the execution of whatever plan is determined upon. Burgh makes mention of a merchant who, at first setting out, opened and shut his shop every day, for several weeks together, without selling goods to the value of one penny, who, by the force of application for a course of years, rose at last to a handsome fortune. "But I have known," he says, "many who had a variety of opportunities



SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL.

of settling themselves comfortably in the world, yet, for want of steadiness to carry any scheme to perfection, they sank from one degree of wretchedness to another for many years together, without the least hopes of ever getting above distress and pinching want. There is hardly an employment in life so trifling that it will not afford a subsistence, if constantly and faithfully followed. Indeed, it is by indefatigable diligence alone that a fortune can be acquired in any business whatever."

An accomplished author says: "The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend — who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weathercock to every point of the compass with every breath of caprice that blows — can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who carries into his pursuits that great quality which Lucan ascribes to Cæsar, *Nescia virtus stare loco* — who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit — that can advance to eminence in any line."

If anyone is in doubt as to what perseverance is, he may soon find it out by a little observation. Look round among your friends and acquaintances; there is perhaps among them an example of perseverance. Keep your eye on him for a time; does it not seem as though he had a double vitality within him, some other man's life as well as his own? It is true that his heart beats and his blood circulates in the same way as that of other men, but you cannot help fancying that there is something else in the circulation invigorating every nerve and muscle, only to cease when the wonderful machine stands still. If at times it seems to be idle, you may be sure that it is not real idleness — but only a pause for a new start.

In the possession of rank and riches he may, perhaps, not be so well off — that is, not so bountifully supplied as many of his neighbors; but yet he goes on with a cheerful, hopeful spirit, which sustains him in trials that would swamp ordinary people. There is reciprocal cause and effect; perse-

verance promotes cheerfulness, and cheerfulness promotes perseverance. He who is never idle, who has no waste time, is in the fairest way to secure contentment of mind and body. Nine times out of ten, the idle man, he who has nothing to do, is unhappy, and is put to all sorts of shifts to *kill time* — the most lamentable kind of murder. There is something terrible in the idea of flinging away one's breathing moments, hours and days which are only lent to us, as though they were worthless. No one likes to fling away shillings by the handful, and yet how few hesitate to squander minutes !

Not so, however, with the persevering. He has an object in view, and strives to accomplish it. Early and late he follows it up, finding time not too long, but too short. He cannot do half that he would in a day ; all his waking moments are employed with the duty he has in hand, or in thinking about it.

Whether in business or pleasure, he knows how to make the most of a minute. Idle gossip, trivial recreation, dissipating pursuits, have no charms for him ; there is a purpose in all that he undertakes, whether of business or pleasure. If at times he fail, he tries again — and again — and still tries, come what may. It is a fine, manly quality, this perseverance, especially when well directed.

President Lincoln was asked, "How does Grant impress you as a leading general ?"

"The greatest thing about him is cool persistency of purpose," he replied. "He is not easily excited, and he has the grip of a bulldog. When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off."

That is perseverance,—putting the teeth of invincible purpose into the object sought, and holding on until it is yours ! Even in religion this is the condition ; the angel will go if you will let him ; Jacob wrestled with him, and compelled him to stay or bless. He cried aloud, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

Success yields to such persistency, as the angel did.

But it was a good angel that Jacob wrestled with. There are fallen angels : beware of them. Let them go if they will. Woe to the youth, male or female, who wrestles with a bad angel ! for his perseverance will drive him over the road to ruin at a rapid rate. It is only when a person is sure of being

in the right way, that perseverance becomes a great blessing to him. The Bible calls it "patient continuance in well-doing." This is perseverance of the saints.

But "patient continuance" in evil-doing is the perseverance of sinners, which every wise and thoughtful youth will shun.

Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, addressed an audience of mechanics in the city of Leeds, his purpose being to encourage them in persistent efforts to reach a higher standard in their pursuits.

"I stand before you," he said, "as a humble mechanic. I commenced my career on a lower level than any man here. I make this remark to encourage young mechanics to do as I have done,—to persevere. The humblest of you occupy a much more favorable position than I did on commencing my life of labor. The civil engineer has many difficulties to contend with; but if the man wishes to rise to the higher grades of the profession, he must never see any difficulties before him. Obstacles may appear to be difficulties, but the engineer must be prepared to throw them overboard or to conquer them."

It is characteristic of perseverance not to see difficulties, or expect defeat. It anticipates success.

When Columbus was searching for the New World, his ship's crew became discouraged, and rose in rebellion. They insisted upon turning back, instead of persevering on a fool's errand. There was no New World to be found, in their view.

But this commander expected to find it; he had not the least doubt of it. Still, under the circumstances, he was obliged to compromise with them; and he promised that, if they would be patient and faithful three days longer, he would abandon the enterprise, unless land should be discovered.

Before the three days expired, however, the New World burst upon their view.

That last three days was the gift of perseverance, and it saved the expedition from disaster and disgrace. The three days were only a fractional part of the time consumed by the voyage, but they were worth to Columbus all that his life and the New World were worth. Months and years of labor, study, and care had been spent, requiring decision, energy,

industry, and courage clear up to the last three days, all of which would have been worse than wasted had Columbus yielded to the mutiny and abandoned the enterprise.

Such is frequently the value of even one day or hour in accomplishing a purpose. That brief time, wrested from ignoble failure, is not only worth more than all the rest, but it gives value to all the rest.

Robert Bruce took this hint from a spider. He had made several unsuccessful attempts to possess his kingdom and crown, and his heart began to fail him. He was exhausted, and was seeking concealment from his foes in a shattered barn, where, lying upon his back, he discovered a spider casting its silken line from one beam to another. Six times in succession the attempt was made and failed, but the seventh time the persistent little creature succeeded.

Bruce took the hint and sprang to his feet, his soul on fire with hope revived, and his heart expectant of victory; and he soon sat upon the throne of Scotland.

He learned that the value of the seventh effort was greatest of all; indeed, that all previous efforts were valueless without it.

The lack of perseverance becomes manifest, sooner or later, in both old and young, and that, too, in the different relations of life. This class behold many difficulties in the way, "I can't!" being a very prominent phrase in their vocabulary.

They begin enterprises with more enthusiasm than they end them,—that is, when they end them at all. They are more likely to begin and soon drop the object for something else, thus changing from one thing to another until they illustrate "the rolling stone" that "gathers no moss."

In school, lessons are "too long," or "too hard," or "too difficult," or too something else; their tasks are half done, or not done at all; they are poor scholars, and make a very poor exhibit of themselves; on the farm, and in the workshop, they find a large amount of "drudgery"; a day's work is "too long," or the pay "too small," to enlist their best efforts. So they make an exhibition of their indifference, indolence, and shiftlessness.

An amusing story is told of a scholar whose indolence by far exceeded his perseverance. The class were reading the

third chapter of Daniel where the proper names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were encountered. Most of the class found it difficult to speak them, but all persevered and overcame the difficulty, except one indolent youth.

In a few days the teacher had the class read the same chapter again, in order to drill them on the pronunciation of these names. The indolent boy read the text unusually well squarely up to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when he spoke out, in the most disheartened manner :—

"Teacher, there's them three fellers again."

It is not only "three fellers" which block the way of those who lack perseverance, but scores of them, of all sorts and colors.

Many years ago, a student lost his eyesight by a missile thrown by a classmate. His father was an eminent jurist, and was educating the son for the bar, but this calamity prevented the prosecution of the original plan.

Strange as it may seem, however, the son resolved to become an author. He spent ten years of close, systematic study, using the eyes of an assistant, of course, before he selected his theme. Then he spent another ten years in careful research, exploring archives, libraries, correspondence, and consulting official documents and old chronicles. Then followed his great history, "Ferdinand and Isabella" when he was forty years old; "Mexico," "Peru," and "Philip the Second" appeared in due time, establishing his reputation as a profound historian on both sides of the Atlantic.

The perseverance of Prescott is almost unparalleled in human effort.

There is so much to be said in favor of keeping on. Apart from any ultimate benefit, the habit of occupation is a perpetual charm, preserving the mind from a host of irritations and discontents. Sailors when in danger of shipwreck, find it best to keep on making efforts to save themselves, even if they perish at last, rather than to sit still and think about the horrors of their situation. Far better to swim badly than not to swim at all, if there be a chance of escaping drowning. For one devil that tempts the busy man, there are a hundred circumventing the idle one.

The question is sometimes asked, whether a man may learn to be persevering — for, if perseverance be of such value

and benefit, why should not all possess it? The answer is, that a man may learn to persevere if he will. Timid people have learned how to subdue their timidity, cowards have become brave by dint of trying, and the feeble have felt that strength may be gained by proper exercise. So a man may learn perseverance. To do this, he must begin by believing that he can do it. He must not be disheartened at the outset by certain stock phrases which seem to tell against him, such as "prerogative of genius," or "predominance of the natal star"; he must set these down as "cabalistic nonsense," and confide in the assurance that "diligence overcomes all." Truly has it been said that "there are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon before those who advance." A passionate desire and unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. Nothing good or great is to be attained without courage and industry. Resist unto the end. It may be truly said of difficulty, what is fabulously said of the devil — talk of it, think of it, and forthwith it will be present with you. For one substance of it, as the poet says of grief, there are at least twenty shadows. Let no one doubt that perseverance may be learned until he has tried bravely and honestly for a year.

To those who can and do persevere, we would say — "Go on; but see that what you strive for is worth the effort." Remember that there is a false as well as a true perseverance, and it is possible to waste the energies of a life on unworthy objects. "By their fruits shall ye know them." We are commanded to be "diligent in business," but this is not the whole. We must persevere with our inward life as well as our outward life; there should be harmony between the two, if we are to feel that each day, as it passes, has helped to refine our mind, soften our heart, or heighten our love of justice.

To those who persevere only by fits and starts — now hot, now cold — we would say, "Never give up." Do not lose courage or grow weary. Slow as the tortoise crept, he reached the goal before the sleeping hare. If you cannot run, walk; if you cannot fly, plod. Plodding, humble as it seems, has done wonders, and will do more yet. Consider, furthermore, that when the reward comes it is scarcely ever such as

we anticipated. We may have aimed at getting rich; the riches do not come. But instead thereof we find ourselves rich in mind; conscious of having striven manfully to do the duty that lay before us, and in so doing have armed ourselves with a reliant spirit, which passes by small trials and looks on great ones with calm courage.

View it as we will, the conclusion is inevitable that perseverance is its own reward.

"Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success — if you 'll only hope on;

"Never give up! for the wiser is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of — Never give up!"

CHAPTER VI.

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA.

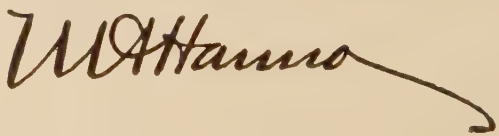
THE KEY TO HIS SUCCESS — A TYPICAL AMERICAN — PARENTAGE — LEAVES COLLEGE AND BEGINS WORK — HIS EARLY BUSINESS ENTERPRISES — QUALITIES AS A MANAGER — FIRST MEETING WITH WILLIAM MCKINLEY — THE EXPANSION OF HIS BUSINESS INTERESTS — WHY HE ENTERED POLITICS — LATER POLITICAL CAREER — THE CAMPAIGN OF 1896 — A CONVENTION EPISODE — CHARACTERISTICS — NOT A BOSS — AS AN ORATOR — MORE CHARACTERISTICS — BUSINESS METHODS — ATTITUDE TOWARD LABOR. INDUSTRY.

The question came up in our family councils whether I should go to work or go to college. I wanted to go to work. My mother said I should go to college, so I went.



I was young, innocent, confiding. One day some of the sophomores induced me to help distribute copies of a burlesque program of the exercises of the junior class. I stood on the steps handing them to the audience as they passed in. The president of the college came along. He grasped me by the shoulder and asked, "Young man, what are you doing?" I replied that I was distributing literature in the interests of education and morality. I quit college soon after that.

One day the president met me on the street. I had on blue overalls, and was hard at work. He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "Well, I guess you have found your right place!" and I thought so, too. I liked work better than study. I have been hard at work ever since. Boys, don't be ashamed of work or overalls.



MARCUS ALONZO HANNA is an American type. The story of his life epitomizes the biographies of thousands of other successful Americans. It is the dramatization of energy — the romance of industrial achievement. In another one hundred years, perhaps, such romances will seem as remote from the life then living as stories of our Western border, bloody with Indian wars, appear to-day. Opportunity may not always stand knocking on the gate for American youths. But at any rate, the story of Senator Hanna's rise is a brave tale, and one well worth the telling.

Senator Hanna was born in Ohio sixty-five years ago. Of his ancestry it is sufficient to say that he is a member of the Scotch-Irish society of Philadelphia, in full communion and good standing. His grandfather was bound out to a Quaker, and for the one hundred years last past the Hannas have been Quakers. In 1852 the Senator's father moved to Cleveland, and brought his seven children along. The elder Hanna started a grocery store, trading, more or less, in a wholesale way, on the lakes, particularly in the Lake Superior country. Young Mark plodded through the public schools and got enough education to admit him to the Western Reserve University. But in 1857, after a year in college, he returned to Cleveland to learn the grocery business, which was growing, and had become exclusively a wholesale concern, with customers all over the lake region. A year or so later the elder Hanna sickened, and the management of the store fell on the boy, Mark. It was a heavy load to carry for a young man barely past his majority, but the responsibility put iron into him, and gave him the luck-stone of his life — the habit of industry. It schooled him, as no university can, in the uses of grit and self-reliance and courage. It made a man of him at the time of life when other youths are addicted to the picnic habit.

In 1862 Mark's father died, and the young man took charge of the business for the estate. When he closed up the store successfully five years later, he knew all about the grocery business, and his energy was proverbial in the town of Cleveland. At the age of thirty he married, and went into business with his father-in-law, Daniel P. Rhodes. The firm Rhodes & Co. dealt in coal, iron ore, and pig iron. That was a generation ago. Young Hanna threw himself into that busi-

ness with passionate enthusiasm. He learned the iron trade from the bottom, omitting no circumstance. He was insatiably curious. He had an artist's thirst to know the how of things. He learned about coal mines and bought coal lands, learned about ore and bought mines, learned about boats and bought boats. Then he took his iron and his coal, and he built the first steel boats that ever plowed the lakes. He established foundries and forges and smelters. Men worked for him from western Pennsylvania to the base of the Rockies. He knew his men and he knew the work they did. He knew the value of a day's work, and he got it — he also paid for it. Where there was labor trouble the contest was short and decisive. The employer met the men himself. Either things were right or they were wrong. If he thought they were wrong, he fixed them on the spot. If he believed they were right, the work went on.

In the early seventies the miners in the Rhodes & Co.'s mines formed a union. Mark Hanna studied the union as he studied mines and ores and ships. He mastered its details, got the hang of it, and got up another union — a union of employers. Then when the men at a mine had troubles, they conferred, not with the mine operator, but with the mine operators' union. The two unions got along without friction, until the walking delegate found himself deposed, after which Hanna's union dissolved. But the mining operators' union gave the first public recognition to organized labor which it had received at that time, and the invention was Hanna's. It was a practical thing. After the dissolution of the mine operators' union there was trouble. A number of arrests followed some shaft burning. Hanna went down to western Ohio to prosecute the men under arrest. They were defended by a young man named McKinley — William McKinley — and he did his work so well that most of the miners went scot-free, and those convicted got short terms. Hanna took a liking to the young lawyer whose tactics had won the legal battle which Hanna had lost. A friendship began which is now famous in contemporaneous history. Hanna had won his point in the strike. Perhaps he was in a mellow, expansive mood which may have tempered his admiration for the attorney for the strikers.

The regularity with which Mark Hanna won in his labor

contests gave him business prestige. He says that he never let the men deal fairer with him than he dealt with them. His office door swings inward as easily on its hinges for the dollar-a-day man as for the superintendent. But they say in Cleveland that there is an automatic spring on it for the chronic grumbler, for the shirker, and for the walking delegate. The door swings out upon these men with force and emphasis.

Mark Hanna is a hard worker. He asks none of his employees to work as hard as he does. He has the intelligence which makes work easy and increases the capacity to do work. Genius is something of that sort. Hanna's secret is system. After he had reduced mining to a system, he added shipping, then he reduced that to a system and took on shipbuilding. Reducing that to its lowest terms, where the machinery works smoothly, he built a street railway — made the cars of his coal and iron, and the rails of his steel. When he came to man that railway — the Cleveland City Street Railway — he had reduced the labor problem to such an exact science that there has never been a strike on that system, although the cars of other lines in Cleveland are tied up frequently.

About this time Mark took a fancy to the theatrical business. He bought the town opera house and began studying the gentle art of making friends with the theatrical stars of the world. He learned the business of friendship thus as thoroughly as he learned the iron and coal and steel and ship and railway businesses. He omitted no detail; he went the whole length — put on a play by Mr. Howells and invited the author out to see the job done properly. To-day Hanna has the friendship of men like Jefferson, Irving, Francis Wilson, Robson, Crane,— all of them, and the best of the playwrights. They know the appreciative eyes that laugh so easily, and he knows all the actors' stories and can find the paths that lead to their hearts.

In the early eighties, apparently by the way of diversion, when the coal, iron ore, pig iron, steel, shipping, railway, and theatrical business became nerve-racking monotony, Hanna started a bank. He took the presidency of it, and devoured the *minutiæ* of the new business ravenously. When he was watching the wheels go around, looking at the levers and

cogs, and making the bank part of his life, he began to notice remarkable movements in the works. Some years the fly-wheel would not revolve. At some times it whirled too rapidly. He went through the machinery with hammer and screws, but he found that the trouble lay outside the bank. He traced it to iron ore, through that to coal, and still it eluded him. The trouble was outside the things he knew. It was in the lodestone of politics. So Hanna went into politics.

With a modesty which is remarkable, he played an important part in the Garfield campaign of 1880 by cleverly bringing about a meeting between Garfield and Roscoe Conkling, who had been sulking in retirement because his plan to renominate General Grant had failed. Nothing except the voting that ended the campaign was of more importance to the Republican party and its candidate than this meeting of the New York chieftain and the nominee of the party. During this campaign Senator Hanna actively interested himself, as a friend and admirer of the candidate, in national politics, but in what then seemed a small way.

What he did was to organize the Business Men's League, beginning it in Cleveland, yet helping it to spread until its silent force of organized work and influential opinion, and its help in drawing campaign funds from men of large means, made it so powerful that the politicians who said that Hanna was "only a business man" came to lean upon it—without knowing that it was the offspring of this mere business man's brain. The general public paid no heed to this powerful organization beyond applauding the great "parades" of merchants which became a feature of all subsequent campaigns.

Thus we see with new interest the form and manner of the bow made by this hard-working, thrifty, friend-compelling descendant of traders and scion of old Quaker stock, when he entered the great arena of national politics. Being a practical man and a business man, given to the clannish habits of the Scotch and Irish, and the smooth and shrewd methods of the Quakers, he carried all these forces into politics and began his work on business principles with a league of business men.

In 1884 he went to the National Republican convention as a delegate pledged to support John Sherman. Four years later he went to the next convention as one of the managers of

Sherman's campaign. After each of these conventions he spent two months in campaign work. It was in 1894 that he began the gigantic work of preparing the country for McKinley's election in 1896. He had known William McKinley since the early seventies, and they became bound together by the two strongest ties — outside of blood relationship — which Senator Hanna reverences: those of friendship and those of a common enthusiasm for the protective policy. Mr. McKinley was first made a national figure for a mere half-hour by James G. Blaine, who, in 1876, feeling too tired to make a long speech in Philadelphia, reached out and drew Mr. McKinley forward, saying: "And now I want you to meet a young friend of mine from Ohio, who can speak to you from personal observation of the needs of labor and the righteousness of its protection."

"The needs of labor and the righteousness of its protection!" Undoubtedly Mark Hanna will say that this sentence sums up the whole of his political creed. How remarkable that these words should have been used to introduce into national politics the man whom Mark Hanna made president, and with whom he is so conspicuously coupled in the minds of his fellow-citizens! He believes in protection as the first essential of American industrial success, coupling the workman and the employer alike as beneficiaries of the principle. He says that George Washington was the first protectionist, with both sword and pen, and he quotes Lincoln as another. McKinley's adherence to the policy and his conspicuous work in connection with it, interested and won Hanna to the young Ohioan's side while McKinley was in Congress. And I do not doubt that when Senator Hanna says, as he does, that the demand for McKinley's election was in the general atmosphere two years before he was nominated, he really means that in his opinion our commercial interests were endangered by the tendency of the times and of the opponents of Republican rule, that the business men of the country were beginning to feel insecure in the conditions which protection had developed, and that a candidate strongly identified with the protective policy was what was needed to restore security to capital and courage to investors and operators.

It was the business view of the business man, and he took up McKinley as a business man's candidate, confidently ap-

pealing to the business men in and out of the league which he had created. Senator Hanna speaks of his work as "an active part in crystallizing the demand for McKinley for president out of patriotism for the protection of the material or business interests of the country. I had large interests myself, and I was alarmed at what I saw of the growth of socialism, the tendency toward free trade, and the threatened adoption of fiat money." He denies that he "picked McKinley as the winner," to use a sporting phrase. The way in which he puts the case is that he had seen the demand for that candidate growing through three conventions. He "saw the great protectionist's popularity grow and grow and he saw the people turning toward him more and more."

Having decided that this was to be the business man's candidate, he went to work to secure his nomination precisely as a business man would do. The old-school politicians trusted to luck, to sentiment, to bungling on the part of the opposition, and to the use of what sums of money could be raised by distribution among generally irresponsible professional politicians who kept no books, made no returns, and accounted for both defeat and victory by the same set phrase: "It was a tidal wave." Senator Hanna was as thorough as Samuel J. Tilden, but far outdid Tilden in the way of reducing vote-getting to a science. He did keep books and he kept clerks and offices and applied so powerful a telescope to his uses that he studied every county as other managers used to study only states.

He began work for McKinley by capturing the delegations from the Southern states, and then, with this strength assured, he went to work upon the nation at large. Mr. Frank G. Carpenter has written more intimately and informingly of this task than anyone else. He says: "Hanna is a good judge of men, and he picked out a force of organizers which needed only his general direction. He does not believe in doing things he can get others to do. He managed the campaign as no campaign was ever managed before. The whole United States was divided up just as he divided up Ohio. He knew as much about any one of the counties of California or of Maine as he did about the different parts of northern Ohio. He not only knew individuals, but he knew public sentiment, and he spent vast sums to change it. His correspondence

was so enormous that for a time it was said that he spent as much as sixty thousand dollars a week for postage, and I have seen it stated that thirty millions of documents were sent out in one week by mail. The amount of money at his command is said to have been more than a million dollars. He skimped nothing. A letter was never sent where a telegram would bring the news more quickly and much of the business was done by special wires and long-distance telephones."

It must be remembered that Senator Hanna was in touch with Mr. McKinley all through the campaign. A telephone connected them, and several times a week Senator Hanna went to the President's home in Canton, carrying with him whatever documents, notes, and newspaper articles he wished to discuss. When it is remembered that Mr. McKinley was declared to be the shrewdest and most skillful politician who was ever elected president, the value of his counsel to Senator Hanna became apparent. That is the material we possess for a study of Marcus A. Hanna's secret of success, both in politics and business. Just as this country was reaching its arms out to secure the world for its market, there appeared upon the scene the men that the hour imperatively demanded: the advocate of protection, who was to be the business man's candidate, and, to be his manager, the great organizer and executive whom the other politicians called "merely a business man." He twice secured Mr. McKinley's election, but it was only the first campaign that required all his skill. His secret was that he was practical, shrewd, thorough, earnest, and a man who understood his fellow men.

When the party's platform had been reported by the Committee on Resolutions, at the St. Louis convention, and the clause indorsing the gold standard had been read, Senator Teller, of Colorado, made a speech favoring the adoption of a minority report of the Resolutions Committee, which report eliminated the gold standard declaration. While Teller spoke, a pudgy man — broad-shouldered and of robust girth — sat fidgeting in his chair, but one row removed from the aisle, among the Ohio delegates. It was Hanna. The loose skin around his mouth twitched irritably as Teller's swan-song rose and fell. Occasionally he lifted a broad hand to a large, bumpy cranium, as if to scratch. Instead, he rubbed the rich, healthy, terra-cotta hide on his full, firm neck. His bright

brown eyes took the orator's mental and moral measure with merciless precision. When Teller sat down, Hanna grunted his relief. Others spoke in favor of the Teller resolution — perhaps an Idaho man, maybe a Montanian, from a chair behind the Ohio delegation. A dapper little chap, with a boutonniere on his perfectly fitting frock coat, came chassezing festively down the rostrum, and received Chairman Thurston's recognition.

"Who's that?" asked Hanna of Grosvenor.

"Cannon."

"Who's Cannon?"

Mind you it was Hanna who was asking these questions — Hanna, who was popularly supposed to be omniscient and omnipotent at St. Louis that day. Yet here was a senator whom Hanna did not know, and whose presence on the speakers' list surprised the man who held the convention in the hollow of his hand.

"Senator — Utah," replied Grosvenor.

The festive man opened his mouth to read his address.

"Well, for heaven's sake, goin' to read it! Lookee there —" and Hanna's broad, fat hand waved towards the orator. "Perty, ain't he?"

"Looks like a cigar drummer!"

The man on the rostrum continued. He made an acrid reference to the gold standard.

"Well, d—n him! — how did he get in here?" snapped Hanna, and no one could answer.

A small-boned, fat leg flopped across its mate, and Hanna changed his weight from one hunker to the other.

Cannon's remarks were growing more and more luminous. Hanna's brown eyes began to glow in heat lightning as the oration proceeded. His twitching mouth spilled its rage in grunts. The rhetoric of the Utah man was telling. He began to threaten to leave the party. Finally he put the threat into a flamboyant period. Then Hanna's harsh voice blurted: —

"Go, go!"

There was a tragic half-second's silence. Ten thousand eyes turned toward Hanna. Evidently he could feel their glances hailing on his back, for his flinty auburn head bobbed like a cork, and an instant later, when the whole convention was firing "go's" at the rostrum, Hanna rose proudly from

the small of his back, and got on the firing line. After that the Utah man was in the hands of a mob. Hanna devoted himself to the pleasurable excitement of the chase. He stormed and roared with the mob; he guyed and he cheered with the mob. He was of it, led by it, enjoying it, whooping it up. Then, when it was all over, when the gold-standard platform had been adopted, Hanna climbed into his chair, clasped his hands composedly behind him, threw back his head, let out his voice, and sang "America" with the throng. When he forgot the words, his dah-dah-de-dah-de-dums rang out with patriotic felicity, and his smile of seraphic satisfaction was a good sight for sore eyes. For Mark Hanna was giving an excellent representation of a joyous American citizen, with his wagon hitched to a bucking star, jogging peacefully down the milky way of victory.

By this token may the gentle reader know that Hanna is intensely human. There is nothing godlike, nothing demoniac, nothing cherubic, nothing serpentine about him. He is a plain man, who stands in the last ditch with his friends, and fights his enemies to the death. He enjoys a good joke, a good fellow, or a good dinner; and, if possible, likes all three served at the same table. Often he wins brilliantly, sometimes loses conspicuously, makes a fool of himself occasionally, laughs at it good-naturedly, and does it over again, "even as you and I." He has on his bones the clay of unexplainable old Adam—rich in weakness and strength, graces and foibles, and withal he has the philosophy which sustained the shepherd of Arden. So his strength is more than his weakness, for he has the virility of common sense. He is not happy crocheting tidies and adopting ringing resolutions. He is a man of deeds rather than of explanations.

Hanna is not a boss. The boss in the American political system supplies a human need which the king supplies in other principalities and powers. The people of this Republic expect their boss to rob them, to snub them, to revile them, just as royal subjects expect dishonor and contumely from their king. The parallel runs further; neither a boss nor a king is elected, and it would be as difficult to explain to a republican the divine right of kings as to make a monarchist comprehend the reasons for the domination of the boss. The boss exists outside the actual government of the state; the

king is generally extraneous. "The sovereign," says Walter Bagehot, "has under a constitutional monarchy the three rights, the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn." Add to this the right to steal, and behold the boss! Elsewhere, speaking of the monarchy, Bagehot has said: "It is often said that people are ruled by their imagination; but it would be truer to say they are governed by the weakness of their imagination. The nature of a constitution, the action of an assembly, the play of parties, the unseen formation of a guiding opinion, are complex facts, difficult to know and easy to mistake. But the action of a single will, the fiat of a single mind, are easy ideas; anybody can make them out, and no one can ever forget them." Hence the office of king and hence the rise of the boss. Now every boss is the founder of his own dynasty, which ends with him; and he rises as the founders of all dynasties rise, through much intrigue, great diplomacy, resistless ambition, unscrupulous daring, and ceaseless, unremitting, pertinacious energy directed to one object for a long term of years. No king or no boss ever carried his profession as a side line, and this paragraph is written to show that, as the word "boss" is used and accepted in the bright lexicon of politics to-day, Hanna cannot be a boss. First, because a national boss is as impossible to the American people as a national monarch; secondly, Hanna has too well developed a sense of humor to be a boss if he would be. As for the first proposition, a weak popular imagination presumes a weak, popular intelligence; and as a nation, the people of this country have more intelligence than is the popular average of intelligence in the boss-ridden cities and states. And as for the second proposition, no living man with a twinkle in his eye and a smile teetering on the threshold of his countenance can view with composure the deadly implacable hunger for a little brief authority which often moves men to sell their souls for it. This hunger is the mainspring which makes the boss a joss. In politics, he who laughs at the visceral convolutions of the joss is lost. Hanna has to laugh at these things. It is his "nature to"; and when he cannot laugh he swears, which brings relief to the soul much as laughter does.

As an orator, Mr. Hanna was, to use the expression of a Cleveland banker, "a surprise party."

They had known him as a keen, clear-headed business man, terse of speech, quick of decision, vigorous and aggressive in all his dealings.

They had not realized that there was in him a strain of Irish eloquence, inherited from no one knows what rebellious agitator of the Emerald Isle ; for Hanna's ancestry, like McKinley's, was of Scotch and Irish blood, and dwelt amid the green hills of County Antrim, from which have come to America's shores so many elements of strong and noble character.

His eloquence is not of the schools. It lacks the artificial graces of a studied style and practiced gesture. But it has the force and vigor of a manly character behind it ; a directness like that of Antony, persuasive by its very honesty, compelling assent by virtue of that mystic force which we call personal magnetism. It has wit and a homely wisdom in it ; the wisdom of a large experience in the matters of which he speaks.

If he knows little about a particular subject he is as mute as the Egyptian sphinx. Dynamite would not blast an opinion out of him. But what he knows, of that he will speak.

He is not satisfied to know a little *about* a subject. He must dig under it, look over it, surround it, and take it captive, before he will venture to discuss it.

This is the same quality that made him succeed in business as a young man. When he went into the grocery store of Hanna, Garrettson & Company, in the early days of Cleveland, he made up his mind to know all about groceries. He built up a large trade with the vessels plying between the Lake Superior mines and the port of Cleveland, and soon became a partner in the firm.

Those who have met Mr. Hanna in business or political councils feel and acknowledge a power in him to sway the minds of other men, which is quite beyond the influence of mere words. When he feels that he is right, you might as well pepper the Rock of Gibraltar with pebbles as assail him with arguments of mere expediency.

He will not retreat, he will not compromise. He stands like Fate, proof against all prayers and tears.

This adamantine character has won him many a victory. Men weary of battering against that wall of rock. And yet,

having gained a victory, he is generous toward his conquered enemy. His head is hard, but his heart is tender. He can strike with mailed hand, and strong men hesitate to invite his blow; but he can also caress like a child.

To his friends and companions in private life there seems to be nothing very remarkable about Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna. They say that he is just a hearty, kindly, good man; very simple in his tastes, unpretentious in his manners, earnest and strong in his beliefs and principles, and remarkable among men in general only for his loyalty to his friends.

A sympathetic nature, a warm heart, a working arm, a kinship with the toiling masses and a shrewd and practical mind are the principal elements of his strength.

Mr. Hanna is no snob, no aristocrat, in the ordinary sense of the word; but he is a man who can read character by its natural signs, and who recognizes no other passport to his favor.

When you have been introduced to him, if you are a stranger, he calmly waits the statement of your business. He has no time for mere words. What you would say, you must say briefly, concisely.

He looks you through and through with his keen, dark eyes. They are searchlights, from which no secret can be hidden. If you are dissembling, you will not deceive those eyes. Whatever your words may say, those eyes will detect the lie in your mind.

It is said that one of the principal elements in the success of Napoleon was his ability to estimate the character of his associates. In the business and political world, this faculty is quite as important as in the military, and Mr. Hanna possesses it to a remarkable degree.

When you have stated your business, Mr. Hanna will probably ask you a few quiet questions. You will perceive that he does not waste words upon superficial matters, but each question goes to the bottom of the business. Practical above all things, he seeks always for some guarantee of success. It is not a question whether the plan be a good one,—but, will it work in practice? If it will not, Mr. Hanna will have none of it.

As he sits quietly at his desk, with a certain massive dignity and poise, you feel that you are in the presence of a man

of power. He is not a mere figurehead. He is the man who *does* things,—large, masculine, with a certain quiet command in tone and gesture which indicates the natural leader of men.

His mind acts quickly, but powerfully, upon whatever question comes before him. He has the Napoleonic grasp of details, and his self-reliance is born of the consciousness of his own power.

In his business councils he is what Grant was in his councils of war. He sits quietly listening to the various remarks, reserving his own. When all others have spoken, he gives his opinion, in a few quiet words; and his business associates assert that he is almost invariably correct.

As you talk with him, his secretary enters with a dozen letters, and presents them for Mr. Hanna's reply or signature. Turning to his desk, he with a few strokes of the pen disposes of questions involving perhaps thousands of dollars, and the destinies of hundreds of men. He turns the searching power of his strong mind upon each letter, and you can catch perhaps a few words of his instructions to the secretary,—"Tell Mr. Cortelyou," or, "write the Senator that," etc.

Having disposed of these matters, he turns to you again, and without the loss of a single thread of your discourse, resumes the consideration of your business.

You are inevitably impressed with his immense power of application and concentration of mind. Quietly, with no display of effort, as an ocean liner turns in the harbor, his strong intellect applies itself to each matter, weighs each statement and each argument, and renders its decision in a few well-chosen words.

Here is a type of intellect which has not yet been included in the world's category of genius; the type of the successful business man.

But why should it not be so included? Are the classic languages and the higher mathematics the only worthy field for the exercise of intellectual powers?

Must a man devote the powers of his intellect to problems of physical science, or to abstract questions of law and ethics, in order to be recognized as a man of culture?

In the complex affairs of the modern industrial world are problems quite as worthy of intellectual power as are the more classic problems of purely professional life.

When you have in a brief interview concluded your business with Mr. Hanna, you retire, to pass, perhaps, in the corridor, a senator or two who have called to pay their respects, or a half-dozen coal or street car magnates, who have come to discuss with Mr. Hanna some business project. How this man can manage so many various affairs, commercial and political, and manage them all so successfully, is a mystery to those who do not appreciate the immense native strength of his intellect, cultivated by many years of application to complex and weighty problems.

He has now undertaken to bring capital and labor together upon friendly and fraternal terms, and to organize their forces so that they shall settle their own differences by arbitration. He calls this the great aim of his life, and he began to work upon his plan before the last nomination of Mr. McKinley. He views this in all probability as he did his project of bringing together the iron ore and the coal with which it is smelted, a consummation with which he is credited with having been among the first to promote. As that tended toward the economical making of iron and steel, so, he says, the absence of friction between labor and capital will benefit both parties to the alliance and work material good to the nation. He is just so sensible, shrewd, and practical in all things, and in these words and the phrase "loyalty to his friends," you sum up the character of the Ohio senator.

INDUSTRY.

NEVER waste anything, but, above all, never waste time. To-day comes but once and never returns. Time is one of Heaven's richest gifts; and once lost is irrecoverable.

> "Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
> For what has been, has been; and I have had my hour."

Do not spend your time so, now, that you will reproach yourself hereafter. There are no sadder thoughts than "Too late," and "It might have been." Time is a trust, and for every minute of it you will have to account. Be "spare of sleep, spare of diet, and sparest of time."

When generals and statesmen tilled the soil of Italy, and



SENATOR HANNA AT WORK.

labor was considered honorable by the magistrates of the land, the Roman empire flourished. But the introduction of slaves wrought a great change in public opinion. Labor became discreditable to those who could live without it, and indolence and ease usurped the place of industry. The ruling classes gave themselves up to pleasure and luxury ; and soon corruption, in high places and low, sapped the foundation of the empire, and it fell.

Industry is a virtue ; and it is the duty of all to practice it. Believing this, Sir Walter Scott wrote to his son Charles : " I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station in life ; there 's nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. Labor, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth, our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up ; but if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and our winter of old age unrespected and desolate."

Scott, himself, was a remarkable example of industry. Sometimes his health was impaired by his great labors. At one time the physician besought him to abridge his literary work, to which the inveterate worker replied : —

" As for bidding me not to work, Molly might just as well put the kettle on the fire and say, 'Now, kettle, don't boil.' "

At fifty-five years of age he became heavily involved through the failure of his publishers, with whom he was connected as silent partner. His indebtedness amounted to the enormous sum of six hundred thousand dollars. Men of ordinary courage and industry would have sunk down in utter despair under such a pecuniary burden ; but Scott had boundless faith in the achievements of persistent industry, and he resolved that the last dollar should be paid by the product of his pen. Summoning all the faculties of soul and body to the task, he set himself to work with more earnestness and determination than ever. Volume after volume rolled from his pen, as if it were as easy for him to write books as it was for

sugar to be sweet, each one illustrating more and more the greatness of the man, and each one greeted with increasing delight by the reading public. Year after year he performed these prodigious labors, inspired by the thought of being able to liquidate the mammoth debt, and thereby vindicate his honor. His purpose was accomplished. The last dollar of his indebtedness was paid, and he was satisfied, though his physical constitution was seriously impaired by the excessive toil. He died, in consequence, a martyr to his uprightness and sense of honor. The patriot who dies for his country, or the Christian who dies for the truth, is not more of a martyr to his convictions than he.

The most industrious habits in secular pursuits do not interfere with intellectual culture, as a multitude of facts prove. Spenser was secretary to the lord deputy of Ireland; Bacon was a hard-working lawyer; Milton was secretary to the commonwealth; Locke was secretary to the board of trade under Charles II., and afterward, under William III., was commissioner of appeals and of trade, and of plantations; Addison was secretary of state; Steele was commissioner of stamps, and Cowley "held various offices of trust and confidence" in the reign of Charles I. The labor and drudgery of business did not unfit them for the best literary work. Rather, it stimulated them to nobler efforts in literary life.

In Italy, nearly every distinguished man of letters, in the time of Dante, was a hard-working merchant, physician, statesman, diplomatist, judge, or soldier. Villani was a merchant; Dante was in the public service, after he was chemist and druggist; Galileo was a physician; Petrarch was an ambassador, and Goldoni a lawyer.

In Great Britain, Isaac Walton was a linen-draper; DeFoe a shopkeeper; Isaac Taylor an engraver of patterns for Manchester calico printers; John Stuart Mill was "principal examiner in the East India House," where Charles Lamb and Edwin Morris were clerks; Macaulay was secretary of war when he wrote his "Lays of Ancient Rome"; Sir Henry Taylor, Anthony Trollope, and Matthew Arnold were all holding important public offices when their most popular literary works appeared.

In our own land it is equally true that hard toil in secular life has contributed largely to literary and public distinction.

If we cannot say, with Louis XIV., "It is by toil that kings govern," we can say, truthfully, that our country has been governed and molded by self-made men, who have risen from the ranks of the industrious in humble pursuits by their own brave and self-denying efforts. The names of Washington, Jackson, Clay, Roger Sherman, Lawrence, Jay, Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, and a host of others, are familiar as belonging to this class, whose memory posterity will not willingly let die. Their industry in early life seemed to command every faculty, sharpening them for greater and better service, until they were as well qualified to rule the nation as to run a shop or farm.

The biographer of Samuel Budgett says: "He seemed born under a decree to do. Doing, doing, ever doing; his nature seemed to abhor idleness more than the natures of the old philosophers a vacuum. An idle moment was an irksome moment; an idle hour would have been a sort of purgatory. No sooner was one engagement out of his hand, than his instinct within him seemed to cry out, 'Now, what is the next thing?' Among such memoranda as escaped destruction by his hand, one note tells of a 'joyless and uncomfortable Sabbath; and no wonder, for I did not rise until half-past five o'clock.' When this man died it was said, 'No death in England, but that of the Queen herself, would have touched hearts so tenderly.' A stranger at his funeral, remarked to a man by his side, 'This is a remarkable funeral.'"

"Yes," the man addressed answered, "such a one as we never had in Kingwood before. Ah, sir, a great man has fallen."

"No doubt he was an important man in this neighborhood," responded the stranger.

"In this neighborhood!" exclaimed the man; "there was not his equal in all England. No tongue can tell all that man did."

The connection between his industry and success was clear as day.

"If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." God's decree is, Work or starve. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." Industry is the source of all the wealth of our nation, and of all nations. Idleness never maketh rich, physically or morally, but industry creates both material and moral wealth, the latter being best of all.

Horace Mann said: "Let the young man remember there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yardstick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape."

Who shall stand before kings? "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." The kind of diligence spoken of in these words embraces much more than the superficial reader supposes. To be diligent in one's business as above enlists all the powers. All that is good in a man is brought to the front. He must be sincere, earnest, honest, persevering, self-reliant, industrious, enterprising, and courageous, if he would be "diligent in business." Even more than this will appear; for the whole triumphal train of virtues that assure honorable success will file into the grand march to the king's throne. They are all necessary to pursue a noble purpose and make it great and successful enough for kings to honor. For the man does not "stand before kings," cringing like a slave or crawling like a beggar; he stands there every inch a man, dignified in his consciousness of having won, with a life record he is willing that royalty itself should scan; not the royalty that flourishes in robe and crown, but the royalty of goodness and truth. "He shall not stand before mean men." A king may be mean; there have been such. He will not stand before a monarch who is "mean." No! The "kings" that he will stand before are the great, good ones of the earth, who have been true to themselves and God. He may be their equal, and the bearing of his royal life will command their respect.

Prove the foregoing by a fact. The late Hon. William E. Dodge had poor but Christian parents. He was obliged to work when he was a mere boy. He had no idle moments, and scarcely any leisure moments even in boyhood. Poor schools offered their small advantages only a few weeks in a year, and out of school he was expected to be "diligent in business." Industry being a law of the family, he was early

trained to industrious habits, so that when he took up his residence in New York city, an inexperienced youth, he was well equipped for work. It was immaterial to him how early his day's work began, or how late it closed, if so be that his employer's interests were faithfully served. The work he had in hand engaged his attention as if it were his own. There was not the slightest disposition in him to avoid labor or responsibility. He had no fear or dread of these, he rather sought them. As a consequence, he won the confidence of his employer at once, and that of all other men around him. His industry marshaled a fine array of attributes : uprightness, courtesy, perseverance, singleness of purpose, loftiness of aim, thoroughness, tact, energy, decision of character, self-reliance, courage, and purity of life,— a combination of traits well suited to find or make a way to success.

Two temptations of a great city he especially tried to escape : the intoxicating cup and Sabbath-breaking. Treating was common, but no one had an opportunity to treat him ; Sabbath-breaking was contagious, but he did not take the evil. Always in the public place of worship on Sunday, " diligent in his business " six days in the week, his evenings devoted to reading, study, literary and religious lectures, — this was the routine which he followed month after month and year after year. His employer would have intrusted his whole property to his care had it been necessary ; and so would any other merchant who knew him. The lures of the metropolis that had carried thousands of youth down to ruin, made no impression upon him. He paid no attention to them, and pursued the even tenor of his way, as if temptations were not. " Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed."

His advance upward was rapid. Within a few years he was doing business for himself. His character was his capital — better capital than money. " When poverty is your inheritance, virtue must be your capital." There was no limit to his credit, for his capital was moral. Money is not a guarantee against duplicity, cheating, or overreaching ; but character is. " A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." It is as true in a warehouse as it is in the chapel or church. When Dexter Smith, author of " Put me in my Little Bed," was a youth, he overheard an influential man say, " If

I could live my life over again, there are some things I would not do." "And what are they?" inquired a friend. "I would not use intoxicating drinks; I would not smoke, chew, swear, lie, or gamble; I would not visit billiard halls and bar rooms; and I would not keep bad company." Young Smith went away saying, "That man knows; he speaks from experience; I will avoid these things!" and he did.

Young Dodge did the same, and prospered. He was getting ready to meet kings. Wealth began to accumulate; his business grew; friends multiplied. Though his time was now his own he had none to waste. Even his recreation was found in philanthropic and benevolent deeds. Down into the slums of the city he went and rescued many a boy. He was a pillar in his church. He became an animating spirit in home, foreign, and other missionary societies. "City Missions," "Freedmen's Aid Societies," "Jerry McAuley's Mission," the "Female College at Beyroot," and a score of other organizations to bless the world, shared his counsels, labors, and munificent benefactions. Some years he gave away one thousand dollars a day. That was getting pretty near a throne. He "never lost the prayers of the poor."

He became a wise counselor, sought after by leading men in great enterprises,— banks, insurance companies, temperance and anti-slavery societies, railroad corporations, colleges, theological seminaries, and other institutions watched over by the wise and learned of the age. His counsel was sought at Washington in the dark hour of his country's peril. There he stood "before kings," the greatest and best statesman of the land. His name and fame crossed the Atlantic, and the high and low in the mother country desired to see him and hear him speak. He went thither. He was invited to address many public bodies where learned professors and renowned statesmen gave him the warmest welcome. He dined with Gladstone, Lord Shaftesbury, and other representatives of England's noble queen. There he stood literally "before kings." The divine promise was fulfilled, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Dr. Franklin said in his autobiography, that his father gave him line upon line in regard to the virtue of industry in his boyhood, enforcing his lessons by repeating the text,

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." In his last days, Dr. Franklin honored the wisdom of his father by saying, "I have stood before five kings and dined with two."

The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. A woman like "George Eliot" laughs at the idea of writing her novels by inspiration. "Genius," President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, "is the power of making efforts."

Begging is after all harder than working, and, taking it altogether, does not pay so well. Every man, however, should stand upon his own feet. "A ploughman on his feet," says Franklin, "is higher than a gentleman on his knees."

Milton was not merely a man of genius, but of indomitable industry. He thus describes his own habits: "In winter, often ere the sound of any bell wakes man to labor or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or to cause them to be read till the attention be ready, or memory have its full freight; then, with clear and generous labor, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty."

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose you can make it interesting. Throw your heart into it, master its meaning, trace out the causes and previous history, consider it in all its bearings, think how many, even the humblest, labor may benefit, and there is scarcely one of your duties which you may not look to with enthusiasm. You will get to love your work, and if you do it with delight you will do it with ease. Even if you find this at first impossible, if for a time it seems mere drudgery, this may be just what you require; it may be good, like mountain air, to brace up your character. Our Scandinavian ancestors worshiped Thor, wielding his hammer; and in the old Norse myth Voland is said to have sold his soul to the devil, in order to be the best smith in the world; which, however, is going too far.

It is a great question how much time should be given to sleep. Nature must decide. Some people require much more

than others. I do not think it possible to diminish the amount which Nature demands. Nor can time spent in real sleep be said to be wasted. It is a wonderful restorer of nervous energy, of which those who live in cities never have enough.

Sir E. Cooke's division of the day was—

> "Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
> Four spent in prayer—the rest on Nature fix."

Sir W. Jones amended this into—

> "Six hours to law, to soothing slumbers seven,
> Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven."

Neither six nor seven hours would be enough for me. We must sleep till we are so far refreshed as to wake up, and not down.

In times of sorrow, occupation, which diverts our thoughts, is often a great comfort. Indeed, many of us torment ourselves in hours of leisure with idle fears and unnecessary anxieties. Keep yourselves always occupied.

> "So shalt thou find in work and thought
> The peace that sorrow cannot give."

"Every place," says old Lilly, "is a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind."

Work, moreover, with, and not against Nature. Do not row against the stream if you can help it; but if you must, you must. Do not then shrink from it; but Nature will generally work for us if we will only let her.

"For as in that which is above Nature, so in Nature itself: he that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe, as it were, takes up arms against him, and all Nature, with her numberless and unseen powers, is ready to avenge herself upon him, and on his children after him, he knows not when nor where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the law of Nature with his whole heart and mind, will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet: because he is obeying the will and mind of Him who made sun, and dust, and all things; and who has given them a law that cannot be broken."

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

HOW SUCCESSES ARE ACHIEVED — INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — BIRTHPLACE, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION — CHOICE OF VOCATION — EARLY NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCE — CAREER AT UNION COLLEGE — HIS PART IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860 — BECOMES EDITOR OF THE ALBANY EXPRESS — MEETING WITH HORACE GREELEY — EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS — MADE MINISTER TO RUSSIA — CAMPAIGNS WITH McKINLEY — HIS APPOINTMENT AS POSTMASTER-GENERAL — PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS — A FORCEFUL AND ELOQUENT PUBLIC SPEAKER — TO WHAT HE ATTRIBUTES HIS SUCCESS. CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

Among the personal elements of success I would give special prominence to the qualities of concentration, perseverance, and practical knack. Decide what you will do, stick to it, and be tactful in doing it. Don't scatter, don't waver, and don't bungle. Many men of ability fritter away their strength by undertaking too many things. Choose the work for which you seem adapted, put your force in it and do it faithfully and thoroughly. It goes without saying, that, other things being equal, the more the ability the greater the success, but ability alone will achieve little without well-directed, persistent, and judicious application.



Large successes are attained by the union of opportunity and capacity. What is estimated as great success is sometimes accidental. But generally success comes because of tenacious effort directed by a clear head, and the clearer the head and the stronger the effort, the larger the success.



IN several particulars the lives of Benjamin Franklin, the first postmaster-general, and of Charles Emory Smith, the late head of our great postal service, singularly coincide. Franklin, though born in Massachusetts, went in early manhood to Philadelphia, and there the active, useful years of his life were spent; Charles Emory Smith, though born in Connecticut, spent his youth and early manhood in Albany, New York, but at the age of thirty-eight became a resident of Philadelphia, and there has lived the years of his prime. Franklin was a true patriot during the momentous epoch which witnessed the war for independence, and aided by wise counsel and forceful pen in the achievement of that end; Charles Emory Smith, during the still more stupendous struggle to preserve the Union which Franklin helped to form, rendered loyal and effective service under the leadership of Lincoln. The task of Franklin as postmaster-general was a hard one, involving the extension of a postal system to portions of our land almost unexplored; that of Charles Emory Smith has been more difficult, involving not only the perfecting of our vast domestic postal system, but also the establishing of similar facilities in islands thousands of miles from our shores. Franklin, great in many fields, was a student, a thinker, an editor, a diplomat; it is perhaps not too much to say that the career of Charles Emory Smith has run on something of the same lines, and he has, besides, been a member of the Cabinet, and the valued adviser of a president.

Upon a closer examination, therefore, the career of Charles Emory Smith, if only because of its similarity to that of another great American, should prove an interesting and instructive one to the young men of to-day. He was born on a farm near Mansfield, Connecticut, on February 18, 1842, his parents being Emory Boutelle and Arvilla Royce Smith. Seven years afterward his parents removed to Albany, New York, where his grandfather was engaged in manufacturing. The schooling, which had been interrupted by the removal, was at once resumed, and it was not long before young Charles was placed in the Albany Academy. Almost from the time that he began to read and to think of his future, he had made up his mind that he would be either a journalist or a lawyer, and achieve the right to have his name numbered

among those of public men. Shortly after his removal to Albany the first indication of his decided bent came; he had not been at the Albany Academy long before he started his first newspaper, the *Academy Record*, one copy making up an edition, all written out by hand, but made up as far as possible like the printed newspapers of the day. It was then that he decided that journalism was his goal; the law was no longer considered. But when he tried to find out what he should do to fit himself for the career he had chosen, he groped in the dark; journalism was not then a profession, nor had the intimate relations of to-day been established between journalism and statesmanship. He decided to take Horace Greeley as his model; to his mind the most forceful editor the country ever had. He launched into the study of the politics of the city of Albany,— which, as the capital of the Empire State, is always a storm center,— and found it an exceedingly congenial and interesting diversion.

The excitement of the Fremont campaign of 1856 appealed as strongly to young Smith as to most of the actual electors. A boy of fourteen, with his lessons to prepare, he attended all the meetings, listened to all the speeches, and took part in the parades. The Republican organization formed to support Fremont was full of the vitality of youth, fervid with the solemnity of conviction. It voiced the growing antislavery sentiment, which was strong in the country. The feeling of national unrest, the presentiment of national disaster, inflamed the imagination even of the schoolboy. This party, which seemed to be founded on righteousness and justice, which had sprung from the ruins of the old Whig party and now appealed to the conscience of the country, was the political organization with which he desired, above all things, to be connected. Its orators became his instructors, its principles as announced on the stump were so many text-books to him. Politics was a part of his education. Thus it was that when he had finished his academy course, in 1858, he was able to offer to the Albany *Transcript*, edited by one of his former teachers, editorials which the editor liked well enough to warrant his engaging the youthful contributor to continue them. This in itself is an evidence of the merit of his compositions, as it was extremely unusual, even in those days of the infancy of the profession of journalism, for an outsider thus

to elevate himself at once into the sanctum without having climbed the lower rungs of the ladder. The young editor had a year of this work, which was also a year of the study and practice of politics, and then he entered Union College at Schenectady.

The war fever was already in the air. Young Smith went into the presidential campaign of 1860, and stumped the counties adjacent to the college, acquiring a marked taste for political speaking, unmarred by the stage fright of most untried orators. He has said that in more recent years he has experienced time and again a feeling of apprehension or hesitation when rising to speak on some theme of grave import. That this feeling was not experienced in 1860 was probably due to the deep personal interest which he took in the canvass. In all the neighboring parades and processions of that eventful time, when the Wide-Awakes began to cut a figure in the public eye, the college campaign club. of which he was captain, took an active part.

The president of the college, Dr. Nott, was an old gentleman of a fatherly disposition and unsettled politics. He wanted Seward nominated, as one of his boys, and hardly forgave Lincoln for defeating Seward, and on the whole favored Douglas's election. Young Smith, as editor of the college magazine and captain of the Wide-Awakes, was compelled to work harder than he ever had before. At half-past two his alarm clock waked him daily, and he studied till breakfast. Then recitations and compositions went on all day. In the evening he drilled the Wide-Awakes from after supper until late at night, affording him exercise to compensate for his early rising and giving him good health. Dr. Nott resolved to break up the college Wide-Awakes, and sent for Captain Smith, and said it could not be allowed. The captain protested that it was a proper purpose of young men soon to become citizens. But the doctor tried again, and said they must leave the college; when he was told that sixty of the young men would leave together, the old gentleman dropped the matter. When Lincoln was elected, young Smith entered the president's class-room with a newspaper, and the latter inquired what paper it was. "A New York daily, sir," the young man replied, "with the glorious news of the election of Abraham Lincoln!" It was wormwood to the aged president!

Just after leaving Union College, from which institution he graduated in 1861, young Smith conceived the idea that he would like to enter the service of the government in one of the departments at Washington. He saw nothing better in prospect just then, and he could not ask his father for assistance, having promised that if his father would send him to college he would never ask for further aid from that source. His pride, therefore, forbade his going to his father for help; so, after making up his mind, he sought the aid of Mr. George Dawson, the editor of the Albany *Journal*. Mr. Dawson, after hearing him through, flatly told him that he would not recommend him for government employment, and, moreover, would oppose his appointment, as he considered him destined for higher things than a government clerkship. This ended his ambition in that direction, and it is an interesting circumstance that within a few years he became the partner of, and joint editor with, Mr. Dawson. Subsequently, when offered the nomination for Congress, or to other offices, he consistently declined, preferring to devote his undivided attention to his chosen work.

Although active for the next two years as an aide on the staff of General Rathbone, under War-Governor Morgan, in raising and organizing volunteer regiments, he also found considerable time during the next three or four years to devote to political study, organization, and activity. By 1864 he had become familiar with open-air campaign speaking. During leisure moments he continued his study of general history, American history, and economics, as well as his contributions to newspapers. In 1865, at the age of twenty-three, he was offered the editorship of the Albany *Express*, which he accepted, and soon acquired an interest in the paper. The *Transcript*, on which he had begun his journalistic career, had been purchased by the owners of the *Express* and merged into it. He also was for a time a member of the faculty of the Albany Academy.

While editing the Albany *Express* he was introduced to Horace Greeley. It was soon after Greeley had gone on Jefferson Davis's bail-bond, and had provoked from all over the country a fire of criticism which had drawn out his characterization of country editors as "those insignificant fellows that God, in his inscrutable wisdom, permits to edit the country

papers." Mr. Greeley came to Albany, and Governor Fenton presented Mr. Smith to him, at a reception at the executive mansion, as the editor of the *Express*. "Yes, Mr. Greeley," said Mr. Smith, as he grasped the hand outstretched to him, "I am one of those insignificant fellows that God, in his inscrutable wisdom, permits to edit the country papers." Greeley laughed heartily, and they became good friends. Shortly afterward Mr. Smith was appointed private secretary to Governor Reuben E. Fenton, and one day was sent to New York on a confidential mission from the governor. He called upon Mr. Greeley, and saw him at that historic desk in the *Tribune* office, writing away with his hand up under his chin as he followed his pen with his eye.

In 1870 Mr. Smith beceme joint editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*. In 1871 he was elected a trustee of Union College, on the part of the graduates, and served five years. He was a delegate to the Republican National convention in 1876, and was secretary of the platform committee. In 1877, on the retirement of George Dawson, he became sole editor of the *Journal*. The legislature of New York, in 1878, elected him a regent of the State University. He was delegate to the Republican State conventions for several successive years, and was almost invariably chairman of the committee on resolutions, and author of the platform.

Once when Senator Roscoe Conkling and Mr. Smith were delegates to a state convention both men were placed upon the platform committee. The senator was made chairman of the committee, but that the platform as reported was the work of Mr. Smith the senator practically admitted to the convention; for, instead of presenting the report himself, he asked Mr. Smith to read it, saying, with a smile whose significance his fellow-delegates evidently appreciated, "Mr. Smith is more familiar with the handwriting of the report than I am."

In 1880 Mr. Smith reached what may be termed the turning point in his career. Differences with the majority owners of the *Journal* on some questions of public policy rendered it easier for him to accept the proposition of Mr. Calvin Wells, a wealthy and influential citizen of Pittsburg, who had shortly before this time purchased the Philadelphia *Press*, and who offered Mr. Smith the editorship of that paper. For many

reasons he was not at first inclined to accept the offer. He had become thoroughly identified with, and a leader in, the political life of New York, and had been asked in state conventions time after time to frame the resolutions embodying the platform of the party. He was sole editor of the leading newspaper of the capital of his adopted state, and as such could command a prominent place in the councils of his party, and, should he so desire, preferment for state or federal positions of dignity and influence. His important work in the national convention of 1876 had given him a national position. He had, moreover, married an Albany girl, Miss Ella Huntley, and the home ties of both would have to be broken. He had come to anticipate but one possible removal from Albany,— that to New York city. After mature consideration, however, he thought it best to accept the offer of Mr. Wells, and consequently in February, 1880, he removed to Philadelphia and took up his duties as editor of the *Press*. Upon assuming charge of the editorial columns of the *Press*, Mr. Smith, following the prevailing sentiment in Pennsylvania, espoused the cause of James G. Blaine, and up to the time of the latter's death was one of the most earnest supporters of the Maine statesman.

His fame as an orator and politician had preceded him, and he was soon in demand for advice and assistance in political campaigns, state and national. In 1881 he was selected to make the opening speech of the Republican campaign in Pennsylvania. The factional quarrels in Pennsylvania politics, however, were quite perplexing to the new editor of the *Press* for a time, and he remarked to a friend that while he had seen a good deal of New York politics the kind they had in Pennsylvania and in Philadelphia puzzled him more than anything he had encountered in New York, and confessed that it was sometimes not easy for him to find the connections. After only about five years' residence in Philadelphia, however, he had made so strong an impression on the leaders of his party as to be thought of as one of the candidates to be presented to the "conference," held in advance of the convention to nominate a candidate for mayor under the new charter for Philadelphia. He refused to entertain the suggestion, but was chairman of the Union League Committee, which as a part of the conference was potential in shaping the nomination.

Mr. Smith took a leading part in the fight for the gold standard in Pennsylvania, and was selected to uphold that cause before the legislature of his state, participating in a joint debate before that body with Charles Heber Clarke, then the best equipped and most formidable champion of the silver cause in the East.

When in 1890 Mr. Smith was nominated by President Harrison as minister to Russia, he was tendered a banquet at which the foremost men in journalism and politics in the city and state united to do him honor.

The mission to Russia was entirely unsought by Mr. Smith. He had, in fact, declined when requested to be a candidate and had gone to Washington to urge the appointment of a prominent resident of that city to the position. It turned out that President Harrison had already determined, without his knowledge, to appoint him, but did not disclose the fact in the conversation. A few days after his return to Philadelphia he received a note from Secretary Blaine offering him the Russian mission. Although disinclined to accept because of the break it would necessitate in his business relations he finally acquiesced on the appointment being pressed upon him. While in Russia he was one of the leaders in the relief work of the great Russian famine in 1891 and 1892, and had charge of the American contributions, amounting to over $100,000 in money and five ship loads of provisions. He resigned in 1892 to resume his editorial duties.

In 1895 Mr. Smith accompanied the then Governor McKinley at two or three points of his campaign tour in Ohio, and was one of the speakers at the opening mass meeting at Canton in the campaign of 1896. It is generally understood that Mr. Smith wrote a large part of the Republican national platform of that year. He had long been an intimate friend of President McKinley, and, upon the resignation of Postmaster-General Gary, President McKinley requested Mr. Smith to become a member of his official family, and the invitation was accepted. Mr. Smith was accordingly nominated as postmaster-general on April 21, 1898, and the nomination was confirmed by the Senate the same day.

It is not within the scope of this sketch to treat, in detail, of the things accomplished by Mr. Smith as the head of the Post Office Department, and, in fact, if that were done, it

could convey to the reader no just estimate of the value of the services he had rendered his country and its President in the trying times of the last three years. It is said that when President McKinley offered Mr. Smith the portfolio of postmaster-general the editor of the *Press* at first demurred because he feared that, owing to the vast amount of routine connected with the conduct of the postal business of the government, he would have but little time to devote to consideration of those larger matters of international and domestic policy which are continually pressing upon the President and his advisers. The President is said to have told him then that he could delegate the details to the subordinates in the department; that a president could get a postmaster-general almost anywhere, but that he wanted Mr. Smith at his council table in order that he might have the benefit of his varied talents in settling the great questions of the day as they arose. Mr. Smith followed the President's suggestion, as far as practicable, in the conduct of his great department, and by leaving to his subordinates the decision of all matters of detail falling properly under their charge, was able to render to the President intelligent co-operation in solving the innumerable, momentous, and perplexing questions which presented themselves during Mr. McKinley's first administration. He was renominated as postmaster-general by the President on March 5, 1901.

One of the qualities which every successful public official should possess is the ability to be absolutely silent or noncommittal when he thinks it necessary or desirable. Mr. Smith is an adept in this art, as all who have business with him can testify, and as was well illustrated in one of the upheavals in municipal politics in Philadelphia several years ago. As editor of the *Press* he was, of course, making it his business to tell the people of his city everything that was going on. But the forces confronting each other were three: the bosses, the Citizens' Reform Association, and the Union League. The bosses were in an ugly mood; the Citizens' Reform Association, like such organizations too often, was full of energy but lacked experienced judgment for handling a great crisis; so Mr. Smith, as a skilled politician and head of the Union League, had to do most of the hard, practical work. This responsibility wrought a change in his methods;

instead of following his professional bent he had to keep his own counsel with the utmost care. He became like the sphinx. The news-gatherers of the *Press* complained that even they could not screw a word out of him. They tried the trick of writing out what they had learned during the day, and sending proofs of it to him, as editor, to revise. But it was useless. If he found some glaring misstatement of fact, he would run his pencil through it, but he never told what ought to be inserted in its place. It is a gift few public men have, and few can acquire, the faculty of calmly smiling under a volley of questions or remarks intended to draw out an expression, and yet keeping absolutely silent.

The fellow-feeling which Mr. Smith has always shown toward younger aspirants for similar honors is well illustrated by a story told by one now prominent in journalism. When a very young man the narrator desired very much to get into the newspaper business, but he lived away back in the country, and do what he could, turn which way he would, there seemed no opening. Finally he wrote a hundred letters to as many newspaper editors, begging each of them to give him some sort of encouragement. One of these letters he sent to Mr. Smith, then editor of the Albany *Journal*. In due time he began to receive replies; all told there were about sixty of them, but only one gave him the slightest hope. Most of them were discouraging, and some of them even made fun of his untrained aspirations. But the letter from Mr. Smith was of such a character as to make him forget all the others. It did not offer him a place on the *Journal*, it did not even advise him to push forward in the certainty that he was cut out for a newspaper man, but it was kindly and considerate in tone, and it contained two or three practical suggestions which he followed, and because of which he ultimately succeeded in obtaining a foothold in his chosen profession.

Mr. Smith is in constant demand for public addresses of every character. Each spring brings a large number of invitations from schools and colleges in all parts of the country for commencement addresses; and to all banquets given by large political or commercial organizations of the great cities of the country he receives a cordial invitation, usually coupled with a request for a speech or response to a toast. He has

frequently, on such occasions, voiced the sentiments of the president and cabinet on important questions then before the people.

Mr. Smith has the reputation of being one of the most adroit and resourceful campaigners in public life to-day. It has been his fortune to be placed in some peculiar situations while on speechmaking tours, but by the exercise of tact and forensic skill he has been able invariably to extricate himself with credit. One such occasion presented itself during the campaign of 1900, when he canvassed all doubtful states from Maine to Nebraska. He was in Kansas, and was invited to visit one of the principal universities in a near-by city, Methodist in its teachings, and where many Methodist ministers, out of active service from old age, spent their closing days. The president of the university begged Mr. Smith to make a speech to the students, who had pleaded so earnestly for a few remarks that he hoped the postmaster-general would not refuse. Mr. Smith consented, and the chapel was soon completely filled by an eager audience. A political speech pure and simple Mr. Smith could not give to these young men; but, with subtlety and brilliancy, he led his large audience along on national issues, without once mentioning the name of either candidate or the specific issues involved in the pending campaign. When he began his speech he had no idea of saying more than a few words, but suddenly, from the nearest seat, an aged minister cried out "Amen!" A few more sentences, and again that "Amen!" now reinforced by others, rang through the chapel. The oftener it sounded, the more impassioned and eloquent and fervent Mr. Smith became. It was the most unique applause ever given to a campaign orator.

In his habits Mr. Smith is exceedingly temperate. He does not use tobacco in any form, and it is only upon the occasion of some formal function that he indulges in wine, and then only a glass for form's sake, not because he enjoys it. He has said that he never had the time to be convivial; that he could always find more profitable employment for the little leisure vouchsafed him during his busy life. He does not find it necessary, as do many speakers, to take a glass of wine before rising to respond to a toast in order to stimulate thought; his brain is always clear and his thoughts always ready for expression.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mr. Smith by Union University in 1889, Lafayette College in 1899, Knox College in 1900, and Wesleyan University in 1901.

Upon being asked not long ago to what he attributed his success in the career mapped out for himself while a schoolboy, Mr. Smith replied that it had, in his opinion, been primarily due to "concentration and constancy." He had applied all his energies along the chosen line and had not allowed himself to be swerved from it until success had been achieved. While continuing his newspaper work he endeavored each year to make a substantial addition to his equipment. American biography he found stimulating as well as instructive; in fiction, "Vanity Fair," "David Copperfield," and "The Three Musketeers," delighted him. He has always been fond of the theater, but has found little time to go. He has found his chief pleasure in his work.

It has been well said by one of Mr. Smith's friends that the young men of this generation may learn from his life to be bodily pure, to be temperate in their habits, never to let down their moral tone in intercourse, to be large rather than small in observation and reflection, and to keep their eye on national affairs rather than on village quarrels and small politicians.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

THE choice of an occupation is a very important factor in the success of life. The earlier it can be done the better. The more nearly the aptitudes of the man or woman fit the occupation, the more congenial and successful is the career. To follow the "natural bent," whenever it is possible, appears to be eminently wise, for "square men should be put into square holes, and round men into round holes." Failing to regard the drift of one's being in the choice of an occupation is almost sure to put square men into round holes, and round men into square holes.

A good mechanic has often been spoiled to make a poor clergyman or merchant, and a good minister has been spoiled to make a commonplace artisan. Overlooking the "natural bent," the youth has selected an occupation for which he has no special aptitude, and he brings little to pass.

Strong minds readily indicate the pursuit for which they



CHARLES EMORY SMITH AT HIS DESK.

are naturally fit; others do not. When Dr. Watts was a boy, his propensity for rhyming was irresistible. His father became disgusted with his habit in this direction, and finally proceeded to expel it from his soul by flogging. In the midst of the punishment, with the tears running down his cheeks, young Watts cried out: —

> "Dear father, do some pity take
> And I will no more verses make."

His father saw that what was bred in the bone could not be expelled with the rod, and he very wisely concluded to let the boy develop into a poet.

The celebrated English engineer, Smeaton, displayed a marvelous ability for mechanical pursuits even in his childhood. Before he had donned jacket and trousers in the place of short dress, his father discovered him on the top of his barn putting up a windmill that he had made. But his father paid no regard to his aptitude for this or that position. He was determined to make a lawyer of him, and sent him to school with that end in view. But the boy thought more of windmills and engines than he did of Euclid or Homer, and the result was unfavorable. His father was trying to crowd a square boy into a round hole, and it was too repugnant to the born engineer. Nature fitted him for a particular place, and he got it.

The Scotch teacher of David Wilkie was wiser than Smeaton's father, for when he saw that the lad could paint better than he could write, and loved drawing more than reading, he said, "Make a great painter of him." He was continually drawing the heads of schoolmates, sometimes singly, and sometimes as they stood in classes, always doing his work so thoroughly as to surprise beholders. Even when he was a little boy, Lord Balgonie called at the manse one day, when David drew a half-burned heather stem from the fire, and with it drew a portrait of his lordship on the hearthstone, exclaiming, "Mother, look at Gonie's nose." His lordship possessed a nose that, if it was not larger than was necessary, was larger than any of his neighbors could boast, and he said the likeness was perfect.

The mother of Benjamin West, too, showed her good sense by recognizing the natural bent of her boy toward art. One

day he drew a picture of his chubby little sister as she lay in the cradle asleep, and the likeness was so striking that his mother observed it with admiration, and then imprinted a kiss on Benjamin's cheek. "That kiss," said West forty years thereafter, "made me a painter." Instead of seeing nothing but a freak of childhood in the act, Mrs. West beheld the foreshadowing of a distinguished artist, and acted accordingly.

Sir John Franklin was an illustration of our theme. His father designed that he should be a preacher; but in his heart of hearts the boy meant to be a sailor. This was somewhat singular, as he lived twelve miles from the sea, and never saw it until he was twelve years of age. On that day, accompanied by an intimate companion, he walked that distance for the purpose of gazing upon the ocean. It was the grandest spectacle he had ever seen; and for hours he sat and gazed in silence upon its restless bosom. His desire for a "life on the ocean wave" grew stronger than ever. He talked about it by day and dreamed about it by night. He must go to sea; a denial would break his heart. As he was deaf to all entreaties and counsels of his parents, who were thoroughly opposed to a seafaring life for their son, there seemed to be no alternative. His father yielded to the boy's wish for a seafaring life, and procured a situation for him as cabin boy in a merchant vessel bound for Lisbon. This voyage was selected for its roughness, his father thinking that enough hardship would sicken him of the sea. But from the time the vessel set sail, it was one continuous festival for the adventurous and fearless cabin boy. He returned more enthusiastic than ever for the life of a sailor, and his father secured for him a midshipman's place on board of a seventy-four gun ship of the royal navy. He was then fourteen years of age, and from that time he began to make his mark. At fifteen his ship was in the battle of Copenhagen, under Nelson; and his valor, tact, and efficiency in that conflict proved that he was a gifted naval commander in embryo. Obedience to orders, loyalty to his country, and the habit of doing the best he could, were his traits. He was in the battle at Trafalgar, where he performed the perilous duty of signal officer when his comrades were falling fast about him,—a youth of nineteen displaying the courage and military skill of a veteran. By devotion to his profession and fidelity to his superiors, he worked his way up

to knighthood. Great Britain delighted to honor him. He was the naval commander above all others selected in 1845 to undertake a voyage of discovery in the Arctic ocean. From that voyage he never returned.

Had his father's plan to make him a minister in spite of his taste for the sea been carried into effect, the world would have lost the services of one of the greatest and noblest explorers whose memory it delights to honor.

But such examples as the preceding are exceptional. The aptitudes of most boys and girls are not so manifest. There is little or nothing to show whether nature designed them for this, or that, or the other occupation. The choice of a profession is a more difficult matter with them. Time, thoughtfulness, and sound judgment are indispensable in making the choice. Since almost every one will do better in a certain occupation than he can in any other, the choice becomes doubly important because so difficult. But forethought, circumspection, and a sincere desire to make the most of one's life, will overcome the difficulty, and guide to the best employment. Emerson said, "The crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness." But youth who have not that "crowning fortune" must fall back upon their own good sense.

But sometimes youths desire an occupation for which they are not at all fitted. They consult their desires only, and possibly think that duty prompts them to it. A youth of no scholarship, but possessing a real Christian heart, thought it was his duty to become a preacher. Finally his well-to-do father consented, and he was put through a course of study, and entered the ministry. After he was licensed to preach, he visited an aunt, several miles distant, and spent the Sabbath. The pastor invited him to preach in the afternoon, and his aunt listened to him with mingled emotions of surprise and pity. At the supper table the aunt said: —

"John, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called of God," John answered promptly.

The aunt sat in silent thought for a moment, then she said: —

"John, might it not have been some other noise you heard?"

Youth of both sexes should be guided by something better

than a noise in choosing an occupation. Let them not mistake a personal desire for a divine commission.

Parents often overlook the facts in the case, and urge their sons into pursuits only because they are honorable, and will give them rank at once. We need scarcely say that such a course leads to failure. Where there is no fitness for the place, there can be no real honors. Matthews was right in saying: —

"Whatsoever nature intended you for, that be, if only a counter or tailpiece. If Providence qualified you only to write couplets for sugar horns, or to scribble editorials for the *Bunkumville Spread Eagle*, stick to the couplets or to the editorials; a good couplet for a sugar horn is more respectable than a villainous epic poem in twelve books."

Some youths find their places late in life, and that, too, without much regard to their own choice. Ulysses S. Grant belonged to this class. It is quite evident that when he was a farmer, broker, and tanner, he had not found his own place. But when, in the late Civil War, he led the loyal army of the North to victory, and saved the Union, he found the place for which he was fitted above all others.

The famous poet Longfellow was endowed by nature, without doubt, with the gifts that won him so great success. His father was a lawyer, and designed that the son should follow the same profession, but the son had no taste for the practice of law. He had already proved that he possessed remarkable talents, and the gift of real poetry. During his academic course of study he composed several of his best poems. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen years of age, and before he was nineteen was graduated and appointed professor of modern languages and literature in his alma mater, with the understanding that he would spend a year or more in Europe, in study for a complete preparation for college work. The reader knows what followed,— rapid intellectual growth until a world-wide fame as scholar and poet won admirers for him in every civilized land.

When the occupation is selected, adherence to it is a condition of success. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is the maxim, and it fairly describes the man who often changes one occupation for another. Matthews says, "The great weakness of your young men is fickleness, and where one of

them perseveres in a calling which he ought to abandon, a dozen abandon their calling when they ought to stick to it. The better the profession, the more likely they are to do this; for all those kinds of business which are surest in the end, which pay best in the long run, are slowest in beginning to yield a return." Therefore, his advice is, choose an occupation and stick to it.

A writer in the *Merchants' Magazine* says: "Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable. Young man, stick to your business. It may be you have mistaken your calling; if so, find it out as quickly as possible, and change it; but do not let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling, lead you to abandon it. Have some honest occupation, and then stick to it. If you are sticking type, stick away at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them: pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industriously, and hopefully, and if there is anything of you it will appear and turn to account in that as well, or better, than in any other calling; only, if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as soon as possible, for the longer you stick to it the worse it will 'stick' to you."

Sir Isaac Newton repelled the idea of being called a genius, and declared that his success was won wholly by "continuous application." He applied himself so closely that he often forgot his meals, and sometimes he pursued his studies into the night without observing that the sun had set.

Archimedes, the great mathematician of Syracuse, often became oblivious to the passing scenes around him in his enthusiasm to master his subject. When his native city was invaded by a foreign foe, and the inhabitants were driven therefrom at the point of the bayonet, he was in his study endeavoring to solve a geometrical problem. The enemy broke into his study and demanded his surrender, but he only raised his eyes from his work, and politely requested them to wait until he had completed the problem.

The celebrated William Mason, author of "Spiritual Treasury," became so completely absorbed in the preparation of

that work that he scarcely knew whether he was in the flesh or out. One day a gentleman called upon him on business, promising to call again to complete it at a certain date, which Mason marked down, or thought he did, in his book of memoranda. On recurring to it thereafter, however, he found written, "Acts II.: verse 8," — the passage he was studying when the gentleman called.

Horace Mann, known the world over in his day as an educator and author of the "Common School of Massachusetts," won his position and influence by the closest application. Born in Franklin, Massachusetts, to an inheritance of poverty and hard work, there was no prospect, seemingly, that he would ever be known beyond the school district in which he received the scanty rudiments of an education. But he carried about in his heart a quenchless thirst for an education. It was the dream of his boyhood. Somehow he hoped that the advantages of seminary and college would be his in the future, though he could not imagine how. His father was too poor to buy even his few schoolbooks, so the boy braided straw to earn money therefor. It was really "all work and no play" with him. In manhood, he wrote: "The poverty of my parents subjected me to continued privations. I believe in the rugged nursing of toil, but she nursed me too much. I do not remember the time when I began to work. Even my play days,— not play days, for I never had any, but my play hours, — were earned by extra exertion finishing a task early to gain a little leisure for boyish sports. Industry or diligence became my second nature, and I think it would puzzle any psychologist to tell where it joined on to the first. Owing to these ingrained habits, work has always been to me what water is to the fish."

His hard lot was made harder, at thirteen years of age, by the death of his father. Still, he continued to dream of an education and appropriated every moment he could in the daytime, and many hours at night, for mental improvement. When he was eighteen years old, a teacher who was qualified to prepare him for college came to town. By the closest application he was prepared to enter in six months, and entered one year in advance. Few such examples of brave resolve and devotion to a given work are on record. His hopefulness got the better of his poverty every time in college, and he

wrote to his sister: "If the children of Israel were pressed for 'gear' half as hard as I have been, I do not wonder that they were willing to worship the golden calf. It is a long, long time since my last ninepence bade good-bye to its brethren; and I suspect that the last two parted on no very friendly terms, for they have never since met together. Poor wretches! Never did two souls stand in greater need of consolation!"

If he did not make fun of poverty, *it* did not make fun of him.

The incident reminds us of young Garfield, when he trudged off to Geauga Seminary, with no clothes except the poor ones on his back, and a solitary ninepence in his pocket. "It is having a lonely time," he said to his two companions, in a tone of pleasantry. The next Sabbath, when the contribution box was passed, he dropped into it the lonely ninepence "that it might have company," as he said.

Notwithstanding Horace Mann spent but six months in preparing for college, and then entered a year in advance, he at once rose to the highest rank, and was graduated valedictorian of his class. His heroic purpose and intense application found its reward in early distinction as an educator and statesman. He succeeded John Quincy Adams in Congress, where he served six years with great ability. Then he was nominated for governor of Massachusetts; and, at the same time, was appointed president of Antioch College. Preferring a literary to a political life and being deeply interested in the education of young men and women, he declined the former and accepted the latter offer. His career confirms the remark of Disraeli, "Mastery of a subject is attainable only through continuous application."

Often the dull, plodding pupil, faithful in his place, and doing the best he can, in the long run leaves his brilliant, talented companion far in the rear. In the lapse of years, his persistent application, seconded by its invincible purpose, makes for him a place and name. For the want of these elements of strength, ten talents often fail in the race of life.

We recall the brilliant collegian who might have stood at the head of his class, but who, for the want of application, stood nearer to the foot. He went forth into the world and adopted the legal profession, in which he made a signal

failure, and finally went down to his grave without leaving a ripple on the surface of life.

The young architect who spent his evenings in hard study was ridiculed by his fellow-associates for his efforts at self-improvement. "The boss will never give you any credit for it," they said; "we won't bother our brains so." But he still bent all his energies to master his calling, and, ere his apprenticeship closed, he won the prize of two thousand dollars for the best plan for a state house, offered by a New England commonwealth. The result confounded his young associate architects, who undervalued his application.

It is this spirit of consecration to a noble purpose that bids defiance to perils, hardships, and difficulties of every sort. It led Locke to live on bread and water in a Dutch garret; Franklin to dine on a small loaf, with book in hand, while his companions in the printing office were absent a whole hour at dinner; Alexander Murray to learn to write on an old wool card, with a burnt heather stem for a pen, and Gideon Lee to go barefoot in winter, half-clothed and half-fed. It was the price they were willing to pay for success.

"A smooth sea never made a skillful navigator," as a smooth road never leads to success.

Says another: "The idle warrior, cut from a shingle, who fights the air on the top of the weathercock, instead of being made to turn some machine commensurate with his strength, is not more worthless than the man who dissipates his labor on several objects, when he ought to concentrate it on some great end."

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES ARNETTE TOWNE.

ON THE QUALIFICATIONS THAT ASSURE SUCCESS — SOME MORAL AND MENTAL TRAITS — HIS EARLY LIFE — SCHOOL DAYS — COLLEGE CAREER — FIRST EFFORT IN POLITICS — REVOLT AGAINST MACHINE METHODS — ELECTION TO CONGRESS — HIS ELOQUENT PLEA ON THE MONEY QUESTION — LEADER OF THE SILVER REPUBLICANS — NOMINATED FOR VICE-PRESIDENT BY THE POPULIST CONVENTION — APPOINTMENT TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE — RETIREMENT FROM POLITICAL LIFE. OPPORTUNITY.

Success, as commonly understood, it seems to me, may be regarded as the result of a happy combination of opportunity and qualification. I assign, therefore, a certain function to that which we call "luck"; for while qualification may improve original opportunities and may make secondary ones, it can never create the first one. Since, moreover, no man is responsible for his own inheritances, there is still another element of luck in that equipment of genius, talent, habit, and mental and moral predilections with which his conscious life commences.



The qualifications that chiefly assure success may be grouped as physical, temperamental, mental and moral: good health, cheerfulness, intelligence, sincerity. With these a man will aim at right ends, study their requirements, persevere in their achievement, and make a noble use of results.



THE best type of successful manhood is not necessarily that which accumulates the greatest wealth or occupies the most exalted position. A pirate, whether of the Spanish Main in old buccaneering days, or on the Stock Exchange of modern times, where men may rob and steal

without exposure to physical danger, may acquire great riches, and all too often the thrifty and shifty politician, who takes advantage of every changing public sentiment to advance a selfish interest, is landed in high office; but success so obtained never appeals to the higher and nobler nature in mankind. No poet who loves truth, and sings of justice and humanity, chants the praises of the success attendant upon the betrayal of either friends or principles, or glorifies the thrift that follows fawning.

In the struggle of life to the man of high aims and pure impulses, the greater measure of success may lie in present defeat, and the victory ultimately belong to the vanquished.

These statements seem commonplace enough, but no correct estimate of the life, labors, and achievements of Charles A. Towne can be made unless judgment is founded upon the basis of high ideals, a love of truth and justice, and a lofty and disinterested patriotism.

Possessed of great ability as an organizer, an advocate and a logician, with an intellect that can at once "snatch the essential grace of meaning" out of a business proposition, an involved question in the law, or detect a false thesis in political economy; a mind that deals in fundamental principles and conducts discussions on lofty grounds and for noble purposes; thus superbly equipped for a successful business career, he has rather chosen to cast his lot with the minority, and has devoted the best years of his life to the advancement of those ideas of government and public morality that seem to him essential to the preservation of the Republic.

The story of his life is the not uncommon one of the struggles and trials of a lad from poverty to a position of leadership in a great nation. Charles Judson Towne and Laura Fargo, his wife, were farmers in Oakland county, Michigan, in 1858, and here, in what was in those early days one of the substantial farmer homes of the community, Charles Arnette Towne was introduced to the world. Born at a time when human slavery was the burning topic of the day; when orators like Phillips, writers like Mrs. Stowe and Horace Greeley, poets like Whittier and Lowell, statesmen like Lincoln, and patriots like John Brown were stirring the conscience of the nation, focusing thought upon the great problem of the rights and privileges of human beings in their relations to each

other. The father was a follower of John C. Fremont "to the glorious defeat of 1856," one of the pioneers of the Republican party. Charles was literally born into the heat of that great contest, with all of his immediate surroundings influencing the development of his character. This may, to some extent, be responsible for that fine sense of justice, that regard for the rights of others, that sympathy for the oppressed, and the high ideals of honor and honesty that have been leading characteristics of his manhood.

In his school days, Charles was numbered among the best students in his books, but was always the acknowledged leader in declamation and amateur theatricals. Little Charlie Towne was ever in demand at church entertainments, and was the chief number at school exhibitions. So pronounced was this talent for public speaking, that at an early age people predicted a public career and a seat in Congress; but, coupled with a glib tongue and an easy presence before an audience, young Towne possessed that much rarer quality, a capacity for intense application to the task at hand. When lessons were hard the night would find him sitting with classics and mathematics, his open book upon his mother's lapboard, and a wet towel bound about his head to assist by its cooling influence in keeping the mind at work.

He was graduated from the Owosso High School in 1875. His graduating oration was on agriculture, this being the last of several he had prepared, and it was pushed through under high pressure during the last days of the term. This faculty of speedy preparation has distinguished his work through life; the ability to formulate in a brief time the study and thought of years. His exhaustive speech on the currency, made the summer following his election to Congress, was prepared in four days, and his famous speech in the Senate on January 28, 1901, was written in forty-eight hours.

Towne's course in college was not markedly brilliant in scholarship, though he was a good, all-round student, especially good in the classics, and leading his section in history and political economy. It was as a debater and an organizer that he won his chief laurels. Like many of the great men of the nation, his reading was careful and his selection wise. The library held much more of value to him than the class room; indeed, the class work was supplemented by library

work, giving a broader and better foundation than ever comes to the scholar who follows too closely in the beaten track of the college curriculum.

Towne was the leader of independent college politics. By adroit management, keeping his forces intact, and creating dissension in the ranks of the enemy, he was able to hold the minority in control like a skillful general managing a campaign. It was here that his power as a leader of men was first manifest. Perhaps there is no better test of a man's qualification for leadership than this acknowledged supremacy in a university numbering two thousand of the brightest boys that the country produces. He was graduated in 1881, and was selected as class orator. Eight years later, while a young and unknown lawyer in Chicago, the Alumni Association of his university extended an invitation to him to deliver the annual oration at commencement time, a most distinguished and unusual compliment, showing better than words the mark the young man made in his college course ; this position having been filled by Senator Cushman K. Davis, Charles Dudley Warner, and other eminent statesmen and scholars of the country.

Mr. Towne's first effort in politics was in 1876, when, a lad of seventeen, he made a few speeches in Ottawa county. He spoke again in the state campaign of 1878, but his real introduction into the work was at Owosso, Michigan, where the family lived during the campaign of 1880. It was to be his first vote, and he was intensely interested in the issues of the contest. He volunteered his services to the local committee ; an appointment was made, but, through the negligence of the managers, no hall was engaged. Nothing daunted by this, young Towne secured a dry goods box, carried it to the principal corner of the city, and, mounting it, delivered to the people who had gathered to hear him an address that created more comment than any other of the local campaign. How well I recall him as he stood there above the crowd in the dim light of the street, his pale face, his large, expressive eye, and his ringing voice, as he spoke in fierce denunciation of the policy and history of the opposition. The fine conviction as to his duty ; the resolve to do it and bear his part in the responsibilities of republican government, were already manifest in him. From this day on, it was merely a question

of time until he should have the ear of the nation, some cause that should enlist his sympathies in behalf of the people and in defense of the tradition of the government that he loved.

After graduation, Mr. Towne secured a clerkship in the capitol at Lansing. For four years he held this position, carrying on at the same time the study of the law at home nights, but these things did not claim all his time. He took an active interest in politics, and during campaigns was sent to the most difficult appointments in the county. In 1884 the *State Republican,* the leading Republican newspaper of the state, suggested him for Congress from that district.

In 1887 he married Miss Maud Wiley of Lansing. Mr. Towne was then living in Marquette, Michigan. The following year he moved to Chicago, but the change proved disastrous, and in the summer of 1890 he settled in Duluth, Minnesota. Arriving there without an acquaintance in the city, and without means, he soon won his way into the confidence and affections of the people. Two years after his arrival he was offered the Republican nomination for mayor, but refused it. For four years he continued in the practice of the law, establishing a reputation for honesty and fair dealing, known as an attorney who scorned to become a party to questionable suits at law or tricky practices in politics.

In 1894 he headed a revolt against the machine politics in control of the Republican party in St. Louis county and Duluth, wrested the city and county from their grasp, and accepted the nomination to Congress in a district at that time represented by a Democrat. Mr. Towne managed his own campaign, and, despite the opposition of the Republican ring, without funds to carry on the canvass, with a district as large as the state of Indiana, with poor facilities for transportation, and two other candidates in the field, he was elected by a plurality of almost ten thousand votes.

Mr. Towne was now thirty-six years old, and though he had been a Republican all his life, and had engaged in active work since his seventeenth year, this was the first time he had accepted a nomination to office. With this election commences his career as a public man.

About this time the depreciation of silver and the general fall of prices turned attention to the study of finance. With characteristic energy Mr. Towne went into the subject. He

became convinced that there was a systematic and stealthy effort to control the money of the world in the interest of the great financial concerns, and to the disadvantage, and often ruin, of the producer and the debtor.

Mr. Towne had been elected on a Republican platform demanding a return to bi-metallism. After careful preparation he invited the citizens of Duluth to a public discussion of the money question, and then delivered a speech that attracted the attention of students of finance throughout the nation.

Mr. Towne took his seat in Congress in December, 1895, and applied himself with diligence to the duties of the office. He came with a reputation as an orator, he must prove that he was a man of affairs as well. Duluth had long made efforts to secure harbor improvements commensurate with her growing importance as the head of lake navigation. Mr. Towne went into the subject with his usual energy, became thoroughly posted on the situation, secured an appointment on the Rivers and Harbors Committee, and presented an array of facts and figures that not only gained the needed appropriation at once, but placed the harbor on the continued list so that the completion of the work was assured. Here was a Congressman who in two months of his first term had accomplished more than his predecessors in many years.

After the holiday recess, the attention of the House was turned to financial legislation. Bills were introduced seeking to remedy the existing commercial depression, and discussion was rife both in Congress and out. The friends of bi-metallism, knowing Mr. Towne's views on the subject from his speech of the previous summer, insisted that he should take part in the debate. With some reluctance, Mr. Towne consented. There was no time for special preparation and he waited with some nervousness the appointed hour, for it was to be his first effort in addressing the House. Through life he had been a student of political history and the character of the nation's great men. As he entered the House on that eighth day of February, 1896, he thought of the many conflicts that had occurred there; of John Quincy Adams and his defense of the right of petition; of Webster and Clay and the battles for Americanism and the constitution; of the many heroes who had done service upon the floor of the House in defense of the people and the republic. He, too, believed pro-

foundly in the righteousness of his cause, and was convinced that he was championing the rights of the people against the encroachments of as selfish and unscrupulous a power as ever upheld human slavery.

When Mr. Towne commenced speaking there were perhaps fifty people in the House and the galleries were empty, but, as he proceeded, word was passed through the capitol that a new orator was awakening the best traditions of the House. At the end of thirty minutes his time was extended and it was noticed that for the first time in the session the House was crowded; even the press galleries were full and many senators had strolled over to listen. Twice his time was extended, and then he was given unlimited time in which to finish his argument, though earlier in the day old members had been refused even five minutes in which to address the House. For over two hours he held the great and critical audience in closest attention.

The effect of the speech was magical. It was a trumpet call to the friends of bi-metallism throughout the nation, and a mine of information to all students of finance. Copies of it were circulated running into the millions. Letters from all parts of the country were delivered by the bushel and commendation from friends of the cause was carried to the extreme. Such success following a maiden effort would have turned most heads, but Mr. Towne moved quietly through it all, attending to the duties of his office.

Not long after the delivery of this speech, Mr. Towne passed through an experience that illustrates one phase of his character, a trait that, unfortunately, is too rare in congressmen, and too little appreciated by so large a percentage of the people. Mr. Towne was invited to a banquet where he met a chosen *coterie* of Republican leaders of the House and the Senate. At its conclusion each guest spoke in complimentary strain to Mr. Towne, closing his remarks with the expressed belief or hope that he would not leave the Republican party, and predicting the highest honors a party can bestow, if he remained in the fold. When the time came for Mr. Towne to reply, he thanked each speaker for his interest and expressed friendliness, and then said, "But, gentlemen, as highly as I hold your friendship and esteem, there is one man whose commendation is dearer to me than that of all of

you ; that man is myself. I am a disbeliever in any scheme that looks toward an increased money value through a contraction of the primary money of the nation. If the Republican party remains true to its declarations of the past I shall stay with it and labor for its success, but if it declares for the gold standard at the coming St. Louis convention, abandons its previous platforms and passes under the control of the money power, it is not I who have left the party, but the party that has left me, and I cannot follow it and retain my self-respect." Here was a congressman of the old school who could not be bought or flattered out of a position he believed to be right.

The proceedings of the St. Louis convention are now a matter of history. Mr. Towne, as an alternate from Minnesota, walked out of the convention with Senator Teller and about forty others, amid the hootings and jeers of the thousands, upon its adoption of the platform indorsing the gold standard. He did it after refusing arguments that were more potent with many delegates whose belief was with him.

At Chicago Mr. Towne labored for the nomination of Senator Teller ; but Mr. Bryan's eloquent appeal swept him into the nomination, the famous Chicago platform was adopted, and the old parties were aligned on new issues.

From this time on, to write the story of Mr. Towne's life is to write the history of the movement opposed to modern Republicanism.

He was renominated for Congress in his district in 1896 by the Silver Republican, Democratic, and Populist parties. The campaign against him was bitter and determined, and though he carried Duluth, the home of his opponent as well as himself, by a large majority, he lost the district by a few hundred.

Shortly after this he was elected chairman of the Silver Republican National Committee. His task was not an easy one. With scant funds at his command, he was to perfect the organization of a new party. After some months of labor a meeting was called at Chicago. Thirty-one states responded by sending delegates. Mr. Towne was the moving spirit of the meeting and the acknowledged leader of the cause.

During 1897, Mr. Towne's entire time was devoted to organizing the machinery of the party, and carrying on the propaganda. Not the least useful of his services was his

faculty of settling disputes between factions, and bringing about harmonious action. Both Democrats and Populists trusted him, and to his exertions was largely due the harmonious action of the three parties. In one state, when rupture seemed certain, Mr. Towne was sent for. He called the representatives of all the parties together and commenced his plea for harmony by saying, "If there is a man here to-day who does not hold the cause for which we work above personal ambitions, likes and dislikes, I wish he would leave the room. I am here representing a party that is formed to fill a present mission, and to die; I believe you are equally sincere." As a result of the conference, united action was assured, and this occurred not once, but in several states where Mr. Towne's persuasive and unselfish pleading united the discordant factions.

In the spring of 1898, Mr. Towne made a tour of the Pacific coast in his capacity as chairman of the national organization, speaking two and three times daily to audiences limited only by the capacity of the halls, often numbering several thousands. That series of speeches still remains unanswered; logical, eloquent, patriotic, lofty and pure in tone, they are an exposition and a defense of the principles he advocated.

In the summer of 1898, Mr. Morton, Ex-Secretary of Agriculture, arranged a joint discussion at the Omaha Exposition, lasting three days, the Greenbackers having one day, the Bi-Metallists, one, and the Gold Standard advocates, one. Mr. Towne was the leader for the Bi-Metallists. By previous arrangements it was agreed that the proceedings should be published at the joint expense of the three parties. Why that agreement was never carried out, and why the stenographer's notes could never be obtained, the Gold Standard delegates alone can explain, but Mr. Moreton Freneau, the celebrated English bi-metallist, in writing to a friend in this country said, "Thanks for your kind letter describing the Omaha debate and Mr. Towne's speech. How I wish I might have been there to witness the cleavage of that terrible axe and count the strokes!"

In 1898 Mr. Towne was again nominated for Congress, but the unlimited resources of the Republican national organization defeated him by a little over four hundred votes.

At the national Populist convention in May, 1900, Mr.

Towne was nominated for vice-president, but the faction of Democracy, opposed to Mr. Bryan and the Chicago platform, prevented his indorsement by the Democratic National convention at Kansas City in July, and here again Mr. Towne's devotion to the cause prevented a split in the forces. It was only his plea for harmonious action that restrained the Silver Republican convention of over thirteen hundred delegates from nominating a separate ticket, with Mr. Towne as the vice-presidential candidate. During the campaign that followed, Mr. Towne was again an indefatigable worker. Sharing with Mr. Bryan the honor of being the chief advocate of the cause, for nine weeks he spoke from two to four times a day to great crowds of people, enduring the fatigue of constant travel on regular trains, with no special car accommodations, and using his voice to its limit from four to eight hours in every twenty-four,— not little platform speeches of ten minutes, but at regular political gatherings,— a record without parallel in political campaigning.

The election in November resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the Democracy, but it left Mr. Towne one of the unquestioned leaders in political thought in the nation.

Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota died on November twenty-seventh following the election, and the force of public opinion, not alone in Minnesota, but throughout the nation, expressed in letters and telegrams demanding the appointment of Mr. Towne to fill the vacancy, forced the offer of the commission from the unwilling governor.

Mr. Towne's position as senator was a most difficult and delicate one. He followed Mr. Davis, whose long experience, combined with great ability, made him one of the most influential members of that body. His term could last only until the election of a senator by the Republican legislature which met in January. The control of the Senate was in the hands of the opposition, and the traditions of that body are all to the disadvantage of the new member. On January twelfth, Mr. Towne pronounced a eulogy on Senator Davis ; brought into direct comparison with the best orators of the Senate, Mr. Towne unquestionably bore off the honors of the day.

Moses E. Clapp was elected senator from Minnesota on January twenty-fourth, and on the day after Mr. Towne introduced the following resolution : —

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, that justice, the public welfare, and the national honor demand the immediate cessation of hostilities in the Philippine Islands, upon terms recognizing the independence of the Philippine people, and conserving and guaranteeing the interests of the United States," and gave notice that he would address the Senate in support of it the following Monday (the twenty-eighth). Without further announcement, the galleries were packed long before the hour for the speech had arrived. The senators were present in unusual numbers, and the House was left without a quorum.

Mr. Towne addressed the Senate for over three hours in support of his resolution,— an exhaustive résumé of our acts and relations in the Philippines, a complete presentation of the case from the standpoint of the Anti-Imperialists. There it stands on the records of the Senate, a protest against the policy of expansion by force of arms, the violation of the spirit of the Constitution, and the nullification of the principles of the Declaration of Independence ; and the great audience, to the major part of whom orators and oratory were an unmitigated bore, listened attentively through it all as Mr. Towne pleaded not alone for the Philippines, but for a return to the principles upon which the government was founded.

Not in the history of that body has such an honor and such a reception been accorded a member of six weeks' standing. While the applause was still echoing through the chamber, and the congratulations of friends and foes were being showered upon him, the managers of the opposition rushed Mr. Clapp to the presiding officer's desk, the oath was administered, and Mr. Towne, with his manuscript still scattered about the floor, had ceased to be a United States senator. More than one Republican senator said to his neighbor, "Thank God, we are rid of him. He would be a dangerous man for us to have in the Senate."

Mr. Towne is now in private life, engaged in business pursuits, but the Senate has lost from its counsels a patriot of the old school before the spirit of modern commercialism had debauched and betrayed the higher ideals of the nation. He has ever been a disciple of the statesmanship that declared, "I had rather be right than president," and has formed his

political life upon the motto of Abraham Lincoln, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and to the end dare to do our duty."

OPPORTUNITY.

PLINY once remarked, "No man possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an opportunity occur for their development."

These were wise words. No matter what the talents are, the opportunity to develop them must offer, and the possessor of the talents must appreciate his chance.

For this reason, Dean Alford wrote :—

"There are moments which are worth more than years. We cannot help it. There is no proportion between space of time in importance or in value. A stray, unthought-of five minutes may contain the event of a life. And this all-important moment,— who can tell when it will be upon us!"

No man knows his opportunity better than Edison, the famous electrician. It is related of him that, one afternoon in the summer of 1888, he chartered a train, shut down his works, and took his employees,— over three hundred of them, — to New York to witness a ball game. They had not been upon the ball grounds over fifteen minutes, when the thought of a new invention flashed upon Edison's mind, like a revelation, and he called to the "boys," "We must go back at once to Menlo Park ; I have a new idea." And back they went to their work, that their employer might not lose his opportunity to add another invention to his achievements. It is quite evident that Edison believes with Shakespeare :—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

It is not every "new idea" that is worth chartering a train for, but Edison's ideas have been his fortune. They were too good to be lost ; and he has made them available by reducing them to practice at once. All else become subservient to his opportunity for the time. The miller must grind the grist with the water that is running through the mill-race ; if he waits till the water has passed, his opportunity has gone.

Several years ago, one of Boston's most successful mer-



EX-SENATOR CHARLES A. TOWNE.

chants was troubled by the scarcity and high price of calfskins, in which he dealt. One morning his daily paper gave the report of the London leather market, showing prices far below those of American markets. Calling his chief clerk, he said : —

"Could you get ready to sail in the steamer for Liverpool this afternoon ?"

The young man replied promptly, "Yes, sir."

"Get ready, then, and I will have your instructions prepared."

Before night the clerk was on his way to England, with instructions to purchase all the calfskins he could at a given price.

"I made forty thousand dollars by that operation," said the merchant to the writer ; "and that is the way we have to do in these times,— watch for opportunities."

"But many people don't know an opportunity when they see it," we ventured.

"Very true," he replied ; "and, perhaps, many will never learn to know them ; that faculty is not in them. Still, I think it may be cultivated by close observation."

The merchant was right, as well as wise.

For young people to live in expectation of golden opportunities is inspiring. Some writers call these occasions emergencies ; we call them opportunities. Living in anticipation of them, leads to looking for them. He who is looking for them is more likely to know them when they do come.

The late Samuel Williston of Easthampton, Massachusetts, became a famous button manufacturer in this way : —

He was a young married man, poor, but industrious. He purchased cloth for a suit of clothes, and his wife was going to make them. With the cloth he brought home lasting buttons, for which he paid seventy-five cents a dozen.

"A great price," remarked his wife ; "I can make as good buttons as these ; only get me the molds, that will cost but a few cents. Carry them back and purchase button molds, and I will show you what I can do."

Mr. Williston returned the buttons and bought the molds. When he saw how readily and easily his wife manufactured the buttons, he saw his opportunity and embraced it. She manufactured buttons for the market, after making them for

his coat, and, in time, her husband became the largest button manufacturer in the country. Other women have done just what she did, but their husbands failed to see an opportunity.

The young man or woman best equipped by industry and application for life work, is quickest to discover opportunities. Improvement of present time and privileges, therefore, is urged by the highest consideration,— preparation to see and use opportunities for one's greatest good.

A writer says, "It matters not what sea a ship is to sail; its keel must be securely laid, its masts firmly set, its rigging of the toughest fiber, in order to sail any sea in safety. One hour's tussle with the tempest will test the fiber of its timbers which were toughened by a hundred years' wrestle with Norwegian blasts." So it is with preparation for wrestling successfully with great opportunities. The keel must be well laid. Manhood and womanhood must be firmly set. Mental and moral fiber must be tough. Then, all hail an opportunity! It is the golden gate that opens into a noble life!

A visitor to the studio of the noted sculptor, Story, at Rome, said: "Around the walls were shelves filled with small clay models, single figures, and groups. The sculptor explained that often as he worked, some splendid subject for a marble figure or group would suggest itself. There was little or no use in trying to remember it; so he would at once turn aside from the work in hand, and put his idea into a model, small indeed, and hastily shaped, but he had all that he then needed, namely, the conception. At any time it could be worked up."

Story's experience was not an exception. All readers, students, and workers understood it. A valuable idea is suggested by a book or piece of work, and it vanishes forever unless it is jotted down at the time in a book kept for the purpose. Putting it off to a more convenient season is practically treating it as being of no value. Conceptions slip away as quickly as they appear, unless they are secured by promptly embodying them in script or models.

Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace of 1851, was a gardener in the service of the Duke of Devonshire. Several years before, he conceived the idea of an immense building of glass, and he studied the subject, made his plans, and experimented, repeating his studies and efforts again and again.

When the committee advertised for plans of a building for the famous exhibition of 1851, Paxton saw his opportunity, and embraced it. He drew and forwarded plans so novel and suitable that they were adopted at once. Professional architects and engineers failed to meet the requirements, while this gardener, wholly unknown to fame in this line, won the prize. By close study and persistent trial, in leisure moments by night and day, he prepared himself to seize this opportunity, and make the most of it. It made him Sir Joseph Paxton.

The history of all reforms emphasizes our theme. Opportunities come to them as they do to individuals. "There is a tide in the affairs" of human progress, "which, taken at the flood," assures victory sooner or later.

It was when the attention of some philanthropic Americans was turned to the horrors of slavery, that William Lloyd Garrison engaged in editorial work in the city of Baltimore. He was not then an Abolitionist, although he was opposed to slavery. He was in favor of colonization, so popular with many at that time. But, living in the midst of slavery, where the terrible nature of the slave power and slave traffic was revealed to him, he became a resolute Abolitionist, in favor of immediate emancipation.

"Now is the time to attack the system, or never," he said. "Slavery will destroy the nation unless we destroy it."

At once he entered upon the most vigorous assault upon the system. Friends endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, but he resolutely answered, "Now or never. Ten years from now it may be too late!" Even some of his anti-slavery sympathizers reasoned in vain with him, to modify his views and methods. He was thoroughly aroused by the conviction that it was "God's opportunity" to inflict telling blows upon the monster evil; and this conviction braced him to defy opposition, persecution, and even death itself. Dragged through the streets of Boston by a mob, with a rope about his neck, he accepted the experience with a coolness that astonished both friend and foe; and he still persisted in speaking and writing what he pleased, perfectly satisfied that the right would win in the end. "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat an inch; *and I will be heard*," he exclaimed.

Subsequent events proved that Garrison was right. The conflict with slavery did not begin one day too soon. It was truly "God's opportunity," involving self-sacrifice, suffering, mighty contests, and harrowing personal experiences. Garrison lived to witness the overthrow of slavery; and he was never more convinced of the importance and necessity of seizing the favorable opportunity, than he was when the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln set the whole slave population of the country free.

Nothing slips by more easily than an opportunity, and, once gone, it is gone forever. The same opportunity comes but once in a lifetime. If not improved when it appears, it becomes a lost opportunity, leaving disappointment and pain behind, as loss always does.

In one of his poems, Whittier says: —

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: It might have been!"

To see what one might have become, what achievements he might have made, after it is too late to retrieve the fortune, is sorrowful, indeed. To have the chance, yet lose the prize! To see the offer, and let it slip! Here is ground for lament when the fact is appreciated.

The confession of an American author of "trashy stories," as he calls them, written for the "blood-and-thunder" papers of the land, is a case in point.

He possessed both a natural and acquired ability as a writer, and might have won fame for himself in the highest walks of literary life, but far better pay was offered him for trash than for truth, and he let the opportunity for usefulness and honor slip. His pen brought him a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but that is all. No self-respect, no pleasant reflections, no peace!

Some years ago he said to the New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal*: —

"I count my life almost a failure. This trash which I have been writing has brought me returns upon which I can live comfortably, but look at the other side! I have no peace of mind when I think of the havoc I have undoubtedly wrought upon young and innocent minds. I can point to nothing with any pride of authorship. I am ashamed of it all. Even my

children would hang their heads in shame did they know their father was the author of this trashy stuff."

The listener interrupted with the question, "Do not your children know it?"

"Bless your soul, no; and God forbid that they should ever discover it, at least during my lifetime. Why, there are only five persons who know that I am the author of the stuff I have put out, and they are pledged to secrecy by their friendship for me."

"Why did you start on that line of writing, when you might have taken up something better?" the listener inquired again.

"Because it paid me better to write a murderous story than a clean one; and, once begun, I have kept right on. My first proved so appetizing to its readers that the editor offered me nearly double the price he paid for the first, if I would write a second one. Now I hate to think of the number I have written. I have published my stories under fifteen or twenty different names, male and female, and, if I have written one, I suppose I have written two hundred of these beastly serial novels. They are all in the same vein, and there is not one which has n't a lot of robberies or murders in it. How people can read them, I cannot tell. If they despised their reading as I do their writing, I would be a poor man now. But it is now a thing of the past; I have written my last story."

He let slip the one opportunity of his lifetime to make himself a name for the right and good, and his lamentation shows what a fearful mistake it was. Such an example enforces the divine counsel, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

A prominent business man of New York city let the opportunities of his school days slip, without improving them as he might have done. He possessed remarkable executive abilities, was very successful in business, and amassed a fortune; but he was often embarrassed, and even mortified, in the company of other business men, because of his limited education. He did not think of writing an important letter himself, for fear that bad spelling and bad grammar would expose his ignorance. He employed a private secretary for all that sort of work.

"I was like too many other boys," he said; "did not like school as well as I did work or play, and so I was never anything but a poor reader and speller,— poor in most everything in which I should have been proficient, and might have been. But I did not value my opportunities; never stopped to think that they had anything to do with my manhood; and now I would give my present fortune for the acquisitions those lost opportunities would have given me. But it is too late; regrets are of no avail now; I must carry the burden of that early mistake through life."

Conversation with a gentleman from Omaha, Nebraska, upon the remarkable growth of that city, elicited from him the following:—

"Four years ago I had three or four thousand dollars to invest, and I had a fine opportunity to invest it in real estate in that city. A piece of land in the suburbs, so near to the business portion of the town as to assure a rapid advance in value, was thrown upon the market. I was urged by interested friends to purchase it, and I thought well of the project, but delayed decision until one morning the papers announced that Mr. C. had bought the land. My opportunity was lost, and too late I saw my mistake. The land has just been sold for fifty thousand dollars, and it might have been mine had I not foolishly let the opportunity slip."

Recently a lady in a Southern city saw a drunken youth of seventeen declaiming to a crowd of loafers on the street from English and Latin classics, showing that he was a young man of culture. While the woman was looking on with sadness, the police arrested the young orator, and lodged him in jail. Interested in his welfare, she sought an interview with him, and found that he was the son of a wealthy judge in Mississippi, and that he ran away from home one year before.

"Were your parents unkind to you that you left them?" she inquired.

"Unkind!" he repeated, bursting into tears. "Oh, I wish I could remember a single unkind word from them! There would be a little excuse. No, they were too indulgent. I was wild then, and I've heard father say after I had sown my wild oats I would come out all right."

"But I can't understand why you left good parents and home," said the lady.

"Wait a minute, and I will tell you. You see I had good school advantages, and was a great reader. For a time I read what was elevating and good, and I might have continued to read such works, but stories of adventure attracted and charmed me. My chances for a noble and successful life were good up to that time, but I swapped the opportunity for the best life for the worst. Bad books made me long to imitate the young heroes. They gave me a start downward and the rest was easy. Warn young people to beware of such reading, for it does great harm ; it has ruined me."

There was a crisis in his life. Two ways met ; had he chosen the best books, companions, and habits that offered, his brilliant talents and great advantages would have led him to usefulness and renown, but he spurned the opportunity and let it slip. Then, ruin was speedy.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON.

ON THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS — HIS BIRTH AND ANCESTRY — WHERE EDUCATED — ADMITTED TO THE BAR — REMOVAL TO IOWA — ACTIVITY IN LOCAL POLITICS — ELECTED TO CONGRESS — FIRST IMPORTANT SERVICE — BECOMES AN AUTHORITY ON PUBLIC FINANCE — A TEMPERATE PARTISAN IN POLITICS — SOME CHARACTERISTICS. POWER OF CHARACTER.

There is no real success without integrity, energy, industry, intelligence, and perseverance in pursuit of the object in hand. It is possible that all of these elements may not be present at the same time and with equal force, but they must nevertheless enter into and become components of that which we call character. They are strong allies and will brook no opposition; he who possesses them will turn aside for no obstacles that are not absolutely insurmountable.



A strong character, thus equipped, above any suspicion, and a reputation without reproach, is the best capital a business man, a professional man, or any other man can possess. It will command honor, and bring honor anywhere.



WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON, senior senator from Iowa, was born on a farm near Ashland, Ohio, March 2, 1829. He removed to Iowa, in February, 1857, making his home in the city of Dubuque, where he has continually resided until the present time. He is of Scotch-Irish descent, not only on his father's side, but also on his mother's. His ancestors were early settlers of Pennsylvania, his father removing from there in 1823 to Ohio, where he purchased a tract of unimproved land in what was then Wayne county

and commenced the making of a farm by clearing away the heavy timber which spread over that entire section. Mr. Allison's early education was acquired at a country school in the neighborhood of his home. The particular school which he attended had the good fortune to have an excellent teacher, who had the faculty of instilling into the minds of his pupils the idea that knowledge is power, and that this could only be secured by careful study. At the age of sixteen he left his home on the farm to attend an academy at Wooster, then the county seat of Wayne county. After this he spent a year at Allegheny College, in Meadville, Pa., and another year at Western Reserve College, then at Hudson, Ohio. Returning to Wooster he entered the office of Hemphill & Turner as a student of law, spending a portion of his time in the office of the auditor of that county, thus earning a portion of his expenses. After reading law two years at Wooster he removed to Ashland, which had then become the county seat of a new county established some years before and which was nearer his father's home than Wooster. He continued the practice of law at Ashland until the spring of 1857, when he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, where an older brother had preceded him.

The father of Mr. Allison took an active interest in the politics of the period. He was justice of the peace for the township continuously for more than twenty years, and at that time there were many contested neighborhood cases brought before these minor courts, and the young man thereby had an opportunity of hearing many discussions of the law. His father was a Whig in politics and a great admirer and supporter of Henry Clay, voting for him in 1824 and again in 1844. Mr. Allison took an active part in the local politics of Ashland county after his removal there and was a delegate from that county to the State convention of 1855, presided over by the late Senator Sherman, and was made one of the secretaries of the convention. This convention nominated Salmon P. Chase for governor. In 1856 he took an active part locally in the campaign of Gen. John C. Fremont for president, and was placed upon the ticket for the position of district attorney. The county being Democratic he failed to secure an election. During his residence at Ashland he made the acquaintance of Hon. Samuel J. Kirkwood, who was a

practitioner at the bar there, residing at Mansfield, only fourteen miles distant. Mr. Kirkwood came to Iowa in 1854, three years before the removal of Mr. Allison. Many of the younger men of Ohio removed to Iowa about this time, and no doubt many of them were influenced, as was Mr. Allison, by the fact that Mr. Kirkwood, who was a prominent man in Ohio, had changed his residence to this new and growing state.

Mr. Allison was a delegate to the convention of 1859 which nominated Mr. Kirkwood for governor. He was also a delegate to the Republican National convention of 1860 at Chicago which nominated Abraham Lincoln, and was one of the secretaries of that convention.

In the beginning of the Civil War Governor Kirkwood made him a member of his staff and authorized him to raise regiments in northern Iowa and to equip them for service in the field. He had charge of the organization of two regiments in 1861 and two additional regiments in 1862, all these regiments having their rendezvous in a camp established at Dubuque. In the summer of 1862 he was nominated by the Republicans at West Union, Iowa, to represent the old third district in Congress, and was elected.

During the year 1862 several regiments were organized in different portions of the state, and Mr. Allison became satisfied that it would be a wise thing to allow the soldiers in the field and in camp to vote at the coming election, believing that if this was not done Iowa would lose at least two of her six Republican members of Congress. He presented his views to Governor Kirkwood and asked him to call a special session of the legislature to make provisions to that end. The governor, while expressing himself as favorable to the plan, hesitated on account of the expense of an extra session, and he did not wish to make the call unless it was approved by Republican state leaders generally. He requested Mr. Allison to go to Burlington and consult with the late Senator Grimes, and in the meantime he himself consulted with others. Senator Grimes unhesitatingly advised an extra session and wrote a note to the governor to that effect, which was delivered to the governor in person by Mr. Allison. The next day the special session was called and a law was passed providing for taking the vote of soldiers in the field. The

lead taken by Iowa in this respect was followed by many states.

His services in the House of Representatives began March 4, 1863. He was three times re-elected, serving in that body until March 4, 1871. He was not a candidate for re-election in 1870. At the beginning of his second term in the House he was placed on the Committee on Ways and Means, which then had charge of all financial subjects relating to taxation, tariff, loans, currency, and the standard of money, and all questions incident thereto.

In 1872 he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Senator Harlan. He has been continuously a member of that body since that time, and his fifth term will expire March 4, 1903. He took his seat in the Senate March 4, 1873, and was assigned to the Committee on Appropriations, the most important committee of the Senate. He was also placed on the Committee on Indian Affairs, then as now an important committee, taking rank next to the chairman, and became chairman of that committee in 1875, which chairmanship he held until made chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in 1881. He has remained chairman of this latter committee up to the present time, except for two years when the Democrats had control of the Senate.

His first important service began almost immediately after the opening of the session in December, 1873. There had been serious complaints respecting the government of the District of Columbia as organized under the law of 1871. A joint commission of investigation was appointed to examine and make report, with full power to send for persons and papers, examine witnesses under oath, etc. It began its labors in the spring of 1874 and continued in session day by day during the long session of Congress which followed. Senator Allison became chairman of this committee, and at the end of the investigation made an elaborate report, which proposed to abolish the then existing District government and Board of Public Works, and provided for a complete settlement of all accounts and debts of the District government up to the time of the passage of the proposed law, and the conversion of the District debt into fifty-year bonds, bearing .0365 per cent. interest, interest and principal to be paid proportionately from the United States treasury and from the taxes levied on

property in the District. It provided for a temporary government, which should have charge of all the affairs of the District, and should consist of three commissioners, one of whom should be an engineer of the army, not below the rank of major. This government was to continue until Congress, by law, should provide for a permanent government for the District. A bill embodying these provisions was introduced by the joint committee and became a law without material amendment. This temporary form of government was made permanent by an act passed in 1878, and from 1874 up to the present time this has constituted the government of the District of Columbia, and has been so satisfactory that no agitation has at any time been made for a change.

In March, 1877, he was placed on the Finance Committee and has been a member of that committee since that time. He was entitled to the chairmanship of that committee in March, 1899, by reason of his seniority on the committee, but it seemed wiser for him to continue as head of the Committee on Appropriations, where he had so long served as chairman. He retains his membership on the Finance Committee, being next in rank to the chairman.

During his service on the Committee on Ways and Means in the House many important measures were passed relating to the refunding of the debt, reduction of internal taxation, revision of the tariff, etc. Upon all questions arising in the discussion of these subjects he took an active part. During the whole period of his service in the House the country was upon a paper standard, which resulted in the practical banishment of gold and silver from circulation, and because of the large volume of paper money and the large debt, funded and unfunded, it was not practicable during his service in that body to deal with the question of the restoration of specie payments. After he left the House and before he became a member of the Senate, a law was passed in January, 1873, revising the mint laws, which had been under discussion for some years. Before that time, although we had been on a paper standard from 1862, the law remained providing for the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. In revising the mint laws these coinage provisions were repealed and gold alone was made the standard of money and the unit of value for all trans-

actions, the mints were closed to the free coinage of silver and that metal was relegated to a limited coinage on government account as fractional silver only, being made legal tender to the extent of five dollars. Later on it was claimed that the demonetization of silver, as it was called, was a mistake and not so intended by those who voted for the Act of 1873.

In the Congressional campaign of 1874 it was strongly urged by Republicans and eastern Democrats that the time had come for a restoration of our currency to a specie basis and that steps should at once be taken to that end. The Democrats of the South and West generally took an opposite view, contending that the greenback circulation was a valuable circulation and that there was no necessity for a return to specie payments. In that election the Democrats, for the first time since 1861, secured a majority in the House of the next succeeding Congress. After this election the leading Republicans in both Houses decided that it was of the utmost importance to pass a law looking to the restoration of specie payments before the new Congress should assemble. The Republicans of the Senate held a caucus and selected a committee of eleven to prepare a bill. This committee consisted largely of the then older members of the Senate, but Senator Allison was made a member of it and participated actively in its deliberations. This committee reported a bill to the Senatorial caucus, which was unanimously agreed to by the caucus. It was reported to the Senate from the Finance Committee, passed the Senate without amendment, passed the House without amendment, and became a law with the signature of President Grant. This law has since been known as the Resumption Act of 1875. During the debate on this bill in the two Houses no question was raised as respects the Act of 1873, before alluded to, but the new Congress which came in in December, 1875, criticised the Act of 1873 on account of the change regarding silver coinage, and bills were introduced for the restoration of silver as it had stood in our statutes before 1873. In the presidential election which followed in 1876 it was strongly urged in some portions of the country that silver should be restored to free coinage. Following this election there was a wide agitation for this restoration, and the House Coinage Committee favorably re-

ported a bill providing for free silver coinage. When the new House assembled in October, 1877, on motion of Mr. Bland the rules were suspended and the House passed, by a vote of 163 to 34, a measure for the free coinage of silver, although silver was depreciated ten or eleven per cent. as compared with gold, by reason of the abandonment of the free coinage of silver by the Latin Union states in Europe and by Germany.

Senator Allison's first important service on the Finance Committee related to this subject. He had been a member of the committee but a few months when, in November, 1877, this bill, then called the Bland bill, came to the Senate from the House and was referred to the Finance Committee. The committee then consisted of nine members. Four of them were in favor of the Bland bill, and four others were in favor of the single gold standard as established by the Mint Act of 1873. Senator Allison believed then that, because of the depreciation of silver as compared with gold, it would be impossible to maintain the parity of the coins of the two metals at the ratio proposed, which had been the statutory ratio since 1837, except through an international agreement to be made by all the leading commercial nations of the world, and if that were not done the opening of our mints then to the free coinage of silver as proposed by the House would result in the silver standard in this country. Therefore he voted with the four members who were for the gold standard and against the House proposition, thus defeating the free coinage of silver in the committee. He then offered two amendments to the bill, one of which proposed the coinage of a limited quantity of silver each month on government account, thereby maintaining the standard as established in 1873, but giving to the United States a supply of silver for circulation in our own country to be maintained at the standard of gold. The other amendment proposed that the nations of Europe be invited to a conference with a view to re-establish among the commercial nations of the world the use of silver upon a ratio of equivalence to be agreed upon, with the free mintage of both metals in all these countries at such ratio. The bill with these two amendments was favorably reported to the Senate by a majority of the committee, and placed in charge of Senator Allison in the Senate. A long and interesting debate

upon the money standard followed. The result of the discussion was the adoption of the amendments by the Senate by more than a two-thirds majority, and the passage of the bill thus amended by a like majority, and, when the bill was returned to the House in amended form, it was accepted by that body. It was vetoed by President Hayes. It was passed over the veto by a two-thirds majority in both Houses and became a law, resulting in the coinage of about three hundred and seventy million silver dollars before it was changed by the Act of 1890. In the debates on this bill Senator Allison took a leading part, making the closing speech in the Senate in behalf of the amendments and the bill, which speech is well worth perusal by all who are interested in the money standard. His contention at that time has been fully vindicated by the history of these two metals from that time until now, and in all the discussions that have taken place upon this question, and in all the plans and projects respecting our money standard during these intervening years, he has consistently adhered to the position he took at the outset, and has constantly maintained that it was for the interest of the United States to maintain the gold standard upon which we resumed specie payments in 1879, until by an international agreement silver and gold could be placed upon a parity in general use throughout the world by the adoption of a common ratio.

The policy advocated by him respecting an international agreement, and incorporated in the legislation of 1878, was generally accepted by the people of the United States, both the Democratic and Republican parties in their national platforms having declared explicitly in favor of it as the only method of securing the universal circulation of both gold and silver as money metals, locally and internationally. The first international conference was held in 1878. This failed, and Congress unanimously provided for another conference to be held in 1881, which also failed. At both these conferences the United States was represented by able commissioners ; at the latter one especially, the three members being Hon. W. M. Evarts of New York, and Senators Thurman of Ohio and Howe of Wisconsin. Notwithstanding these failures this government still adhered to the policy, and in 1892 Congress made provision for another international conference, which met at Brussels in November, 1892. The United States was repre-

sented by five commissioners chosen by President Harrison, who selected Senator Allison as the chairman on behalf of this country. This conference, like the others, failed to adopt any plan, but made progress toward an agreement beyond what had hitherto been made. This subject then seemed important, not only to the United States, but to all the nations as well, and its importance has only diminished by reason of the enormous production of gold during the last five or six years. So it will be seen that his familiarity with this subject and his ability to deal with it were recognized by the President and Congress as well as generally throughout the country.

The Act of 1890, known as the Sherman Act, greatly increased the government purchases of silver, and provided that treasury notes, made a full legal tender, should be issued for circulation to the amount of the cost of the silver bullion purchased, and authorized the coinage of the silver from time to time to meet the redemption of these notes. Senator Allison objected to this bill on the ground that it would be impracticable to sell on a depreciating market the silver thus purchased, and, although these notes were nominally redeemable in silver, they were precisely the same kind of notes as the greenbacks, which were constantly redeemed in gold, and that these treasury notes must necessarily be redeemed in gold if the gold standard was to be maintained; that as they gradually accumulated the reserve for their redemption and for the greenbacks would have to be largely increased, and that finally the whole system would fail and result in the silver standard. But he was overruled in his opinion by most of the leaders of the Senate and House, and when this bill was finally agreed to as a compromise, although it did not meet his approval, he voted for it, as did all the Republicans in both Houses. His fear was soon realized in part, and in 1893 the law was repealed so far as it related to continued purchases of silver, and by that repeal the unavoidable result of a silver standard of money, which otherwise would have followed its continuance on the statute books, was averted. The experience of the two or three years following this repeal clearly indicated that the provisions for the redemption of greenbacks and treasury notes were inadequate to at all times maintain their convertibility into gold coin, and various plans were suggested to strengthen the laws providing for the gold stand-

ard and for the maintenance of all forms of money at that standard. This discussion resulted in the pledge made by the Republican party in 1896 in its National platform, and in the subsequent authorization of a special committee in the House, and of the Finance Committee in the Senate, to formulate laws which would accomplish these ends. Senator Allison took a prominent part in the preparation of these measures, which resulted in the passage of what is known as the Currency Act of March 14, 1900, which provides for a permanent reserve sufficient to make certain the convertibility directly or indirectly of all forms of money in circulation into gold at the will of the holder. This law also provided for the refunding of the great body of the public debt, by exchanging for the three, four, and five per cent. coin bonds outstanding, a gold bond bearing two per cent. interest, and up to the time of writing this sketch more than one half of all outstanding bonds have been so converted — a financial operation unparalleled in the history of the world — showing that the credit of the United States is stronger and better than that of any other nation. Therefore, it may be said, that in all the important legislation on this subject during his service in Congress Senator Allison has borne a conspicuous part, and his general views are largely embodied in the legislation.

He has also had a large part in shaping the tariff laws from 1877 to the present time, having been an active participant as a member of the Finance Committee in the frequent revisions of the tariff since that time. The Tariff Commission created by Congress in May, 1882, made its report in December of the same year, and following this report the House considered a bill revising the rates of duty. The Senate Committe on Finance in the meantime took up the internal revenue bill, which passed the House during the preceding session, and attached to that bill an amendment revising the whole tariff system substantially in accord with the report of the Tariff Commission, but making many changes in the details of that report. The bill as amended passed the Senate after considerable debate near the close of the session. When it reached the House it led to an acrimonious debate upon the privileges of the two Houses, but a conference was finally agreed upon between the two Houses and the bill became a law on the day of final adjournment.

Senator Allison was a member of the sub-committee of the Finance Committee which prepared this revision and was a member of the conference on the part of the Senate.

In 1885, after several Secretaries of the Treasury had called the attention of Congress to the imperfections in the administration of the custom laws and the administrative features of those laws, the Senate authorized the Finance Committee to investigate the subject. The chairman named a sub-committee of three for this purpose, and Senator Allison became chairman of this sub-committee. The committee labored on the subject for more than two years, making a thorough personal examination of the details of administration as disclosed in the New York, Boston, and other custom houses. Senator Allison reported from the committee a bill making a complete revision of the methods of collecting the duties and creating new machinery for the classification and appraisement of imports. It was accompanied by an elaborate printed report collating all the laws on that subject which had been enacted since the foundation of the government up to that time. This bill passed the Senate in 1888. It was not considered in the House. When the Mills tariff bill came to the Senate this bill was attached to it as an amendment, but failed of enactment with the Mills bill. This bill, however, was introduced by Mr. McKinley in the House in December, 1889, and became a law substantially as it passed the Senate about a year before. Under this law all our customs collections are now made, no material amendments having since been made to it.

The House passed in 1888, at an early stage of the session, a bill providing for a revision of tariff duties on the lines of the Democratic contention of a tariff for revenue only, known as the Mills bill. It was thoroughly considered by the Finance Committee in the Senate, first by a sub-committee of which Senator Allison was chairman. This sub-committee held hearings and took testimony comprehending three large octavo volumes, and continued its work during most of the summer of that year. Senator Allison reported the bill from the full committee in September and had charge of it on the floor of the Senate. It was considered up to adjournment on October 20 without passing. It passed the Senate at the following short session in 1889, but did not become a law because of the

failure of the House to agree to the Senate amendments, or to a conference. These Senate amendments made an elaborate revision of the tariff on the lines of "protection" as distinguished from that of "for revenue" as proposed by the Mills bill, and it introduced many new views as to the classification of objects of import duty. It especially provided, among other things, for ample protection to the tin-plate industry, which provision was later on embodied in the McKinley bill, the important amendment relating to tin-plate being offered by Senator Allison on the floor of the Senate and agreed to after debate.

In 1890 the McKinley bill passed the House, embodying in its provisions the classifications and changes which were considered and passed by the Senate a year before, although it increased in many particulars the rates of duty proposed in the Senate amendments. The bill was considered by a sub-committee of the Finance Committee of which Senator Allison was a member, and was reported to the Senate by Senator Morrill. During its consideration in the Senate, Senator Allison, having had charge of it in sub-committee, practically took charge of it on the floor of the Senate. He was also active in proposing and offering amendments to what was the Wilson bill, which became a law in 1894. He was on the sub-committee that prepared the amendments to the Dingley tariff bill of 1897 and gave patient attention to this subject for more than two months in the spring of that year.

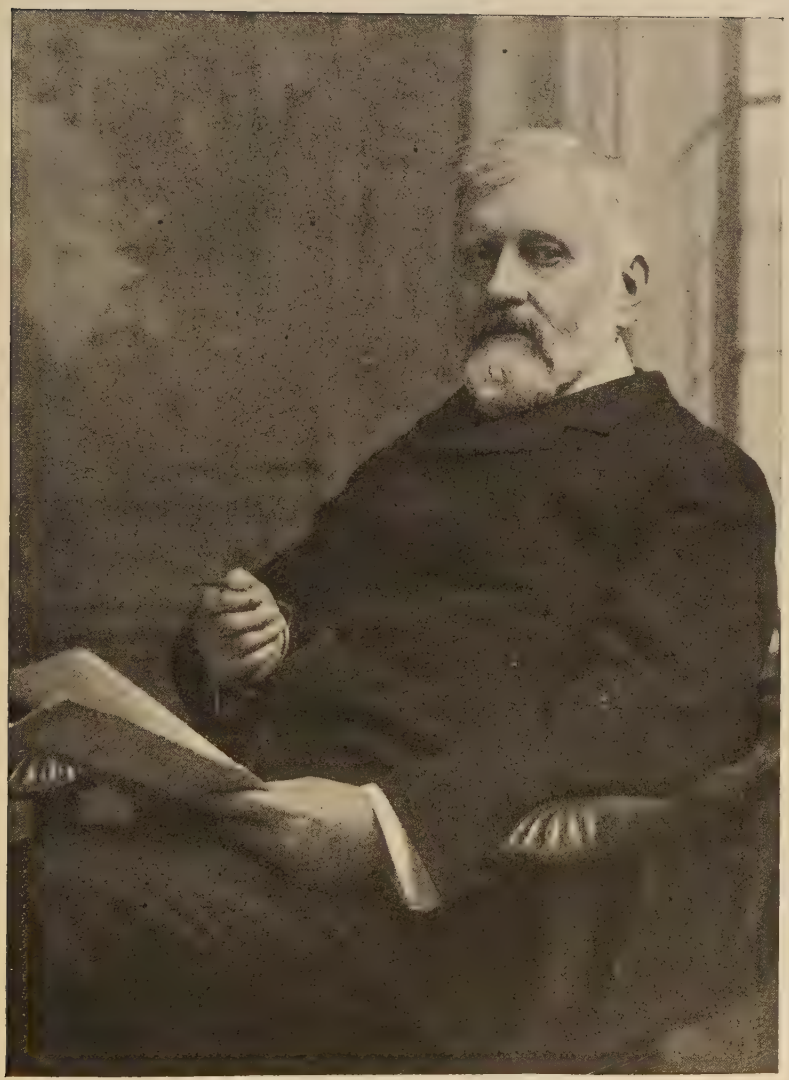
He was strongly urged by President Garfield to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury under his administration. The same tender was made by President Harrison in 1889, and it is well known that he could have taken the position of Secretary of State under President McKinley's first administration, but he declined all these tempting offers of administrative positions, preferring to represent in part the state of Iowa in the United States Senate, that position being more congenial to his tastes and more in line with his life work and studies.

He was frequently mentioned as an available candidate for president, and was three times strongly supported by his own state in National conventions for that office. It should be said in justice to him that he never had a consuming ambition for the place, so that no disappointment lurked in

his mind or memory because others were selected as candidates of the Republican party.

Although the Senate in its organization is supposed to be a conservative body, with long continued service of its members, there is no man now in the Senate who was there when Senator Allison took the oath of office in 1873, and there are few now living who served in that body prior to 1873. Senator Jones of Nevada and Senator Allison took the oath of office on the same day and therefore are contemporaneous, but the latter having served eight years in the House is the senior in service at the Capitol at this time, and it may be truthfully said that he is the natural and recognized leader of that body and exerts a wider influence than any other member of it. He is chairman of the Republican caucus of the Senate and as such has charge and control of the business of the Senate. His time is probably more fully occupied during sessions of the Senate than any of his colleagues. The exacting duties of the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations make it necessary for him to know the scope of every bill which carries an appropriation of public money, and it is often necessary for him to be absent from the chamber during the sessions on committee work, especially during the short sessions and near the close of every session. And while his name may not appear so actively and prominently on the floor of the Senate as will the names of some others, yet all the important legislation undergoes an investigation from him and from his committee in some form. He is always listened to in the Senate, because when he speaks he endeavors to illustrate the topic under debate and to contribute information upon the matter pending.

He has always been an active though temperate partisan, and has been able to secure the respect and esteem of his political opponents by his fairness of method and deference to the opinion of those who differ from him. He has spoken in every campaign in Iowa since 1862, first making a thorough canvass of his district when he was in the House, and afterwards when elected to the Senate making a general canvass of the state. His speeches, though not as attractive in an oratorical sense as those of some of his colleagues, are always interesting, entertaining, and instructive to his audience.



SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

He was married in 1854 to Miss Anna Carter, daughter of Daniel Carter of Ashland, Ohio, a man of prominence in that portion of the state. She was a highly intelligent, amiable, and beautiful woman, and greatly beloved by all who knew her. She died at Dubuque in 1860. In 1873 he married Miss Mary Nealley of Burlington, Iowa, the adopted daughter of Senator and Mrs. Grimes. During the last few years of her life she was an invalid, and in spite of all that love and skill and affection would suggest she gradually declined and died in August, 1883.

Senator Allison has sometimes been criticised because of his hesitation to express opinions upon subjects or matters upon which he is called to make decision. This is a mistaken view of his character. He does hesitate, but only to give full consideration of the subject. Therefore he does not introduce into the Senate bills of an experimental character or which meet the fancy or suggestion of some one who seeks radical changes in existing conditions. He is on this account often called a conservative in the discussion and consideration of public measures. He carries this conservatism into his every-day life. As an illustration of this: He has lived in the same house at Washington, No. 1124 Vermont avenue, since 1877, during the life of his wife and her mother, Mrs. Grimes, and he still resides there. When in Iowa he resides at No. 1134 Locust street, Dubuque, which has been his home from August, 1857, until now.

During his whole service he has been an active and tireless worker on matters of public character, not only during sessions of Congress, but during most of the recesses. This constant attention to his public duties and willingness to take upon himself the consideration of public questions is probably one of the reasons why he has so much strength in the Senate, because it is believed by his associates that he gives full consideration of the subjects placed in his charge.

POWER OF CHARACTER.

CHARACTER must not be confounded with reputation. Character is what a man is; reputation may be what he is not. Character is one's intrinsic value; reputation is what is thought of him — his value in the market of public opinion. Hence, character is stable and enduring;

while, as another has said : "The reputation of a man is like his shadow ; it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him ; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than himself."

Character is indispensable. Every one is in duty bound to possess it. It is not optional with us to cultivate it or not, as we please ; it is a solemn obligation. Professor Blaikie, of the University of Edinburgh, said to a class of young men : "Money is not needful, power is not needful, cleverness is not needful, fame is not needful, liberty is not needful, even health is not the one thing needful ; but character alone, is that which can truly save us, and if we are not saved in this sense, we must certainly be damned." Smiles urges the same truth : "Every one is in duty bound to aim at reaching the highest standard of character ; not to become the richest in means, but in spirit ; not the greatest in worldly position, but in true honor ; not the most intellectual, but the most virtuous ; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright, and honest."

Character is greater, even, than intellect. It is the most valuable possession a youth ever acquires. Without it he is poor, though he may have amassed a million dollars. The most abject pauper on earth is the man without character. He may live in a stately mansion and flourish his magnificent turnout, and obsequious fools may applaud him ; but he is a moral tramp, nevertheless, more perilous to society on account of his money, and to himself also.

Every youth, then, should know that it is his and her sacred duty to make unblemished character ; that is an obligation they cannot shirk. It may not be their duty to be wise and learned, or to be senators or senators' wives, but it is their duty to possess spotless characters. Anything short of this cheats society and robs God. The youth who denies this truth, and lives indifferent to the worth of character, will probably drift along with the current of events until the star of his destiny reaches its zenith on the meridian of Sodom.

Character is, also, power ; and it is this thought that we especially emphasize now. It is said that "knowledge is power," but knowledge may exist without character. Add character to it and we have invincible power. Luther said: "The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance

of the revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings ; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, its men of education, enlightenment and character. Here are to be found its true interests, its chief strength, its real power."

When Jonathan Goodhue, of New York city, died, the din of traffic was hushed in the streets. Commerce felt the loss keenly, and merchant and artisan crowded around his bier at the funeral. The mayor and other officials were there. The poor and unfortunate were there, too. None were so high and none so lowly as not to do him reverence. His character drew them there. The preacher said on that occasion: "It is the recognized worth of private character which has extorted this homage. It is the man himself, the pure, high-minded, righteous man who adorned our nature, who dignified the mercantile profession, who was superior to his station, his riches, his exposures, and made the common virtues more respected and venerable than shining talents or public honors. This was the power of his life."

We have just paid our centennial tribute to the memory of Washington "the father of his country," whose personal character more than his skill as a general, or his ability as a statesman, has enshrined him in the heart of his countrymen. John Adams was president in 1798, when it was expected that France would declare war against the United States, and he wrote to Washington saying, "We must have your name if you will permit us to use it; there will be more efficacy in it than in an army." This was a greater tribute to his character than that of a general in the War of the Revolution, who declared that Washington's presence "doubled the strength of the army." Moral qualities live longer than intellectual ones, because they have more power over the hearts of men, and for this reason, the name of Washington is connected with more places and events, in this country and Europe, than that of Napoleon or Cæsar.

When character is found in union with great talents and the best social qualities, its power is phenomenal. This is eminently true of Chauncey M. Depew, of whom a biographer says: "He is a serious orator on any occasion worthy of high eloquence, a shrewd and far-seeing politician, a broad-minded statesman, a successful business man, a skilled law-

yer, a polished man of society and of the world, and, above all, in all the private relations of life, a thoroughly manly man, a Christian gentleman." From his earliest boyhood he loved reading, and studied men and things. Everybody was his friend, and a neighbor prophesied that he would become renowned because of his ability, energy, perseverance, and moral principle. In college he was a great reader, fine debater and orator, "most cordially liked, and most thoroughly respected." A classmate said of him recently: "Depew stood conspicuous above all the men of his time in college for the remarkable union of two sets of qualities: a purity of feeling and conduct, a clearness of soul and speech, and a largeness and firmness of integrity and honor which are rarely seen, united with a breadth of sympathy, a kindliness of heart, and a generosity of good fellowship which drew the best men to him. He never bent, never swerved, never showed any stain to the purest eye." He is now what he was then, and this fact explains his wide influence, great popularity, and remarkable success.

Smiles says: "Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiments, it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best."

Character must not be undervalued as capital. It has been said, "When poverty is your inheritance, virtue must be your capital," and many young men have learned the truth of this maxim from personal experience. They have found that they started in business just as well without money as they could have done with it. Some years ago a youth of sixteen years was advised to sell bread on commission, because it would be more profitable to him than to drive a bread cart on monthly wages. He had learned the business of a baker, and had sold bread from a cart for several months.

"But I have no money to invest in horse and wagon," he replied; "every dollar of my earnings I have given to my mother for the support of the family."

"Buy a horse and wagon on credit," advised the friend. "A dozen men in town will sell you an outfit on credit because they know you. Poverty, with such a character as you have, is a better capital than ten thousand dollars would be to some men."

Encouraged by this counsel he found no difficulty in purchasing a horse and wagon, for which he paid in less time than he promised. He succeeded in business, established a bakery of his own, became a prominent citizen of his town, represented it in the House of Representatives, was chairman of its school committee, subsequently represented his senatorial district in the Massachusetts Senate; for twenty years presided over more political, temperance, anti-slavery, and religious conventions than any other citizen of his county because of his ability in that line; was presidential elector to one of the most important Republican conventions ever convened; and more than twenty years ago was Massachusetts commissioner to the International Exposition at Paris, France. Character did it. It was better capital for him than money. Had he possessed only money he might never have got beyond the bakeshop. It was capital that did even more for him out of his business than in it. Money could only have aided him in the bakery business; it would not have made him an enterprising, useful, and honored citizen. But character did all this, and even more, for him.

Money capital will not secure confidence, or, at least, not the confidence requisite in the transaction of business. Enough money will beget confidence in the pecuniary ability of a trader, but that alone will not beget confidence in his moral ability. It is not a guarantee against lying, cheating, or other forms of over-reaching; but character is. Hence, it is a peculiar kind of capital, constantly increasing in value, introducing the possessor to channels of influence and power he had not thought of. It was said of that famed New York merchant, Gideon Lee: "It was his misfortune — if, indeed, it be one — to be born poor; it was his merit, by industry and perseverance, to acquire wealth. It was his misfortune to be deprived of an education when young; it was his merit to force it in maturer age. It was his misfortune to be without friends in his early struggle, to aid him by their means or counsel; it was his merit to win them in troops by a character that challenged all scrutiny."

It is not the sight of money that makes the creditor feel easy, but it is the sight of character. The "sound of the hammer at five in the morning" satisfies him that industry is only one virtue of many in the heart of the toiler whose

hammer is heard so early in the morning. Even the money capital of the debtor who is seen in the playhouse, or heard in the barroom, does not make the creditor easy, for he knows that these and kindred resorts have exhausted the pecuniary resources of many a trader.

A young man was serving as clerk on an annual salary of five hundred dollars. He was as efficient, reliable, and painstaking, however, as he would have been on a salary of five thousand. Customers liked him, his employers confided in him, his habits were correct, and his character was without a stain. He was surprised, one day, by an offer from one of their best patrons to become his partner in an extensive jobbing business. "Put your character against my money, and we will share the profits equally."

The modest young man scarcely knew what to say at first. After recovering from his surprise, however, the subject was canvassed with the customer, and a speedy conclusion reached. The partnership was consummated, and it proved harmonious and successful. The character of the young merchant was worth more to the concern than the capital of his confiding friend. It gave the firm standing at once. Its value grew, also, from year to year, giving the company a firmer grip upon public confidence. He who had only character to invest found himself in a few years among the leading men of the city, not only one of its merchant princes, but one of its counselors, officers, and benefactors. The money invested at the outset had been long forgotten, but the character which the young man put in had grown fairer, richer, and more influential.

Sixty years ago, a boy of eight or ten years, in Danville, Maine, lost his father by death. His mother was too poor to support the large family of children, so this son went to live with a neighbor, a farmer. He was a good boy ; industrious, pleasant, self-reliant, truthful, aspiring, and manly. The farmer and his wife liked him. He was a great reader, and his employer encouraged him to improve his spare moments in that way, and he allowed him all the schooling there was in town — a few weeks each year. At fourteen, however, he thought he might go up higher. He felt that he might do more and better in Boston. After proper conference with his mother and the farmer, he left for Boston, having little more money

than enough to pay his passage there. Thinking it wise for him, under the circumstances, to accept the first offer, he went to work on a farm in Roxbury, at four dollars a month, at the same time keeping a lookout for a chance in a store. In two years a favorable opportunity introduced him to mercantile business in Boston. Without being conceited at all, he knew that he was fitted for such a sphere. Scarcely three years more elapsed before Joshua Stetson, a leading merchant of Boston, attracted by his intelligence, self-reliance, ability, and high character, offered to furnish him with capital to commence business for himself. He accepted the kind offer, and became a merchant, at the corner of Mechanic and Hanover streets, just as he became twenty years of age. At the end of four years, his trade amounted to one hundred thousand dollars annually. Then followed the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Company, before he was thirty years of age! It was his devotion to business, and, more especially, his personal character, that led Mr. Stetson to offer him capital with which to set up business for himself. Character was transmuted into literal cash capital.

Louis XIV. ruled large France, but he could not conquer little Holland. The reason was not quite clear to him, and so he asked Colbert, his minister. The latter replied, "Because, sire, the greatness of a country does not depend upon the extent of its territory, but on the character of its people. It is because of the industry, the frugality, and the energy of the Dutch that your majesty has found them difficult to overcome." The war capital of France was a standing army; that of Holland was character.

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE DEWEY.

HIS DETESTATION OF LYING — BIRTHPLACE — GEORGE DEWEY'S BOYHOOD — FIRST CRUISE — SCHOOLING — AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY — IN THE CIVIL WAR — AFLOAT AND ASHORE — CHARACTERISTICS — MANILA — PERSONAL TRAITS. COMMON SENSE.

If I remember correctly, I gave my father considerable bother and worry when I was a boy, and even during part of my college course. I was n't malicious, or classed in any sense as bad, and I think that I uniformly tried to make the most out of my opportunities and behaved myself.



There is nothing that I detest so much in a man as lying. If he has n't the courage to tell the truth, let him at least keep his mouth entirely closed. I don't believe that any man ever lost anything in the long run by telling the truth. At the same time, I don't think any man ever gained anything in the long run by telling a lie.

George Dewey

ADMIRAL DEWEY was born in Montpelier, Vt., December 26, 1837. And if early rising really be a state quality, as Vermonters claim, prosperity follows hard upon the practice of it. To have seen the city of Montpelier is to have beheld the very embodiment of industry and thrift, and of comfortable wealth, their consequence. Everybody appears well-to-do, and, what is better, busy. The little city is bright and clean, with solid and tasteful houses of the colonial type, mostly of brick, set back behind broad, shaded

lawns. The wide streets are lined by magnificent elms, and the green hills of Vermont tower high above you on either side as you walk. Montpelier, like most Vermont towns, was built upon the hills first, and it was perhaps with reluctance that the settlers came down into the narrow valley of the Onion, now called the Winooski.

The cottage where George was born and passed his childhood still stands, but it has been removed some distance down the street from its old site, directly across from the white-columned State House. In bygone days it was a vine-clad cottage, and the Onion river ran through the pleasant fields and gardens behind it, between weeping willows and stone walls. The steep, velvet side of a hill rises from its farther bank. Little George loved the river; his bare feet knew every stone in it. One day he was summoned out of the rapids and dragged reluctant into the parlor to meet "company." The "company" still have a vivid memory of the very small boy with the roguish black eyes and restless face —none too clean—and of the sinewy, bare little legs, and even of the battered straw hat, innocent of brim, which he held bashfully in his hand while the introduction was in progress.

George's sister Mary, two years younger, was his constant companion when his excellency permitted. She knew no keener joy than that of plodding after him many a weary mile with a tin of worms. To bait his hook was a privilege unspeakable. How often of late has she lived over those years while awaiting news of him from the far-away Orient! George was not a great reader in those days. "Robinson Crusoe" pleased him and aroused a passion for adventure in far-away lands which he took out in tramps over his own Vermont mountains, with sister Mary, perhaps, as man Friday. But a fateful day came when his big brother Charles, twelve years older, presented him with a copy of the "Life of Hannibal." Snow lay thick on the steep slope behind the State House, and over it a heavy crust with surface like glass. To ten-year-old Hannibal here was a Jungfrau ready to hand and well-nigh as formidable. Orders were at once issued to sister Mary, in this instance the army and all the appurtenances thereof, who cheerfully left her "Child's Life of Queen Bess" and the cozy fireside to follow her captain

over the Alps — no mean undertaking — and afterwards to pay for her loyalty, poor little soul! by a week in bed. History does not mention what happened to George.

It could scarce be expected that a general or an admiral should go through life without fighting. Fights occurred in those days, though the town records of Montpelier fail to reveal time or place or results. If rumor be true, however, results were with the future admiral. He was a born leader, and owned a temper that kind Dr. Dewey had more than once to reckon with. George had a wiry little frame, and its constant activity made the gaining of flesh quite out of the question. The Rev. Mr. Wright, a prominent clergyman of Montpelier, remembers the admiral at this period very well. Mr. Wright was a schoolmate. "George was always a fighting boy," said he. So is the child father to the man.

Mr. Wright also recalls going to "nigger minstrel" shows in George Dewey's barn. George was the life and soul of these shows (and they were by no means confined to such low comedy as minstrels) — he was business manager, stage manager, took the leading parts, and I believe the future admiral's productions were exclusively brought forth here. Sister Mary invariably preferred the audience and a back seat, whence she could admire without being seen. But on one occasion the regular leading lady (ten years old), being unavoidably absent, Mary was peremptorily told to come forward and take the part. "But I don't know it at all, George," she objected. That made no difference. George was to fire his pistol at the awkward crisis, and so Mary carried off the matter, on the whole, very creditably.

This pistol-shooting, by the way, proved a huge drawing card, and attracted such crowds to the theater that there was scarce standing room. A wholly unwarranted interference on the part of the neighbors put an untimely end to plays and play bills by an edict from the doctor. A peanut stand near the door, another feature of popularity, modern managers might do well to copy.

The bump of destructiveness seems to be a necessary attribute to the fighting character, and it was not lacking in George Dewey. His chief offense in this direction was the killing of a pet dove which belonged to a young lady of twelve in the neighborhood. But since this very trait in the admiral

has finally led to the destruction of all the Spanish ships he could lay hands on, he has recently, though not until recently, been forgiven by the aggrieved lady, who still lives in Montpelier. She has so far gone against her convictions as to have penned him a letter of congratulation.

It is not generally known that the admiral's first cruise took place when he was no older than eleven. It happened in this wise: He started out one day in his father's buggy, accompanied by his friend Will Redfield, bent upon an overland trip of adventure — to drive the cows home, it has been said. But when they came to the Dog river, which enters the Winooski some distance from the town, they found it higher than the oldest inhabitant had ever seen it, the ford impassable from recent rains. William prudently counseled turning back, but to this the admiral would not listen.

"What man hath done, man can do," said he, and he whipped up his horse and went at the ford *four bells.* Needless to say, he found no bottom; the superstructure of his frail craft, which in this case was the buggy top, cast adrift and floated swiftly away toward Lake Champlain, while the admiral serene as ever, and the thoroughly frightened William, clambered on board the horse and managed to land in safety. When the boy reached home the doctor was away on a professional call, and an innate sense of tactics bade George go directly to bed, without waiting for supper. The father found him apparently asleep, but was not deceived, and immediately began to chide him for his rashness, when his son replied from the depths of the covers: —

"You ought to be thankful that my life wath thpared."

Alas! the future admiral lisped.

George Dewey was sent first, when a little chap, to the Washington County Grammar School in Montpelier. The scholars there did not have the reputation of being amenable to discipline, and it is to be feared that George was no exception to the rule. To this school, after a variety of failures, came Mr. Z. K. Pangborn, now Major Z. K. Pangborn of the Jersey City *Journal.* The boys, quite exhilarated by the success they had had with former masters, made a bold stand, with young George Dewey to the front and center. George was at once called upon for examination, but, the spirit of mutiny being rife within him, he declined to go. The dominie

thereupon seized the collar of young Dewey with one hand and his whip with the other; no quarter being cried, none was given, and the lad got a whipping the like of which had never been served out in that district. He was then told to go home, and Mr. Pangborn went along, the rest of the school trooping at his heels. Dr. Dewey stood at his door, and sizing the situation at sight of the procession, dismissed the boys and took the schoolmaster and George to his study.

"What is it, my son?" he asked.

In answer George stripped off coat and shirt and showed a back covered with red stripes, which gave his father more pain than he felt himself. But the doctor was a just man — a very just one. Perceiving that George was still not as repentant as he should be, he brought him round by declaring that he himself would add to the punishment if Mr. Pangborn had not given enough. The hint proved sufficient.

It was natural that a boy of Dewey's spirit should grow to have an affection for the dominie who did not flinch from his duty. When Mr. Pangborn went to Johnson, Vt., a year or so afterward to establish a private academy, George followed him thither by his own request. Perhaps it was here he wrote the essays on "Fame," which his sister treasured for a quarter of a century or more and sent to him six years ago. Captain Dewey replied on reading it over that it was much better than he ever expected to write again.

At fifteen he went to the Norwich Military Academy at Norwich, Vt., and it was while there he conceived a strong taste for a military life, and expressed a desire to go to Annapolis. This was greatly against his father's wishes. But it had never been the doctor's policy to thwart his children, and he consented. It so happened that Dewey mentioned his ambition to George Spalding, a schoolmate of his, to discover that Spalding had like designs. It was Spalding who obtained the appointment, and Dewey the alternate, through Senator Foote. But fate, in the guise of a stern New England mother, stepped in at this juncture, and so it came about that the Rev. George B. Spalding preached a war sermon in Syracuse, New York, upon the occasion of his old schoolmate's great victory.

Dewey entered the class of 1854 at the age of seventeen. At that time he was a strong, active boy of medium height,

with flashing black eyes and shoulders beginning to broaden. He could swim as one born to the water should, and excelled in all outdoor exercises. At Annapolis he found the line sharply drawn between the Northern and Southern boys, and George proceeded at once to get into trouble. He had a spirit that would bear no insult, and he was singled out by the leader of the Southern lads as the most promising of the Northern faction, for a little excitement. The Southerner was not disappointed. George was far from resenting the term of "Yankee"; he thought that of "dough-face" more opprobrious, and as the quarrel grew his enemy did not stop there. So, one day, coming out of mess, George waited for him and calmly knocked him down, and got decidedly the better of the mix-up that followed. Sometime afterward he had an inkstand hurled at his head in the reading room, which resulted in another personal encounter, with the freshman admiral again victorious. But the matter did not end even here, for the Southerner wrote a challenge to mortal combat with pistols at close range. The offer was accepted with alacrity, the seconds chosen, and even the ground paced off, when the classmates, seriously alarmed, informed some of the officers stationed at Annapolis. And so again fate was kind to Dewey's country.

It is pleasant to learn, when now the South and the North are firmly united under the one flag with one heart for our country, that the breach was eventually healed. On both sides were lads of honor and courage, quick to recognize these qualities in the other, and, as the class became united, George Dewey grew to be one of its most popular members. Somehow, a quiet fellow who can "do things" is always popular, and George was this kind.

Young Dewey was graduated in 1858, number five in his class. But fourteen out of perhaps sixty-five who started in received diplomas. George was not naturally a student, but he excelled in the study of seamanship. It may be well to mention here that Admiral Dewey is the logical result of a system which produces the best naval officers in the world. The reason of this is not far to seek. We have not only the very finest of material to choose from, for the American officer combines valuable qualities of his own with the necessary traits which are found in the English and other northern

races, but also because the whole result of the Annapolis training may be summed up in the phrase "the survival of the fittest." It is the refined metal alone that comes out. At Annapolis a lad is thrown entirely upon his own resources. He knows there is no bottom under him if he falls; and he is forced to enter into competition with the brightest minds from all over the country for his very existence, as it were. And he is put to a discipline and hardship more rigid than that of the enlisted man aboard ship. His superiors know no such thing as favor.

George Dewey entered the academy with a hatred of lying. He went into the service with this feeling intensified, and in all the years he has been at sea he has been lenient with Jack for every offense but this. As a midshipman he was sent to the European station, cruising for two years in the Mediterranean on the *Wabash*, with Captain Barron, of Virginia, who afterward joined the Confederate navy. Visiting Jerusalem he sent an olivewood cane to his grandfather, then living in Vermont. The old gentleman died with that cane by his side, and his very last words were of affection for the grandson who had sent it. In 1860 George returned to Annapolis to be examined for a commission, showing his ability by leading his fellows. This stand, combined with that of his graduation, gave him a final rating of three in his class.

A great deed like the victory of Manila is not the accomplishment of an hour, nor yet of a day, but of a lifetime. The spirit that impelled the eleven-year-old hero across the flood was the same, to be sure, as that which sent Commodore Dewey into a black harbor in the Malay archipelago, past unknown shallows and frowning forts and over torpedoes, to fight a treacherous race. But in the commodore, boyish daring was tempered by years of hard study of his profession and other years of hard fighting in some of the fiercest battles of the Civil War.

Dewey was at home in Montpelier when Sumter was fired upon. One week afterward he secured his commission as lieutenant and was ordered to the steam sloop *Mississippi*, of the west Gulf squadron. He was then twenty-three years of age, and the black eye had become piercing. It will be remembered that Farragut raised his flag over this fleet in

February, 1862. The *Mississippi* was the only side-wheeler of the lot. Commander Melancthon Smith was her captain and Dewey her first lieutenant. Early in April the larger ships, the *Mississippi* among them, were unloaded and hauled over the bar, and by the night of the twenty-third the squadron was ready for the business of running past the formidable batteries of St. Philip and Jackson, ready to conquer the Confederate fleet beyond and to press on to New Orleans.

Farragut divided his ships into two divisions, Capt. Theodore Bailey to have command of that going first, and the *Mississippi* was the third in his line. Decks were whitewashed, no lights were showing, and the night was inky black save for the lurid red of an occasional Confederate fire. The big ships, having a speed of only eight knots, hugged the shore to avoid the swift current. On, on they steamed, a slow, stately procession that knew no check, until the flames of the broadside guns leaped into the very ports of the batteries and the shot struck in mid-air. So close were they that the gunners hurled curses at each other across the narrow space of black water. On the high bridge of the side-wheeler, in the midst of belching smoke and flame, stood Dewey, guiding the *Mississippi* as calmly as though he were going up New York bay on a still afternoon in Indian summer. He was perfect master of himself.

"Do you know the channel, Dewey?" Captain Smith asked anxiously and more than once as he paced from port to starboard. The lieutenant was very young, only twenty-four, and the situation would have tried a veteran.

"Yes, sir," replied Dewey with confidence each time. But he admitted afterward that he expected to ground any moment.

This is how Chief Engineer Baird, U. S. N., who was there, remembers him: "I can see him now in the red and yellow glare flung from the cannon-mouths. It was like some terrible thunderstorm with almost incessant lightning. For an instant all would be dark and Dewey unseen. Then the forts would belch forth, and there he was away up in the midst of it, the flames from the guns almost touching him, and the big shot and shell passing near enough to him to blow him over with their breath, while he held firmly to the bridge rail. Every time the dark came back I felt sure that we would

never see Dewey again. But at the next flash there he stood. His hat was blown off and his eyes were aflame. But he gave his orders with the air of a man in thorough command of himself. He took in everything. He saw a point of advantage and seized it at once. And when from around the hull of the *Pensacola* the rebel ram darted, Dewey like a flash saw what was best to be done, and as he put his knowledge into words the head of the *Mississippi* fell off, and when the ram came up alongside the entire starboard broadside plunged a mass of iron shot and shell through her armor, and she began to sink. Her crew ran her ashore and escaped. A boat's crew from our ship went on board, thinking to extinguish the flames which our broadside had started and capture her. But she was too far gone. Dewey took us all through the fight, and in a manner which won the warmest praise, not only of all on board, but of Farragut himself. He was cool from first to last, and after we had passed the fort and reached safety, and he came down from the bridge, his face was black with smoke, but there was n't a drop of perspiration on his brow."

Things began to go wrong on the river a year later, and Farragut once more ran up from the Gulf to adjust them. Port Hudson shoals and currents are among the most dangerous on the stream, and it was while running the forts here that the *Mississippi* was lost. The *Hartford* and *Albatross* led, then came the *Monongahela* and *Kineo*, the *Richmond* and *Genesee*, followed by the *Mississippi* alone. The *Monongahela* and her consort both grounded, though they managed to get off. But directly opposite the center of the Port Hudson battery the *Mississippi* stuck hard and fast, as fair a target as could be wished. Shot after shot was poured into her until her hull was riddled, and she had to be abandoned. She was hit two hundred and fifty times in half an hour. The officers who took the first boats never returned, and so the task of getting the men to safety devolved upon Lieutenant Dewey. Twice he went to the *Richmond* and twice came back, until at last he and Captain Smith stood alone on the deck. She was set afire in five places. "Are you sure she will burn, Dewey?" the captain asked as he paused in the gangway. Dewey risked his life to go to the ward room for a last look, and together they left the ship, Dewey without his coat tails, sorrowfully, with the shot splashing all around him.

Lieutenant Dewey was then made first lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat. The admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoiter, and he grew to have a great liking for the quiet young lieutenant. The Southerners had a way of rushing a field piece to the top of the high bank, firing point-blank at the gunboat, and then of backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot. Said he:—

"Why don't you stand firm, lieutenant? Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?"

A day or so after the admiral dodged a shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his tongue; but the admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude, and finally declared:—

"Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It 's human nature, and there 's an end to it."

Lieutenant Dewey that same year was at Donaldsonville, and afterward succeeded to the temporary command of the *Monongahela* when her captain, Abner Read, was killed.

If getting into the thick of the fighting be deemed good fortune (and Admiral Dewey would call it so), Lieutenant Dewey was one of the luckiest officers in the war. He was Commodore Henry Knox Thatcher's first lieutenant on the *Colorado* at Fort Fisher in December and January, 1864–65. The *Colorado*, you may be sure, was well within striking distance of the fort, but, being a wooden ship, was in the second circle. Toward the end of the second engagement, when matters were moving the right way, Admiral Porter signaled Thatcher to close in and silence a certain part of the works. As the ship had already received no inconsiderable damage, her officers remonstrated. But Dewey, who, in addition to dash and bravery, had now acquired marked tactical ability, was quick to see the advantage to be gained by the move. "We shall be safer in there," he said quietly, "and the work can be taken in fifteen minutes." It was. The New York *Times*, commenting upon this part of the action, spoke of it as "the most beautiful duel of the war." When Admiral Porter came to congratulate Thatcher the latter said, generously:—

"You must thank Lieutenant Dewey, sir. It was his move."

The "move" won for Thatcher the nomination of acting rear admiral, and when, next month, he was sent to relieve Farragut at Mobile Bay, he recommended Dewey for his fleet captaincy. Probably the department hesitated, for fear of arousing jealousy, to give so great a promotion to so young a man, for Dewey was not appointed. But in March, 1865, two months after Fort Fisher, his courage was promptly rewarded by a commission as a lieutenant-commander.

After the war Lieutenant-Commander Dewey served for two years on the European squadron, first on the *Kearsarge*, and then on the flagship *Colorado*. In 1867, while on duty at Portsmouth, he became engaged to Miss Susy Goodwin, daughter of Ichabod Goodwin, known as the "fighting governor" of New Hampshire. In 1868 he was attached to the Naval Academy, then in charge of Admiral Porter, and many officers now in the navy have a keen recollection of the hospitable quarters on the *Santee*. In 1870 he received his first command, that of the *Narragansett*. In 1872 came the great and, so far as the public knows, the only cloud upon his life. Late in that year he was left a widower. The admiral has one son, George Goodwin Dewey, born in 1872. He has not followed his father's career, but after graduating at Princeton embarked in business in New York city.

In 1875 Lieutenant-Commander Dewey was advanced to be commander, and was assigned to the Lighthouse Board. Next he was in command of the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic squadron, and recent events showed that he employed his opportunities to good advantage. He was honored in 1884, upon attaining his captaincy, by receiving the *Dolphin*, which was among the very first vessels in our new navy, then known as the "White Squadron."

It was in New York harbor, while on the *Dolphin*, that Captain Dewey showed how thoroughly he knew the vagaries of human nature as well as the principles of good discipline. Perhaps he bore in mind some lesson inculcated in early youth by a wise father. At any rate, the admiral has always been noted for his ability to deal with "Jack." The "Jack" in question was a paymaster's yeoman, or something of the kind, and he refused to obey an order of the first lieutenant, because, he said, it was outside the line of his duty. The lieutenant, after vainly remonstrating with him, reported the

matter to Captain Dewey, who sauntered out on deck and looked his man through and through, which made the yeoman exceedingly uncomfortable. Nevertheless he remained stubborn. "What!" said the captain, "you refuse! Do you know that that is mutiny? When you entered the service you swore to obey your superior officers." The man was silent and made no move, whereupon the captain very quietly told the corporal to call the guard, stood the obdurate yeoman on the far side of the deck and bade the marines load. Then he took out his watch. "Now, my man," said he, "you have just five minutes in which to obey that order," and began to call the minutes. At the fourth count the yeoman moved off with considerable alacrity, and has since been one of the strongest opponents of the policy of tampering with the "old man," as the admiral has for some time erroneously but affectionately been called in the forecastle.

From the *Dolphin*, in 1885, Captain Dewey went to the *Pensacola*, then flagship of the European squadron. Since 1888 he has occupied various responsible positions on shore, such as a second time a member of the Lighthouse Board and chief of the Bureau of Equipment. At his promotion to be commodore he went to the head of the Board of Inspection and Survey. It is said that the commodore was averse to the Asiatic station, where he hoisted his burgee on the first day of 1898. He had been in poor health, however, and welcomed sea duty on that account, as did his friends for him. But war with Spain was then among the strong probabilities, and Commodore Dewey regretted being sent so far away from the Atlantic, which the naval experts considered was to be the principal battle ground. As the commodore was leaving New York for his new station he made the remark, which has since proved to have been not without significance, that he was the first commodore in Asiatic waters since Perry. As it turned out he went, as ever, into the thick of it. The department put the right man into the right place.

The characters of Admiral Dewey and of his father, Dr. Dewey, are in many respects strongly alike, despite the different fields of usefulness in which each has been placed. Both have the same quiet sense of humor and the habit of looking at the bright side of life. Both are the rare type of man who does that duty which comes to hand with all his

might. The doctor was a man to be trusted implicitly ; so is the admiral, and that fact has even become a byword at the Navy Department. The doctor's nature was essentially religious, of the special kind of religion which is known as charity ; Dr. Dewey's charity began at home, with his children, to spread over the countryside. The admiral's has spread wherever Jack Tar has trod. He makes no parade of religion ; his devotional books and his Bible are hid in his cabin where none can see them. But they are there. The admiral has won fame because it came in the line of duty. He did not seek it, but the custom he had formed of doing things well made it inevitable. And this custom he got from his father.

Both men are quiet. The admiral talks little but never about himself. He also comes naturally by a love of music and has an excellent voice ; there are many men and women now in Montpelier, who remember with pleasure the guitar he brought home from Norwich and the songs he sang to it. At Annapolis he was a member of the midshipman's choir. He also inherits from the doctor his love of children. The youngsters in his native town call him "Uncle Captain," and when he revisits the old place he is frequently surrounded by a juvenile audience, for he tells a child's story to perfection, which in itself is no mean gift. Of late years his health has not been rugged, but he is an ardent sportsman, indulging his taste when it is possible, but of all lubberly exercises he prefers riding. His manner with strangers is almost reserved, but cordial ; with friends he is unmistakably earnest. Outside of the study of tactics and of his profession, which he has most completely mastered, he has read little.

The admiral, as may be supposed, has an eminently human side to him. He is exceedingly popular, especially in Washington, where he belongs to several clubs, the Metropolitan, and the Army and Navy. He is also a member of the University Club of New York, and was at one time of the Somerset, Boston.

At the farewell dinner given to him in November of 1897, Colonel Hopkins recited some verses of his own which seem to embody the enthusiastic esteem in which the commodore is held :—

"Ashore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bulldogs roar,
To back a friend or breast a foe,
We pledge the commodore.

"We know our honor 'll be sustained
Where'er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Whatever power defies."

Perhaps the admiral has gained a somewhat unjust reputation in regard to dress; he has, at least, proved that the art of being spick and span is not at variance with that of a sea fighter. He has done more; he has settled it for all time that they go together properly. A neat appearance runs a long way toward one's estimate of a man, and if the admiral really is as particular to shift into evening clothes at the stroke of the bell as he is to change the watch at sea, that is as it should be. One of the most vivid recollections which a niece at Montpelier retains of her uncle is a long row of boots strung outside of the captain's door.

This peculiarity has served to raise him in the estimation of the men forward, who believe that an officer should be everything that he requires of his ship. And however they may grumble at scrubbing and "bright work," they have no use for a captain who lets his ship go. The admiral, in return, has a strong sympathy for the enlisted man. "Give him a show. He 'll be good now," is a remark he has often been heard to make. He bears in mind the hardships of forecastle life, and is almost long-suffering of liberty-breakers, foc'sle-scrappers, and others who come aboard not quite what they should be. Intuitively a leader of men, he has found the faintly drawn line between leniency on the one hand and imposition on the other. A factor in the Manila victory by no means to be despised was the enlisted man, and it may be counted upon as certain that the jackies of the Asiatic squadron were one and all for Dewey.

A blue jacket who made a cruise with him tells this characteristic story in the New York *Sun*. I give it in his own words, that the flavor may not be lost: "We had n't been to sea with him long before we got next to how he despised a liar. One of the petty officers went ashore at Gibraltar, got

mixed up with the soldiers in the canteens on the hill and came off to the ship paralyzed. He went before the captain at the mast the next morning. He gave Dewey the 'two-beers-and-sunstruck' yarn.

"'You're lying, my man,' said Dewey. 'You were very drunk. I myself heard you aft in my cabin. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't expect to find total abstinence in a man-o'-war crew. But I do expect them to tell me the truth, and I am going to have them tell me the truth. Had you told me candidly that you took a drop too much on your liberty, you'd have been forward by this time, for you at least returned to the ship. For lying you get ten days in irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business lying.'

"After that there were few men aboard who didn't throw themselves on the mercy of the court when they waltzed up to the stick before Dewey, and none of us ever lost anything by it. He'd have to punish us in accordance with regulations, but he had a great way of ordering the release of men he had to sentence to the brig, before their time was half worked out."

When war broke out between this country and Spain, Commodore Dewey at Hong-Kong, found himself in a singular and trying position. He was forced to leave British waters, and with no coaling station nearer than Honolulu there was but one thing to do — take Manila. But the taking of Manila involved first the capture and destruction of the Spanish fleet, which in turn was comparatively simple after it was once cornered. A Spanish fleet with a couple of thousand islands to dodge among is about as easy to catch as a hog in a ten-acre lot. Fortunately for Dewey, however, Montojo evidently had the notion that the American commodore had been long enough in the tropics to appreciate the blessings of that word "to-morrow."

It is said that Commodore Dewey, counting on this trait of the Spanish character as well as upon existing conditions when he left Mirs Bay, predicted to a day the time of the battle. He also had his mind then made up as to what he was going to do, and he carried out his programme without a hitch. The harbor of Manila lies on the western side of Luzon, the principal island in the Philippine group, and is about one hundred and twenty miles in circumference — too

large to afford adequate shelter for vessels putting in there. It was protected by forts at the entrance, the most important being upon Corregidor Island, where the squadron arrived about eight o'clock on Saturday evening, April 30. The moon was up, but no lights showed from the ships until a spark from the dispatch boat *McCulloch* drew the fire of the forts. It was returned, and the fleet passed on. Steaming at slow speed all night, with the men at full length beside their guns, gray dawn disclosed the sleeping city of Manila, and Cavité, with its white houses and battlements, and its great arsenal close at hand. And there, best news of all after the perilous darkness through which few men slept, lay the Spanish fleet, afloat on the dead water of daybreak. A great shout, as of one accord and from one throat, went up from the American ships: —

"Remember the *Maine!*"

It is not clear from the reports in what shape the Spaniards were discovered or how they maneuvered afterward. Probably the *Reina Cristina* and some of the larger vessels got up anchor and formed a line of battle. But that does not matter. Suffice it to say that Commodore Dewey, heading his own line in the *Olympia,* steamed past them five times with a gradually decreasing range, and practically annihilated the enemy's fleet, forts and all, in two hours. Then he drew off, as the morning was very hot and the men had had only a cup of coffee, and ate breakfast. After a little rest he returned and finished his work.

He did not lose a ship nor one of his brave men. The matter was as simply and effectively carried out as a bit of squadron evolution off the Chesapeake capes. Our officers navigated among strange shoals with a sure hand, and the superb gunnery that has been our pride since the days of John Paul Jones did the rest. The Spanish loss was fearful.

Neither squadron contained an armored ship. The American vessels had their vitals covered by what are known as protective decks, while but two of the Spanish ships were so built. But for all that they might have riddled and sunk some of our squadron had they been able to shoot. The little *Petrel,* secure in their wild inaccuracy, danced up to within a thousand yards of their forts.

The results are best told by Admiral Dewey himself. His

terse cablegrams have become history. At Manila Bay he showed the effects of his schooling under Farragut. One of Farragut's strongest points was his ability to choose the most advantageous distance, even when it brought him within a biscuit's throw of the batteries, as at Fort St. Philip. And the same fearlessness and cocksureness which led Farragut into Mobile Bay and up the Mississippi, sent Dewey straight to Manila.

The service knows Dewey as an ideal head of a fleet. Perfectly courageous, of thoroughly balanced judgment, and quick of decision, he has the qualities which carry one to fame if opportunity be given. The man and the hour fortunately came together, and the country is the richer in another brilliant page of history and another heroic figure.

Whatever this war has cost or may cost, it will be repaid to the country in the very wonderful influence upon the young people of our land, who will surely grow to manhood and womanhood with exalted views of patriotism and duty, which it is worth almost any sacrifice to have instilled.

Dewey in this light stands for far more than the brilliant victor in a famous fight, or as the author of a proud page of history. His career has given a lofty impetus to the young, which will bear noble fruit in nobler aspiration. He has become one of the most valued possessions which a nation can have — a national hero. After all, the Romans read more deeply into the human heart, and into the impalpable causes which sway humanity, when they apotheosized their great men, than we are apt to grant. Washington, Nelson, Farragut, and the others on the long list of men of heroic deeds stand for aspiration and noble planes of life and thought. Every man added is the world's gain, and to such a list must be added the name of Dewey.

In a summary of the characteristics of Admiral Dewey must not be omitted his never-failing consideration of others; his avoidance of act or word that suggests the importance of his own unique position; his finesse of manner and speech, and man-of-the-world nature mingled with a directness and force of speech and rugged sailor spirit which show themselves as conditions demand; and, finally, his everyday, matter-of-fact method of living, acting, and talking.

There is no better term than "horse-sense," though it be



ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA.

homely, to express the strongest quality in the make-up of the Admiral. He knows that the use of common sense in all acts is the greatest influence for success, and he never fails to employ the good stock of it he possesses. After all, in life, that is what a man needs more to meet every emergency than anything else.

COMMON SENSE.

"COMMON sense is the most uncommon kind of sense," said Dr. Emmons; and a truer remark was never made. It is the kind of sense for which we have the most use; and, therefore, it ought to be more common than it is. But the schools cannot furnish it. Teachers cannot teach it. Pupils must possess it in the natural way, by birthright, or cultivate it by sharp observation. It is what some writers call "tact," or is closely related to it.

It is told of four men who met in Australia, that three of them were college graduates who worked on a sheep farm for the fourth, who was too ignorant to read and write, or to keep accounts. One of the three employees had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, and the third at a German university; and here they were, at last, on a sheep farm! College educated to take care of brutes! Evidently they had missed the mark. Educated to be leaders of thought, they became drivers of sheep. They had failed in every undertaking for want of common sense, and finally became the servants of a man who knew as little about school as they did about the common affairs of life. But the ranchman had a practical turn of mind, and had become wealthy by his business. Without an education, he had accomplished more by his common sense than his employees had, though drilled in the curriculum of famous universities. The fact shows that education does not create common sense. It was a born quality in the ranchman, but left out of the students' make-up, and the best university could not supply the deficiency. Culture against ignorance, the college against the ranch; and the ranch beat every time; not because the ranchman knew more, nor because he knew less, but because of the practical use he made of what he did know. It is no argument against the highest education, but it is an argument for the culti-

vation of common sense. All the knowledge in the world is of little use to him who does not know how to use it.

A professor of mathematics in a New England college was called a "bookworm." Books were all he knew. His knowledge of common things was very limited indeed. One day, as he was going out, his wife asked him to call at the store and get some coffee. Before returning he called for the coffee. "How much will you have?" inquired the merchant. The inquiry was unexpected by the professor, and related to a practical matter about which he knew nothing, so he answered, after a little, "Well, I declare; my wife did not say, but I think a bushel will be enough." The fact does not discount mathematics, but it does plead eloquently for acquaintance with common things.

Dr. Emmons, who made the wise remark quoted at the beginning of this paper, had very little knowledge of the common affairs of life. He did not know how to harness or unharness a horse. He was never known to attempt to harness one; but, on one occasion, in peculiar circumstances, he did unharness the faithful old family horse, but in doing so took the harness entirely to pieces, unbuckling every strap, so that it took his hired man some time to put it together again. The hired man said, "That horse was too much unharnessed."

How can we account for such lack of common sense? The author could scarcely credit a fact like the foregoing had he not seen it with his own eyes. How can it be explained? In this case, another incident will answer. We were getting the doctor's best hay into the barn. There were three loads of it. On reaching the barn with the second load, the hired man observed a shower coming up very rapidly, and he said to the doctor, who was near by, "The other load will get wet unless the boy has some one to help him take it away." The doctor took the hint, but answered promptly, "Making hay is your business, and making sermons mine." He went to his study, and the hay got wet. Here was singleness of purpose with a vengeance. Dr. Emmons did not believe in knowing how to do but one thing, so he gave common sense no show at all.

Such examples illustrate the importance of becoming familiar with common things, and the process of doing so cultivates common sense. In this way men become practical.

They learn, thereby, not only what to do, but how to do it; and the former is of little value without the latter.

The schools give learning, but experience in the daily business of life gives wisdom, and wisdom is better than learning. Abraham Lincoln's hard experience in the backwoods, and his struggles to enter the legal profession, were of more value to him than a college diploma. These qualified him to conquer secession, and steer the ship of state through the roughest political waters ever sailed over. A well-trained mind, rather than learning, makes a great statesman, and his was well trained by the stern necessities and experiences of early life

Gibbon says, "Every person has two educations,— one he receives from others, and the other he gives to himself." Doctor Emmons had only one, that he received "from others," — the college. Lincoln had only one, that which he gave to himself in the practical things of life. Both might have accomplished more by the two educations combined.

General Grant was a "matter-of-fact man" — that is, a man of sound common sense. General Sherman recognized this dominating quality in him when he wrote that famous letter that contained these words: "My only point of doubt was in your knowledge of grand strategy, and in books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all these." Common sense did more for Grant and the country than whole libraries of military science and tactics. It studied "details." In like manner, the wisdom of Napoleon and Wellington compassed the smallest matters,— "shoes, camp-kettles, biscuit, horse-fodder, and the exact speed at which bullocks were to be driven."

Common sense adapts men to circumstances, and makes them equal to the occasion. Without it, they "may say even their prayers out of time," and may aspire to take the second step before the first has been taken. For this need, Dean Swift nearly starved in an obscure country parish, while Stafford, his blockhead classmate with practical sense, reveled in wealth and popularity. Beethoven, the great musical composer, exposed himself to ridicule when he sent three hundred florins to the store to pay for a pair of shirts and six handkerchiefs. He lacked common sense in common affairs. When a merchant acts like a statesman, it is proof that he

has common sense, but when a statesman acts like an inferior merchant, it is proof that he has none. Wellington "never lost a battle because he was a good business man," his biographer said. That is, he had common sense. It was so with Gerritt Smith, in a smaller way, and in everyday affairs, when he settled a difficulty between two of his laborers about milking a cow, by taking the pail and milking her himself. It closed hostilities on his farm as effectually as Wellington's skillful tactics closed the conflict between the English and French at Waterloo. Common sense that successfully manipulates the smaller things of life, is competent to utilize the greater ; therefore, have it at any cost.

Some one has said that "more men of ordinary than of extraordinary ability possess common sense." Whether true or not, one of the most famous men of science that ever lived, Baron Humboldt, possessed this attribute in a high degree. His judgment was equally good in great and little things. He was familiar with the common affairs of life, as well as with the most difficult problems of science. He was always sensible and wise. His opinions, in consequence, were of great value. He was the author of "Kosmos," and other great works, in which are manifest both "his common and his uncommon sense." To the personal influence of Humboldt is due nearly all that the Prussian government did for science, in the latter part of his life. Agassiz said of him, "The influence he exerted upon science is incalculable. With him ends a great period in the history of science, a period to which Cuvier, Laplace, Arago, Gay-Lussac, De Candolle, and Robert Brown belonged."

CHAPTER XI.

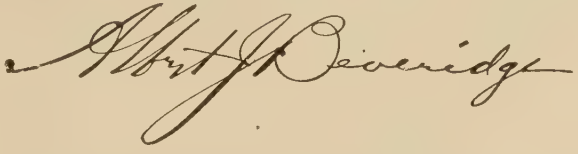
ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE.

ON WHAT BRINGS SUCCESS — HIS EARLY STRUGGLES — HOW HE COMPLETED HIS COLLEGE COURSE — A HARD WORKER AND BRILLIANT SPEAKER IN COLLEGE — PREPARES FOR THE BAR — HIS RAPID RISE AS A LAWYER — ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE — MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS — FORENSIC POWER — CAREER IN POLITICS — ELECTION TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE — PHILIPPINE SPEECH. TACT.

There are so many elements of success in business, in professional life, in everyday pursuits, that I feel incompetent even to name them. I don't believe there is any chief element. Ability, tact, absolute integrity, unflagging perseverance that never gives up, good health, creating and organizing ability — a full dozen of elements there are, without any of which a man would be likely to make a failure.



Nor must we forget the importance of work, labor, incessant labor. The Latin adage has it, "Labor conquers all things." There is much truth in that. No work for the world, for humanity, even for ourselves, has ever been done with ease. Even our bread must we eat by the sweat of our faces.



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, United States Senator from Indiana, was born on a farm in Highland county, Ohio, October 6, 1862. During the war his father's fortune was swept away by financial reverses, and from early youth Albert was inured to a life of toil. As a boy he worked on a farm as a laborer; at fourteen he was in the employ of a railroad contractor driving an old-fashioned scraper

in constructing the roadbed, and at sixteen he was in charge of a logging camp. To-day he is prouder that he is an expert logger than of any other acquirement. Courage and industry characterized his career from the beginning. He is a self-made man in the broadest sense and meaning of the term. His advance has been rapid and steady.

From his meager income as a day laborer he saved enough money to enter De Pauw University, from which he was graduated in 1886. There the same industry, perseverance, ambition, and thirst for knowledge which characterized his early youth soon won for him recognition and distinction. During his entire college course he supported himself by the prizes he took and from work he did in vacation. He was an indefatigable worker and delighted in intellectual and especially in forensic contests. Naturally gifted with a brilliant intellect and keen discrimination, he gained a reputation as an orator early in his college career. He was a splendid student, especially well informed in history ; ardent and thorough in his examinations of public questions, intense and untiring in his eagerness to win in everything he undertook.

As an orator he was regarded in the college from which he graduated as possessing the art in the highest degree. He won the State oratorical contest as a representative of De Pauw, and the Interstate contest held at Columbus, Ohio, in 1885. As a college politician, he was in charge of his "faction," as college political parties were called, and created and maintained an organization that never sustained a single defeat.

In 1886 Mr. Beveridge entered the law office of McDonald & Butler at Indianapolis as a clerk. There his ability, industry, and close application to business soon won for him the confidence of his employers, and he was intrusted with much of the important law business of the firm. In 1887 he was admitted to the Indianapolis bar. In 1888 he was married to Katharine M. Langsdale, daughter of George J. Langsdale of Greencastle, Indiana. From the day of their marriage till the time of her death in 1900, his wife was a noble inspiration to his ambition, and a wise and safe counselor in all his legal and political achievements. The same year in which he was married, Mr. Beveridge entered upon the practice of his profession on his own account in Indianapolis. In that, as in

everything else in which he has been engaged, his progress was rapid and he soon took rank as one of the leading attorneys of the Indiana bar.

Since his college days his fame as an orator has grown, and he is now regarded as one of the foremost orators in the country. This talent won for him distinction in the law and honors in the field of politics. He thinks and speaks with amazing rapidity. He is ready in debate, quick to see the force of a point made by an opponent, remarkably resourceful and dexterous in bringing to the front the argument that is necessary to oppose it, which is always delivered with peculiar forcefulness and broadside effect. He has a sympathetic voice; is forceful, impressive, and magnetic in manner, and at times in the delivery of a climax is intensely dramatic.

The services of Mr. Beveridge as a political speaker have been in demand since 1884, when he participated in the campaign in Indiana. In recent years he has responded to invitations to deliver addresses upon a number of important occasions and on various topics.

In 1894, 1896, and 1898 Senator Beveridge took the stump for the Republican party in Indiana, and in each of the three campaigns made a most brilliant and effective speaking tour of the state, contributing largely to the success of the party. At the close of the campaign in 1898, his friends announced him as a candidate for the United States Senate. Notwithstanding the fact that he had never before been a candidate for office, his reputation as a lawyer, speaker, and political counselor had attracted such universal attention that his many friends and political admirers in the state came to his support, and in a joint caucus of the Senate and House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Indiana on January 17, 1899, he was declared the caucus nominee to succeed David Turpie in the United States Senate. At the time of his election to the highest legislative branch of the government he was little past thirty-six years of age and was one of the youngest members of the Senate.

Soon after his election to the Senate he went to the Philippines to study the conditions in the islands, in order that he might be informed on important questions involved in the policy of dealing with territory that came into the possession of the United States as a result of the War with Spain.

Notwithstanding the fact that Senator Beveridge was one of the youngest members of the Senate when he entered the upper branch of Congress, his ability and industry soon won for him a place among the leaders of that body. Having made a special study of insular affairs, a thorough investigation of our commercial relations with foreign countries, and the conditions in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, his utterances on questions of great import at that time were accepted as authority. On January 9, 1900, he delivered his first speech in the Senate. His subject was the "Policy Regarding the Philippines," and the speech was the most masterful presentation of the subject yet made. It was prophetic in character, and events have proved the wisdom of his utterances. In fact, the logic of events has done much to strengthen Senator Beveridge's position on questions of great moment to the country. His first speeches in the Senate on the policy regarding the Philippines and Porto Rico were regarded at the time by conservative Republicans as radical, and by Democrats as dangerous. But the passage of the Cuban and Philippine Resolutions by the Senate and House on February 27, 1901, was a vindication of Senator Beveridge's position on the questions involved in dealing with those islands previous to the passage of the resolutions.

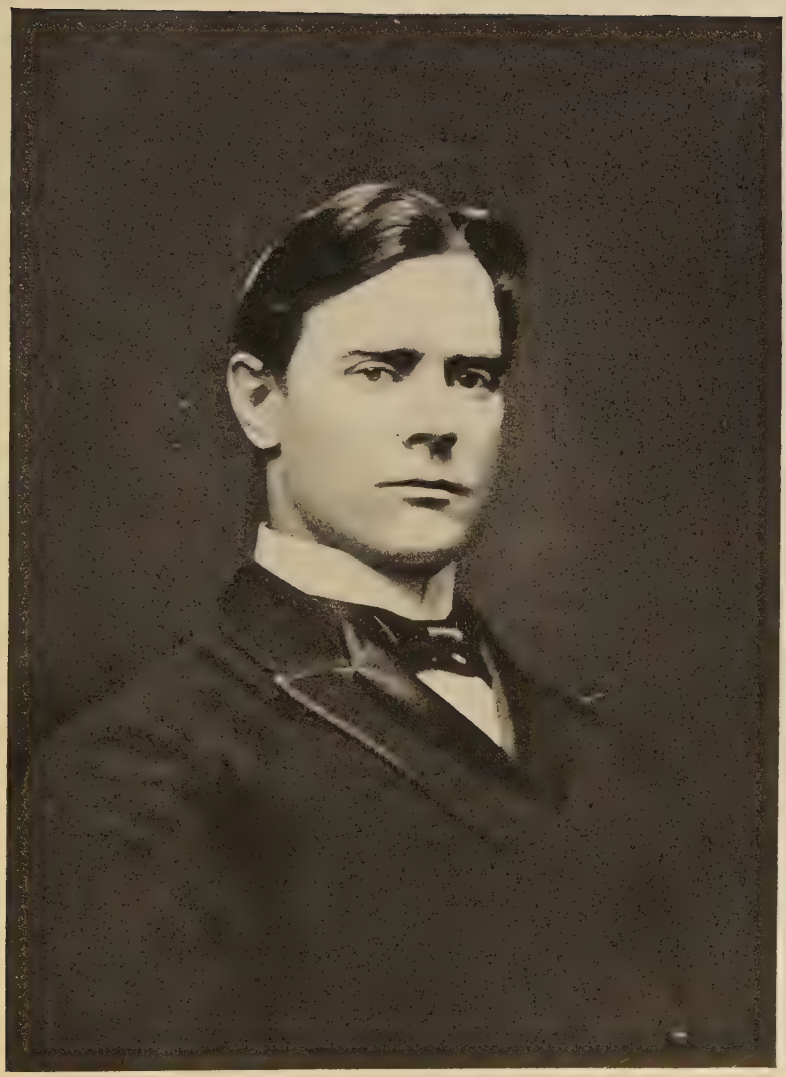
His Philippine speech was widely circulated, universally commented upon, and attracted the attention of politicians and students of events throughout the civilized world.

TACT.

FOR success in life tact is more important than talent, but it is not easily acquired by those to whom it does not come naturally. Still, something can be done by considering what others would probably wish.

Never lose a chance of giving pleasure. Be courteous to all. "Civility," said Lady Montagu, "costs nothing and buys everything." It buys much, indeed, which no money will purchase. Try then to win every one you meet. "Win their hearts," said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have all men's hearts and purses."

Tact often succeeds where force fails. Lilly quotes the old fable of the Sun and the Wind: "It is pretily noted of a contention betweene the Winde and the Sunne, who should



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

have the victorye. A Gentleman walking abroad, the Winde thought to blowe off his cloake, which with great blastes and blusterings striving to unloose it, made it to stick faster to his backe, for the more the Winde increased the closer his cloake clapt to his body : then the Sunne, shining with his hot beams, began to warm this Gentleman, who, waxing somewhat faint in this faire weather, did not only put off his cloake but his coate, which the Winde, perceiving, yeelded the conquest to the Sunne."

Always remember that men are more easily led than driven, and that in any case it is better to guide than to coerce.

> "What thou wilt
> Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
> Than hew to't with thy sword."

It is a good rule in politics, "*pas trop gouverner.*"

Try to win, and still more to deserve, the confidence of those with whom you are brought in contact. Many a man has owed his influence far more to character than to ability. Sydney Smith used to say of Francis Horner, who, without holding any high office, exercised a remarkable personal influence in the councils of the nation, that he had the Ten Commandments stamped upon his countenance.

Try to meet the wishes of others as far as you rightly and wisely can ; but do not be afraid to say "No."

Anybody can say "Yes,"though it is not every one who can say "Yes" pleasantly ; but it is far more difficult to say "No." Many a man has been ruined because he could not do so. Plutarch tells us that the inhabitants of Asia Minor came to be vassals only for not having been able to pronounce one syllable, which is "No." And if in the conduct of life it is essential to say "No," it is scarcely less necessary to be able to say it pleasantly. We ought always to endeavor that everybody with whom we have any transactions should feel that it is a pleasure to do business with us and should wish to come again. Business is a matter of sentiment and feeling far more than many suppose ; every one likes being treated with kindness and courtesy, and a frank pleasant manner will often clinch a bargain more effectually than a half per cent.

Almost anyone may make himself pleasant if he wishes.

"The desire of pleasing is at least half the art of doing it;" and, on the other hand, no one will please others who does not desire to do so. If you do not acquire this great gift while you are young, you will find it much more difficult afterwards. Many a man has owed his outward success in life far more to good manners than to any solid merit; while, on the other hand, many a worthy man, with a good heart and kind intentions, makes enemies merely by the roughness of his manner. To be able to please, is, moreover, itself a great pleasure. Try it and you will not be disappointed.

Be wary and keep cool. A cool head is as necessary as a warm heart. In any negotiations, steadiness and coolness are invaluable; while they will often carry you in safety through times of danger and difficulty.

If you come across others less clever than you are, you have no right to look down on them. There is nothing more to be proud of in inheriting great ability, than a great estate. The only credit in either case is if they are used well. Moreover, many a man is much cleverer than he seems. It is far more easy to read books than men. In this the eyes are a great guide. "When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first."

Do not trust too much to professions of extreme good will. Men do not fall in love with men, nor women with women, at first sight. If a comparative stranger protests and promises too much, do not place implicit confidence in what he says. If not insincere, he probably says more than he means, and perhaps wants something himself from you. Do not therefore believe that every one is a friend, merely because he professes to be so; nor assume too lightly that anyone is an enemy.

We flatter ourselves by claiming to be rational and intellectual beings, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that men are always guided by reason. We are strange, inconsistent creatures, and we act quite as often, perhaps oftener, from prejudice or passion. The result is that you are more likely to carry men with you by enlisting their feelings than by convincing their reason. This applies, moreover, to companies of men even more than to individuals.

Argument is always a little dangerous. It often leads to

coolness and misunderstandings. You may gain your argument and lose your friend, which is probably a bad bargain. If you must argue, admit all you can, but try to show that some point has been overlooked. Very few people know when they have had the worst of an argument, and if they do, they do not like it. Moreover, if they know they are beaten, it does not follow that they are convinced. Indeed it is perhaps hardly going too far to say that it is very little use trying to convince anyone by argument. State your case as clearly and concisely as possible, and if you shake his confidence in his own opinion it is as much as you can expect. It is the first step gained.

Conversation is an art in itself, and it is by no means those who have most to tell who are the best talkers; though it is certainly going too far to say with Lord Chesterfield that "there are very few captains of foot who are not much better company than ever were Descartes or Sir Isaac Newton."

I will not say that it is as difficult to be a good listener as a good talker, but it is certainly by no means easy, and very nearly as important. You must not receive everything that is said as a critic or a judge, but suspend your judgment, and try to enter into the feelings of the speaker. If you are kind and sympathetic your advice will be often sought, and you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have been a help and comfort to many in distress and trouble.

Do not expect too much attention when you are young. Sit, listen, and look on. Bystanders proverbially see most of the game; and you can notice what is going on just as well, if not better, when you are not noticed yourself. It is almost as if you possessed a cap of invisibility.

To save themselves the trouble of thinking, which is to most people very irksome, men will often take you at your own valuation. "*On ne vaut dans ce monde,*" says La Bruyère, "*que ce que l'on veut valoir.*"

Do not make enemies for yourself; you can make nothing worse.

> "Answer not a fool according to his folly,
> Lest thou also be like unto him."

Remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath"; but even an angry answer is less foolish than a sneer; nine men

out of ten would rather be abused, or even injured, than laughed at. They will forget almost anything sooner than being made ridiculous.

"It is pleasanter to be deceived than to be undeceived." Trasilaus, an Athenian, went mad, and thought that all the ships in the Piræus belonged to him, but, having been cured by Crito, he complained bitterly that he had been robbed. "It is folly," says Lord Chesterfield, "to lose a friend for a jest: but, in my mind, it is not a much less degree of folly to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person for the sake of a *bon mot*."

Do not be too ready to suspect a slight, or think you are being laughed at — to say with Scrub in Stratagem, "I am sure they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly." On the other hand, if you *are* laughed at, try to rise above it. If you can join in heartily, you will turn the tables and gain, rather than lose. Every one likes a man who can enjoy a laugh at his own expense — and justly so, for it shows good humor and good sense. If you laugh at yourself, other people will not laugh at you.

Have the courage of your opinions. You must expect to be laughed at sometimes, and it will do you no harm. There is nothing ridiculous in seeming to be what you really are, but a good deal in affecting to be what you are not. People often distress themselves, get angry, and drift into a coolness with others, for some imaginary grievance.

Be frank, and yet reserved. Do not talk much about yourself; neither of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself: but let other people talk about themselves, as much as they will. If they do so it is because they like it, and they will think all the better of you for listening to them. At any rate do not show a man, unless it is your duty, that you think he is a fool or a blockhead. If you do, he has good reason to complain. You may be wrong in your judgment; he will, and with some justice, form the same opinion of you.

Burke once said that he could not draw an indictment against a nation, and it is very unwise as well as unjust to attack any class or profession. Individuals often forget and forgive, but societies never do. Moreover, even individuals will forgive an injury much more readily than an insult. Nothing rankles so much as being made ridiculous. You will

never gain your object by putting people out of humor, or making them look ridiculous.

Goethe, in his "Conversations with Eckermann," warmly commended Englishmen, because their entrance and bearing in society were so confident and quiet that one would think they were everywhere the masters, and the whole world belonged to them. Eckermann replied that surely young Englishmen were no cleverer, better educated, or better hearted than young Germans. "That is not the point," said Goethe; "their superiority does not lie in such things, neither does it lie in their birth and fortune: it lies precisely in their having the courage to *be* what nature made them. There is no *halfness* about them. They are *complete* men. Sometimes complete fools also, that I heartily admit; but even that is something, and has its weight."

In any business or negotiations, be patient. Many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request; many an opponent has been tired out.

Above all, never lose your temper, and if you do, at any rate hold your tongue, and try not to show it.

> "Cease from anger and forsake wrath:
> Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil."

For

> "A soft answer turneth away wrath:
> But grievous words stir up anger."

Never intrude where you are not wanted. There is plenty of room elsewhere. "Have I not three kingdoms?" said King James to the Fly, "and yet thou must needs fly in my eye."

Some people seem to have the knack of saying the wrong thing, of alluding to any subject which revives sad memories, or rouses differences of opinion.

No branch of science is more useful than the knowledge of men. It is of the utmost importance to be able to decide wisely, not only to know whom you can trust, and whom you cannot, but how far, and in what, you can trust them. This is by no means easy. It is most important to choose well those who are to work with you, and under you; to put the square man in the square hole and the round man in the round hole.

"If you suspect a man do not employ him: if you employ him, do not suspect him."

Those who trust are oftener right than those who mistrust.

Confidence should be complete but not blind. Merlin lost his life, wise as he was, for imprudently yielding to Vivien's appeal to trust her "all in all or not at all."

Be always discreet. Keep your own counsel. If you do not keep it for yourself, you cannot expect others to keep it for you. "The mouth of a wise man is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth, for what he knoweth or thinketh he uttereth."

Use your head. Consult your reason. It is not infallible, but you will be less likely to err if you do.

Speech is, or ought to be silvern, but silence is golden.

Many people talk, not because they have anything to say, but for the mere love of talking. Talking should be an exercise of the brain, rather than of the tongue. Talkativeness, the love of talking for talking's sake, is almost fatal to success. Men are "plainly hurried on, in the heat of their talk, to say quite different things from what they first intended, and which they afterwards wish unsaid; or improper things which they had no other end in saying, but only to find employment to their tongue. . . . And this unrestrained volubility and wantonness in speech is the occasion of numberless evils and vexations in life. It begets resentment in him who is the subject of it; sows the seed of strife and dissension amongst others; and inflames little disgusts and offenses, which, if let alone, would wear away of themselves."

"*C'est une grande misère*," says La Bruyère, "*que de n'avoir pas assez d'esprit pour bien parler, ni assez de jugment pour se taire.*" Plutarch tells a story of Demaratus, that being asked in a certain assembly whether he held his tongue because he was a fool, or for want of words, he replied, "A fool cannot hold his tongue." "Seest thou," said Solomon,

> "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words?
> There is more hope of a fool than of him."

Never try to show your own superiority: few things annoy people more than being made to feel small.

Do not be too positive in your statements. You may be

wrong, however sure you feel. Memory plays us curious tricks, and both ears and eyes are sometimes deceived. Our prejudices, even the most cherished, may have no secure foundation. Moreover, even if you are right, you will lose nothing by disclaiming too great certainty.

In action, again, never make too sure, and never throw away a chance. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

It has been said that everything comes to those who know how to wait; and when the opportunity does come, seize it.

> "He that wills not when he may;
> When he will, he shall have nay."

If you once let your opportunity go, you may never have another.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of man,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
> On such a full sea are we now afloat;
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our venture."

Be cautious, but not over-cautious; do not be too much afraid of making a mistake; "a man who never makes a mistake, will make nothing."

Always dress neatly: we must dress, therefore we should do it well; not extravagantly, either in time or money, but taking care to have good materials. It is astonishing how much people judge by dress. Of those you come across, many go mainly by appearances in any case, and many more have in your case nothing but appearances to go by. The eyes and ears open the heart, and a hundred people will see, for one who will know you. Moreover, if you are careless and untidy about yourself, it is a fair, though not absolute, conclusion that you will be careless about other things also.

When you are in society study those who have the best and pleasantest manners. "Manner," says the old proverb with much truth, if with some exaggeration, "maketh Man," and "a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation." "Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure them when gained. Engage the eyes by your

address, air, and motions ; soothe the ears by the elegance and harmony of your diction ; and the heart will certainly (I should rather say probably) follow." Every one has eyes and ears, but few have a sound judgment. The world is a stage. We are all players, and every one knows how much the success of a piece depends upon the way it is acted.

Lord Chesterfield, speaking of his son, says, "They tell me he is loved wherever he is known, and I am very glad of it : but I would have him to be liked before he is known, and loved afterwards. . . . . You know very little of the nature of mankind, if you take those things to be of little consequence ; one cannot be too attentive to them ; it is they that always engage the heart, of which the understanding is commonly the bubble."

The Graces help a man in life almost as much as the Muses. We all know that "one man may steal a horse, while another may not look over a hedge ;" and why ? because the one will do it pleasantly, the other disagreeably. Horace tells us that even Youth and Mercury, the gods of Eloquence and of the Arts, were powerless without the Graces.

PART TWO.

LEADERS IN PROFESSIONAL LIFE.



THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY WATTERSON.

ON THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS — HIS PERSONALITY — A MAN OF GREAT VERSATILITY — METHODS OF WORK — BIRTH AND EARLY SURROUNDINGS — EDUCATION — THE "NEW ERA" — NEWSPAPER CAREER IN NEW YORK — WAR CORRESPONDENT — BECOMES EDITOR OF THE LOUISVILLE "COURIER-JOURNAL" — SOME DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED — HIS NEW POLICY — WHAT POLITICS MEANS TO HIM — MEMBER OF CONGRESS — AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER — HOME LIFE — WHAT LEADS TO SUCCESS IN JOURNALISM. COURAGE AND SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Among the many elements of success I would particularly emphasize that of personality, as it is called. This attracting and repelling something in men, is a thing apart; a light that cannot be hid. As little can it be described, being in its nature variable. Often it is composed of one part talent and two parts character; and he who has it may, in spite of other deficiencies, command success.



Large successes are attainable by the union of aptitude and concentration of purpose, coincident with opportunity; the meeting of the man and the occasion; the suiting of the work to the action, the action to the work; intelligent self-confidence; unflagging courage; absolute probity.

Henry Watterson

IT seems trite and inadequate to describe Henry Watterson as a genius; yet that is the only term general enough in character to explain such a man. Unquestionably he is one of the most brilliant of American journalists. But this assertion, comprehensive as it is, by no means conveys any idea of the universality of his attainments. He has won distinction in the highest politics of his time. He is an orator,

a man of letters, a political and social economist, an accomplished man of the world. He is distinctly of the literary and artistic temperament, mercurial, emotional, imaginative ; yet he possesses many of the practical qualities not commonly allied to these.

In attempting anything like a complete portrait of Henry Watterson, one hesitates before the complexity of the subject. His universality is as remarkable as any single trait in his character. One feels the human side of him, his personality, intensely, and is drawn closely to him or quite repelled. Consciously or unconsciously it is he who exerts the influence either way, the other person being merely the recipient. With his intimates he is a most lovable man ; in the club which he frequents at home, to all the younger men he is their affectionate "Marse Henry." A woman in tenderness, a thoughtful friend, full of the sunshine of life, having room in his composition for all save malice, he is yet fierce and warlike in his opposition to wrong. He has that sensuousness which accompanies a fanciful and poetic imagination, relieved by a loftiness of purpose and a virility that characterize all his utterances. He is a sentimentalist, yet a man of affairs ; loving the graces of life, yet living in and enjoying the strife of partisan politics ; impetuous and emotional, yet purposeful and far-seeing.

A writer of pure English, his phrases have come to be a part of our language. Who does not know the Star-eyed Goddess who was born on a night in 1884, in Washington — born in the labor of a dispatch — and who leaped straightway upon the telegraph wire to appear refulgent next morning in the *Courier-Journal?* A less poetic, but equally terse expression is the "tariff for revenue only," whose absolute finality it has been sought so often to escape. "Between the sherry and the champagne" was coined in a letter from Washington containing the first public intimation that Grant would be a candidate for a third term. It was meant to cover the wildness of the suggestion.

Journalist, statesman, orator, musician, student of *belles lettres* and the arts, at times an indomitable worker, at times an equally vigorous player,— Mr. Watterson is all of these. Into all he puts the strong personality that holds attention. Having suffered nearly all his life from a seriously defective

vision, he nevertheless reads with unequaled rapidity. He seems to take in a whole page at a glance. In the office his amanuensis reading to him from the "proofs" is rarely permitted to finish a paragraph before a gesture hurries him on to the next. Yet Mr. Watterson has absorbed and digested the article. In the same way does he read men or reach a conclusion on a question of public policy. Back of it all has been much hard work, close application, earnest study, and a wide range of information about current affairs.

After all, is not this multiplicity, this complexity, just what Mr. Watterson is — the journalist? For what is the journal but the epitome of life? True, he is a journalist of an old school, the last great survivor of that intensely individual journalism in which the newspaper took its power from the editor, and not the editor from his paper. It was the school of Raymond and of Greeley, of the elder Bennett and the elder Bowles, and of Mr. Watterson's immediate predecessor, George D. Prentice. In this school was Watterson trained, and he is its last great exponent.

By birth, instinct, and early surroundings, Mr. Watterson is a "newspaper man." He was born in Washington, February 16, 1840, his father being the late Harvey M. Watterson, who, two years before, had succeeded James K. Polk as a member of Congress from Tennessee. The elder Watterson was a journalist. When elected to Congress he owned and was editing a paper at Shelbyville, Tenn. From 1845 to 1850 he owned and edited the Nashville *Union*. Mr. Watterson's ancestry was Scotch-Irish, which accounts for several things. His father was a strong man, upright, affable, and with abundant common sense. But it is from his mother that he derives his remarkable perceptivity and imagination. She was a woman of superior mental qualities, and her insight was as keen and penetrating as her son's.

From 1852 to 1856 young Watterson was sedulously at school, at the Academy of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania. At school he was the editor of the school paper, *The Ciceronian*. But the trouble with his eyes caused his removal from school, and his education was completed by private tutors at McMinnville, Tenn. His father had a summer home there, and gave the lad a printing office outfit. The *New Era* made its appearance in October, 1856, and for two years

Henry Watterson published his paper and pursued his classical studies in this little mountain town. He says he still remembers the first article he ever wrote; it was a bugle-note article, a call to the party. In speaking of it he says: "When I saw the whole article had been copied next day by the Nashville *American*, then the great paper of that country, I could n't sleep much that night; but when I saw it in the Washington *Union* I was knocked out completely. The article went the rounds of Democratic papers all over the country." This happened when he was sixteen years of age.

Two years later, at the age of eighteen, he sought a wider field. In the latter half of 1858, he was in New York, where he wrote for *Harper's Weekly*, just established, *The Times*, and other papers. With Whitelaw Reid and John Russell Young, he was getting his training in the school of Raymond and Forney. In the winter of 1859, he returned to Washington, and there did much miscellaneous newspaper work.

Such was the training received by Henry Watterson, when the outbreak of the war directed his fortunes to another field. He had acquired many worldly graces, had already a large acquaintance with men, and, being a close and apt student, possessed an unusual equipment for a successful career.

He returned to Tennessee, the home of his people, and in October, 1861, he was made assistant editor of the Nashville *Banner*. Early in 1862, Nashville was evacuated by the Confederates. Watterson, to use his own phrase, leaped into an empty saddle as Forrest's cavalry swept by, and that was the end of editing until October, 1862, when *The Rebel*, a daily paper, made its appearance at Chattanooga, with Henry Watterson in charge. It was the soldiers' newspaper, and naturally was not long-lived, making its last appearance at Chattanooga, September 9, 1863. An attempt was made to revive it in a small Georgia town, but with this venture Mr. Watterson had nothing to do. The story that *The Rebel* became a camp follower is an error. Mr. Watterson returned to the army, serving under Polk and in the Johnston-Sherman campaign.

"I came out of the war," Mr. Watterson said, "like many of the young fellows of the South, a very picked bird, indeed. In order to escape the humiliation of borrowing from a North-

ern uncle, whose politics I did not approve, I went with my watch to an uncle who had no politics at all, and got fifty dollars on it. Along with two blanket-mates, who were as poor as myself, I started, or, rather, revived the publication of an old, suspended newspaper at Nashville. Nothing could withstand the energy and ardor which we three threw into this. When we began, there were nine daily papers struggling for a footing in the little Tennessee capital. At the end of a year there were but two, and of these two ours had two thirds of the business. After two years, I was called to Louisville to succeed George D. Prentice as editor of the old Louisville *Journal*. Six months later, Mr. W. N. Haldeman, who owned the *Courier*, joined with me in combining the *Journal* and *Courier*, under the name of the *Courier-Journal*. Incidentally, this led to the purchase of the old Louisville *Democrat*. The paper thus established we have conducted — he the publisher, and I the editor — ever since, now nearly thirty-three years. During all that time, we have worked steadily, each in his appointed place, and no issue has ever arisen between us. We have labored as one instead of two toward a common end—the making of a newspaper of the first class and the highest character. Both of us have disdained money, save as it contributed to this aim. Neither of us has allowed himself to be diverted by the allurements of speculation or office. The result shows for itself."

With the coming to Louisville there had set in for Mr. Watterson a period of very hard work. He had married in Nashville, in 1865, Miss Rebecca Ewing, a daughter of the Hon. Andrew Ewing of Tennessee. When he took charge of the *Journal* he left his wife in Nashville. His whole time was given up to his business. He slept in a back room adjoining the office and took his meals at a little restaurant a few doors away. Upon the consolidation of the two papers he worked, if possible, with even greater energy. Mr. Prentice was yet the chief editorial writer, and Mr. Watterson acted as managing editor. His position was a difficult one. He had found surrounding Mr. Prentice a number of brilliant men who, under other influences, might have made a lasting impression on their times ; but who, taking their cue from their chief, were too entirely given over to a Bohemian manner of life to be serviceable to a man with serious purposes. Mr. Prentice

was himself in an unlovely old age; his habits dissolute, and his power declining or quite gone. The personal aspect of the case as between the young stranger and the men already installed was not pleasant. They regarded him as a usurper and an upstart. He had to rely on a force of men of inferior quality, but more tractable.

In another and broader sphere was the new pitted against the old order. Mr. Watterson was one of the first of Southern men to accept the fact that politically and socially the country had experienced a complete transformation as a result of the war and the emancipation of the negroes. Then and there did he begin the work of reconciliation that he has not laid down. In the then social conditions of Louisville this was a difficult and unpleasant, if not a dangerous, attitude. The old Bourbon spirit was strong in Kentucky, where the *post-bellum* belligerents were now in the saddle. Mr. Watterson insisted that the three new amendments to the constitution were the treaty of peace between the North and the South, and that the South must accept them in good faith. The feeling was strong against the negro. It was a serious question whether or not he should be permitted to ride on the street cars. The law had to be changed to enable his testimony to be received in the courts. Mr. Watterson took an uncompromising position for the new order. With all the power of his newspaper he exposed and fought the kuklux outrages. Yet in sentiment he was intensely Southern; in manner a Cavalier of Cavaliers, for all he insists that we know not Cavalier or Puritan.

But it was not until the death of Mr. Prentice, in January, 1870, that Mr. Watterson ceased to be the practical working journalist who saw the paper to press every night, to become a writer and publicist. Already he had made his position clear, as above indicated, but henceforth his pen was to be in daily defense of his ideas. The Democratic party had assumed a hostile attitude that was intensified by the rule of the carpet-bagger. It was in the hope of getting the party out of this slough that the Liberal movement was undertaken in the South. This movement Mr. Watterson led in that section during 1871 and 1872. The Greeley nomination and its indorsement by the Baltimore convention were the result of a campaign by journalists Henry Watterson, Horace White,

Samuel Bowles, and Murat Halstead. That the country was not ready for this attempted reconciliation was no fault of Mr. Watterson, who for six years had been leading up to it with unfaltering purpose.

Mr. Watterson had now fairly entered upon his public career in politics as well as in journalism. Be it understood that the term politics is never used in relation to him in the sense of office seeking or office holding. He has been in politics only to direct a policy. He has never sought office and never held but one. In obedience to the demands of the hour, and in compliance with the personal behests of Mr. Tilden, he consented to an election to the Forty-fourth Congress, in 1876, filling out the unexpired term of Edward Y. Parsons. After making his mark in the House he declined a re-election. He had been a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and his speeches on the Electoral Commission had been the most noteworthy utterances on that subject. This Tilden period was the most picturesque in Mr. Watterson's public career. At the urgent demand of Mr. Tilden's friends, he had presided over the convention that nominated him for the presidency. He went to Congress because Mr. Tilden conceived it necessary that there should be in the House a personal representative who could speak.

To write Mr. Watterson's biography during the last twenty-five years from the political side, would be to write the history of Democracy during that period. His influence, however, has been exerted not as an office holder, but as one independent of, and undesirous of, office. He has stood for what he considered pure Democracy against the fallacies that from time to time have foisted themselves upon the party,— national fellowship and unity as against sectional prejudice and radicalism, honest money as against both irredeemable paper currency and free silver, and free trade as against all compromise with protection. The platforms of nearly all the Democratic conventions from 1872 until 1896 were written by him either partly or in whole, and, in 1892, he succeeded in reversing in open convention, by a large majority, the report of the platform committee. Foreseeing, in 1896, the course sure to be taken by the Chicago convention, he refused to serve as delegate, and later repudiated the platform.

When the Grand Army of the Republic was invited to hold

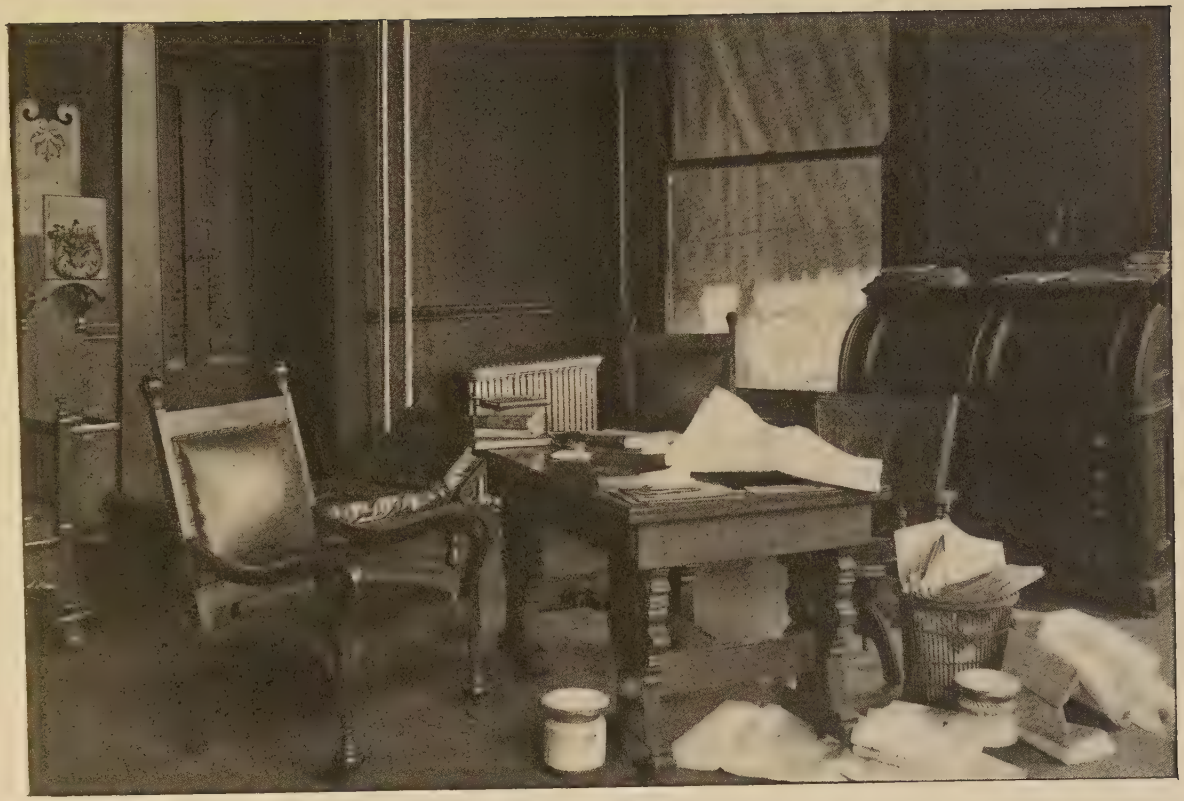
its 1895 encampment in Louisville, Mr. Watterson's speech, more than any other single cause, brought an acceptance of the invitation. He did not extend an invitation to the veterans to come to Louisville, but to come South. Speaking on behalf of the Southern people, he said :—

"Candor compels me to say that there was a time when they did not want to see you. There was a time when, without any invitation whatever, either written or verbal; without so much as a suggestion of welcome, you insisted on giving us the honor of your company, and, as it turned out, when we were but ill prepared to receive."

He said it would be a pity to refuse to come now, when the invitation was extended, when the preparations were made, and the welcome assured. Then, in serious vein, he evoked the spirit of national fraternity, which he so well knows how to arouse. To have declined an invitation couched in such terms and extended in such a spirit would have been churlish indeed.

Mr. Watterson is the most persuasive of speakers, as he is the most persuasive of writers. Whether he is addressing a turbulent political body or a dignified and imposing audience such as that which faced him when he delivered the dedicatory address at the World's Fair, his words and his manner are equally fitted to the occasion. He knows the value of every tone of the voice, every gesture. Speaking to a political body, his gestures are of the hammering and chopping variety. Resting his right hand in his left, when he makes a point he chops it off or drives it in with a quick, sharp motion. If his audience misses a point he waits until somebody sees it, then everybody does. But his manner is entirely different from this in the delivery of his lectures or in his addresses made to sedate audiences on important public occasions. Then his oratory is ornate, his gestures abundant, graceful, and impressive. His "reading" is as carefully considered as that of a well-trained actor, and one is impressed by the dignity of the orator. He is eloquent, full of dramatic force, yet so scholarly as to satisfy the most exacting requirements of a classic school.

Mr. Watterson's first lecture, "The Oddities of Southern Life," was delivered in 1877, followed a little later by a volume treating the same theme of provincial humor. "Money



EDITORIAL ROOM OF HENRY WATTERSON.

and Morals" and "The Compromises of Life" followed the first lecture in the order named, and have been delivered to delighted audiences the country over. His latest lecture, "Abraham Lincoln," is an important addition to the Lincoln literature.

Mr. Watterson's home life is ideal. Loving the freedom and "elbow room" of the country, his desire for long years was to possess a place where he could retire in old age from the noise aud rush and bustle of the city. In 1896 he discovered his ideal place in a plantation of about one hundred acres near Jeffersontown, twelve miles south of Louisville. He purchased the property, beautified it to suit his own ideas, and moved out from Louisville. Here at "Mansfield" he does most of his writing, coming usually to the *Courier-Journal* office every day or every other day when occasion demands.

When asked to specify the qualities most needed for success in journalism, Mr. Watterson said: "The bases are good habits, good sense and good feeling; a good common school education, particularly in the English branches; application both constant and cheerful. All success is, of course, relative. Good and ill fortune play certain parts in the life of every man. If Hoche or Moreau had lived, either might have made the subsequent career of Napoleon impossible. But honest, tireless, painstaking assiduity may conquer ill fortune, as it will certainly advance good fortune. In the degree that a man adds to these essentials larger talents,—peculiar training, breadth of mind, and reach of vision,—his flight will be higher. But here we enter the realms of genius, where there are no laws, at least none that may be made clear for ordinary mortals to follow."

COURAGE AND SELF-CONFIDENCE.

PERSEVERANCE and self-reliance are proof of courage; their continuance depends upon it. By courage, we mean that power of the mind which bears up under all dangers and difficulties.

Fortitude may express one element of this noble virtue, since fortitude is the power that enables one to endure pain. The man of fortitude will endure the amputation of a limb; the man of courage will do that, and also face the cannon's

mouth. "Courage comprehends the absence of all fear, the disregard of all personal convenience, the spirit to begin, and the determination to pursue what has been begun."

Such a quality is needed every hour. The most humble life will find abundant use for it; the cares, labors, and embarrassments that are the common lot of humanity, make it indispensable. The burdens which boyhood and girlhood must bear in acquiring an education, learning a trade, resisting temptations, and building spotless characters, demand better physical and moral courage. A coward will not undertake to make noble manhood or womanhood. If he did, he would not merit the approbation of God, who never promises success to cowardice.

A faint-hearted man would never undertake to prepare a dictionary, or a history of the United States. Only the most resolute and determined spirit would take up such a burden. Here is ample scope for courage that can forego pleasure and personal comfort, endure privation and wearisome labor, and conquer opposition of every kind.

At sixteen years of age, Samuel Drew was a wild, reckless youth, given to idleness, orchard robbing, and even worse practices. A serious accident that nearly cost him his life, together with the sudden death of his brother, checked him in his mad career. He had lost his reputation by evil conduct, and education by avoiding schools; and yet he resolved to regain one and acquire the other. A youth of less courage would have yielded to despair, declaring that it would be impossible to surmount the difficulties in his way. But, rising in the strength of regenerated manhood, he resolved to become a true man and scholar. He appeared to realize that the gist of the matter was in him, and to resolve that it should come out.

Yet he must gain a livelihood on the shoemaker's bench, where he went to work with a will. Every leisure moment was devoted to reading and study, and often night contributed materially to this end. Referring to this period, twenty years thereafter, he said, "The more I read, the more I felt my ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it.

"Every leisure moment was employed in reading one thing or another. Having to support myself by manual labor, my

time for reading was but little ; and to overcome this disadvantage my usual method was to place a book before me while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages. Locke's 'Essay on the Understanding' awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the groveling views I had been accustomed to maintain."

Without prolonging his story, Drew became an active parishioner of Dr. Adam Clarke and a local preacher before he left the shoe bench. Subsequently he became a distinguished author, known to every generation since his day as the author of an "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul." His fame was spread world wide. Courage did it.

In the late War of the Rebellion, one of our great war ships — the *Cumberland* — was attacked by the Confederate ram *Virginia*, near Norfolk, Virginia. The guns of the *Cumberland* could make no impression upon the iron monster called the "Rebel ram," yet her defenders stood at their guns bravely, and kept their colors flying until the noble ship, riddled and rent from stem to stern, sank beneath the waves. But "she went down with her colors flying." We call that loyalty, patriotism.

When President Lincoln was renominated for a second term of office, the army was in great need of recruits. He resolved to issue a call for five hundred thousand men ; but leading members of Congress said, "It will endanger your re-election ;" and they advised him to withhold the order. But he persisted, and finally went personally before the congressional military committee, where a similiar attempt was made to induce him to withhold the order. But the attempt only evoked a higher and grander expression of courage. Stretching his tall form to its full height he replied, with the fire of indignation flashing in his eyes, as if he had been asked to do an act of meanness : "It is not necessary for me to be re-elected, but it is necessary for the soldiers at the front to be reinforced by five hundred thousand men, and I shall call for them ; and if I go down under the act, I will go down, like the *Cumberland*, with my colors flying." That was courage culminating in the highest principle.

It was in the terrible battle of Atlanta that the brave and idolized McPherson fell. The news of his death sped with the

speed of lightning along the lines, sending a pang of sorrow through every soldier's heart. For a moment it seemed as if despair would demoralize the whole army, until Gen. John A. Logan, on whom the command now rested, took in the situation, and, on his furious black stallion, dashed down the lines, crying at the top of his voice, as he waved his sword in the air, "McPherson and revenge! McPherson and revenge!" An eyewitness wrote: "Never shall I forget,— never will one of us who survived that desperate fight forget, to our dying day,— the grand spectacle presented by Logan, as he rode up and down in front of the line, his black eyes flashing fire, his long, black hair streaming in the wind, bareheaded, and his service-worn slouch hat swinging in his bridle hand, and his sword flashing in the other, crying out in stentorian tones, 'Boys! McPherson and revenge!' Why, it made my blood run both hot and cold, and moved every man of us to follow to the death the brave and magnificent hero-ideal of a soldier who made this resistless appeal to all that is noble in a soldier's heart, and this, too, when the very air was alive with whistling bullets and howling shell! And if he could only have been painted as he swept up and down the line on a steed as full of fire as his glorious rider, it would to-day be one of the finest battle pictures of the war." This impromptu act of courage was even more inspiring than a reinforcement of ten thousand men, and converted his almost despairing command into mighty conquerers; and the day was won. Such a deed of heroism adds luster to human glory.

Courage is so noble a trait that men respect it even in a pirate. Pizarro was a pirate bent upon plundering Peru, no matter what perils and hardships blocked his way. At Gallo, disease and hunger drove his men to madness, and they demanded that the enterprise should be abandoned. Just then a vessel arrived that offered to take them back to Panama. But Pizarro spurned the offer, and with his sword drew a line on the sand from east to west. Then, turning his face to the south, he said to his brother pirates:—

"Friends and comrades! On that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. Here lies Peru with its riches; here Panama with its poverty. Choose each man what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go to the south."

Put that courage into a saint and he will become a missionary like Judson, or a reformer like Luther, or a martyr like Latimer.

When Luther was summoned to appear before the most august body of Romish magnates who ever convened at Worms, to answer the charge of heresy, friends said, "It will cost you your life; don't go, but flee." He answered, "No; I will repair thither, though I should find there thrice as many devils as there are tiles upon the house tops."

On his way to the stake, Latimer said to his companion in bonds, Ridley, "Be of good comfort; we shall this day light such a candle in England, by God's grace, as shall never be put out."

Higher courage this than that of the battlefield, where the watchword is only that of Napoleon, "Glory!" Higher even than that of Wellington and Nelson, whose watchword was "Duty!" for his was duty for humanity and God.

True courage is both tender and magnanimous. A braver man than Sir Charles Napier never carried a sword or fought a battle. Yet he declined sporting with a gun, because he could not bear to hurt an animal.

General Grant had no fear of "iron ball and leaden rain"; but when Lee surrendered, and the Union men began to salute him by firing cannon, Grant directed the firing to cease, saying, "It will wound the feelings of our prisoners, who have become our countrymen again."

Faith in one's self and one's life pursuit is indispensable, for it rallies all the difficulties to endeavor. He who thinks he can, *can;* he who thinks he can't, *can't.* These are the two classes of persons we meet; one successful, the other a failure. A man must confide in his own ability to fulfill his calling, if he would win. He need not indulge in egotism, or be over-confident; but he must believe that he can do what he undertakes, else he will fail. This sort of faith is just as indispensable to secular life, as Christian faith is to spiritual life. Without the latter, "it is impossible to please God"; without the former it is impossible to please ourselves. No man can really respect himself, unless he has faith in himself and his chosen pursuit. He needs this in the outset in order to start well; and he needs it all along in order to do well.

When Edison conceived the idea of the phonograph, he

grew elated over the possibility. Further thought and study culminated in the belief that he was able to produce the wonder. He undertook the task under the settled conviction that he could make the instrument, and that conviction never wavered, though his progress was slow. Year after year he studied, experimented, and labored, sometimes encouraged, sometimes disappointed, but never despairing. It *can* be done! *I* can do it! This confidence in himself to achieve did not suffer his energies to flag, nor his expectations to waver. At the end of seven years, his phonograph would talk, but it would not talk as he desired. It would say *pecie* instead of *specie*. But it "*shall* say *specie*" he resolved; and in three months more it spoke the word plainly and loudly as he wished. Faith in himself conquered, for it kept his courage alive and caused his faculties to do their best. Without it there would have been no phonograph.

Mr. Edison's phenomenal success with his electric light is known the world over. When scientists, editors, and scholars doubted, his faith never wavered. He was confident that electrical science was in its infancy, and that he could evolve from its hidden resources what would startle the world. Through faith he wrought mightily, adding patent to patent, until more than a thousand separate patents were involved in the production of his electric light. We now put electricity to a great many uses for which we are indebted to Edison, though we are only beginning to know its priceless value. It performs errands for us, carrying messages, closing bargains, and making business hum; it puts life and power into locomotives and sets ponderous machinery in motion; it runs cars, lights streets and houses, rings door and table bells, writes letters, makes fires, and even cures and kills people; for we take it as a medicine, and with it execute criminals. What more will be done with it remains to be seen. Edison assures us that we are just becoming acquainted with it as a useful agent, so that we wonder what next its world of mystery will disclose to surprise mankind.

For the present development and use of the electric light, we are more indebted to Edison than to any other inventor. His faith in himself and electrical science has wrough mightily. An editor says: "His improvements in telegraphic apparatus, and in the working of the telephone, seem almost

to have exhausted the possibilities of electricity. In like manner the discovery of the phonograph, and the application of its principles in the aërophone, by which the volume of sound is so amplified and intensified as to be made audible at a distance of several miles, seem to have stretched the laws of sound to their utmost limit. We are inclined to regard him as one of the wonders of the world. While Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and other theorists talk and speculate, he quietly produces accomplished facts, and, with his marvelous inventions, is pushing the whole world ahead in its march to the highest civilization, making life more and more enjoyable."

When Edison had labored two years in his own laboratory, he said, "Two years of experience proves, beyond a doubt, that the electric light, for household purposes, can be produced and sold," for which he was severely criticised, and even ridiculed. But long since he fulfilled his own prophecy, as the increased convenience and comfort of families bear faithful witness.

Edison's remarkable achievements in electrical science are represented by the excellent illustration,—a fine tribute of art to the genius and spirit of the great inventor, whose perseverance, industry, patience, and power of endurance, are almost without a parallel. He ordered a pile of chemical books from New York, London, and Paris. "In six weeks he had gone through the books," writes a co-laborer, "written a volume of abstracts, made two thousand experiments on the formulas, and had produced a solution, the only one in the world that would do the very thing he wanted done, namely, record over two hundred words a minute on a wire two hundred and fifty miles long. He has since succeeded in recording thirty-one hundred words in a minute."

Charles Goodyear purchased an India rubber life-preserver as a curiosity. He was told that rubber would be of great value for a thousand things, if cold did not make it hard as stone, and heat reduce it to liquid. "I can remedy that," he said to himself, after turning the matter over in his mind for a time. The more he pondered, the more confident he was that he could do it. Experiment after experiment failed. The money he put into the research was sunk. His last dollar was spent. His family suffered for the necessaries of life.

His best efforts were baffled, and his best friends forsook him because they thought he was partially insane. A gentleman inquired after him, and he was told, "If you see a man with an India rubber cap, an India rubber coat, India rubber shoes, and an India rubber purse in his pocket, with not a cent in it,— that is Charles Goodyear." But Goodyear was not a lunatic. It was faith in his ability to do that caused him to pursue the idea of vulcanized rubber with such persistency. For five years he battled with obstacles that would have disheartened men of less determination, counting poverty, hardship, and the ridicule of friends nothing, if he could only accomplish his purpose ; and this he expected to do, as really as he expected to live. Finally his efforts were crowned with success. Faith did it. It was a practicable thing ; he believed in it, and he believed in himself also ; and so he bent his noblest efforts to the enterprise, and won.

Columbus believed that there was a new world beyond the untraversed sea, and that he himself was able to find it. Year after year he sought in vain the patronage that would make his project possible. Though opposed, thwarted, ridiculed, and even persecuted, he pressed his suit over and over. Adverse circumstances seemed to strengthen his purpose, and make him invincible. In the darkest hour he never lost heart. Faith in himself and his great enterprise finally triumphed.

Franklin believed that lightning and electricity were identical. More famous scientific men than himself believed otherwise, but this fact did not modify his own opinion. His conviction deepened as he pondered the matter. He proceeded to prove what he believed, by the aid of a kite. He disclosed his purpose only to his son, lest he should be made the butt of ridicule. But he succeeded. Faith in himself overcame obstacles, adverse opinions, and current theories, and he won immortal fame. The same has been true of great statesmen, explorers, discoverers, inventors, and the world's best workers generally. Faith in their own ability and purpose made them persistent, and finally victorious. Our own land is a fruitful illustration of this truth, from the time the Pilgrims sought freedom to worship God on these shores. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is a good record of facts. By faith the Pilgrim Fathers, warned of God of things not seen as yet, prepared the *Mayflower* to the saving of their house-

holds, and set sail for a place which they should afterwards receive for an inheritance. By faith they took up their abode in the land of promise, which was a strange country, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, and here they laid the foundations of this great republic. By faith they endured privations and hardships, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, if they could possess a country of their own. By faith they passed through the Red Sea of difficulty, in tilling the soil, establishing a government, planting churches and schools, until, out of their weakness being made strong, they waxed valiant and mighty, turning to flight the armies of the aliens. By faith Washington led the American army and achieved independence, whereby he became known as the "Father of his Country," securing for himself and his posterity the unexampled thrift of a free nation. By faith Lincoln came to his reign in a time of great darkness and peril, when slavery threatened to destroy the government; and he broke the chains of oppression and saved the land from overthrow, whereby he became known as the "Saviour of his Country." But time would fail me to tell of all those, who, through faith, have builded a great nation, whose material, intellectual, and moral resources are without parallel. Without faith such an outcome was impossible; our secular national life is as impossible as the moral without it. Statesmen, historians, scientists, inventors, teachers, merchants, and artisans must believe that they are equal to any task before them, to make such a result certain.

Without faith in men and means, not one day of a true life can be lived. "I have no faith in editors," says a faithless citizen, as he takes up the morning paper only to lay it down again, for he cannot believe its news. "I have no faith in cooks; whole families have been poisoned by them," and he cannot eat his breakfast. "I have no faith in men," and so he declines to do business with them, lest he be cheated. "I have no faith in engineers; they are a drunken class," and he refuses to take the train for the city lest his life be sacrificed by a reckless engineer. Before nine o'clock in the morning, it is proven that a single day of real life cannot be lived without faith in men and enterprises.

As with the individual, so with communities,— difficulties develop faith, and great enterprises follow.

The winter of 1866–67 was unusually severe, so that, on some days, it was impossible to run a ferry-boat between Brooklyn and New York. On many days merchants were longer in going from their homes in Brooklyn to their desks in New York, than passengers were in traveling from New York to Albany. The public said: "This must not be; we must have a bridge!" And they built one, although fourteen years were required for the stupendous work.

Ordinary faith would stagger before such an enterprise as the Brooklyn bridge; but the discoveries, inventions, experiences, and progress of previous ages made faith that was equal to the occasion, possible. "It is not the work of any one man or any one age. It is the result of the study, of the experience, and of the knowledge of many men of many ages. It is not merely a creation, but a growth. In no previous period of the world's history could this bridge have been built." A hundred years ago there was little or no faith in such mammoth enterprises.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

ON PURPOSE — BIRTHPLACE AND PARENTAGE — YOUTHFUL CHARACTERISTICS — IN SCHOOL — LOVE OF NATURE — AT COLLEGE — THE TEACHER AND INVESTIGATOR — WITH AGASSIZ AT PENIKESE — PRESIDENT OF INDIANA UNIVERSITY — ACCEPTS THE PRESIDENCY OF LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY — IN PRIVATE LIFE — IN THE CLASS ROOM — AN IMPRESSIVE LECTURER — HIS LITERARY WORK — SENSE OF HUMOR — AS A UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT — VIEWS ON EDUCATION — PERSONALITY — SCIENTIFIC WORK. SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE.

"The youth gets together his materials," says Thoreau, "to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and, at length, the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."



Now, why not plan for a woodshed at first, and save this waste of time and materials?

But this is the very good of it. The gathering of these materials will strengthen the youth. It may be the means of saving him from idleness, from vice. So long as you are at work on your bridge to the moon, you will shun the saloon, and we shall not see you on the dry-goods box in front of the corner grocery. I know many a man who in early life planned only to build a woodshed, but who found later that he had the strength to build a temple, if he only had the materials. Many a man the world calls successful would give all life has brought him could he make up for the disadvantages of his lack of early training. It does not hurt a young man to be ambitious in some honorable direction. In the pure-minded youth, ambition is the source of all the virtues. Lack of ambition means failure from the start. The young man who is aiming at nothing and who cares not to rise, is already dead. There is no hope for him. Only the sexton and the undertaker can serve his purposes.

The old traveler, Rafinesque, tells us that when he was a boy, he read the voyages of Captain Cook, and Pallas, and Le Vaillant, and his soul was fired with the desire to be a great traveler like them. "And so I became such," he adds shortly.

If you say to yourself, "I will be a naturalist, a traveler, a historian, a statesman, a scholar;" if you never unsay it; if you bend all your powers in that direction, and take advantage of all those aids that help toward your ends, and reject all that do not, you will sometime reach your goal. *The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going.*



DAVID STARR JORDAN, president of the Leland Stanford Junior University, was born at Gainesville, New York, on the nineteenth day of February, 1851. His father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances, who cared a great deal more for the elder poets than for the current agricultural literature. His mother was a woman of ability and force, characterized by strength of will, depth of feeling, and pithiness of speech. Children resemble their parents; "the apple does not fall far from the tree." Dr. Jordan seems to owe his rare executive ability to his mother, while from his father he inherited his fine literary sense. He grew up a shy, serious lad, with large ambitions and a taste for poetry. He liked to wander off into the woods by himself, where his sharp eyes were already becoming accustomed to the fine print of nature. The instinct for generalizing manifested itself early in him, if we are to believe tradition. It is said that he once attempted to classify the Assyrian kings; but as the materials at hand supplied him with data for but two kinds, the good and the bad, the task was too simple, and he gave it up.

Reputations are easily wrecked. Young Jordan developed a marked distaste for the routine labors of the farm, and was consequently called lazy by the neighbors. The fact that he collected butterflies and flowers during his waking hours, and read poetry, did not modify that judgment. Possibly his father was blamed for allowing the boy to waste his time

picking daisies. At any rate the son was held up as a warning to other boys. Nothing worse could be said of a farmer's son than that he was lazy.

He was anything but lazy. Master Jordan was sent to the village school, where he had to get his daily lessons, and afterward to the academy for young ladies in the neighboring town of Warsaw, there being no secondary school for boys convenient to his home. He spent his spare hours in the fields. Thus he learned French and Latin, read history, and grew intimate with the best American and English poets; and he made a catalogue of the plants of his native county. He was allowed more freedom in his school work than if he had been put through the routine education of the period for boys. In later years he comments upon the value of such training. "We know," he says, "that there are some boys whose natural food is the Greek root. There are others whose dreams expand in conic sections, and whose longings for the finite or infinite always follow certain paraboloid or ellipsoid curves. There are some to whom the turgid sentences of Cicero are the poetry of utterance. . . . . But there are other students . . . . to whom the structure of the oriole's nest is more marvelous, as well as more poetical, than the structure of an ode of Horace."

An education of this kind was the best one possible for a naturalist, however bad it might have been for a village schoolmaster. Its effect was seen when, in 1869, he entered Cornell University with the first freshman class. The youth of eighteen was found to be an authority on the habits of bees and the flora of Genesee and Wyoming counties; and also on such homely subjects as hoof-rot in sheep. He had already begun to teach at the Warsaw academy. At Cornell he speedily pushed to the front. He was appointed an instructor in botany in his junior year. In his senior year he became president of the Natural History Society, which had a membership that has since been influential in scientific circles.

Mr. Jordan was graduated from Cornell in 1872 with the degree of M. S. He is the only man who ever received the Master's degree from that university upon completion of an undergraduate course. It may be added that he shares with Dr. Andrew D. White alone the distinction of having had an honorary degree from the same university—that of LL.D.,

granted in 1886. Upon his graduation from Cornell he was called to Lombard University, Galesburg, Illinois, as professor of natural history, where he began the study of the fishes of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes—a work which he continued during the many years of his residence in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana. His summer vacations he spent in profitable scientific excursions to various lands. He identified himself with the training school of Jean Louis Agassiz on the island of Penikese when it was opened, and remained a friend of Agassiz until the death of that great scientist in 1873. In 1874 he returned to Penikese as lecturer in marine botany. In 1875 he was graduated in medicine from the Indiana Medical College, and in the same year became professor of biology at Butler University, near Indianapolis. He was an assistant on the United States Fish Commission from 1877 to 1891. In 1879 he became professor of zoölogy at the Indiana University, a position which he held until 1885, when he was made president of the institution. In 1891 he resigned the presidency of the Indiana University to take up his life work as president of the Leland Stanford Junior University in California.

In private and in public life Dr. Jordan is a man of the simplest habits. "What always strikes even a casual observer in Jordan," says Professor Anderson, "is that he seldom does things as other men do them. If it cannot always be said that his way is the best, his unfailing success attests that it is anyhow the best for him. In bearing, phrase, turn of wit and simplicity of life he is unique, and that without the slightest affectation of originality. This was true of him as a student. He was probably the best man of his time at college, yet he was rarely seen to study. He paid his expenses in one way and another by his own labor, yet he was a man of leisure." This testimony is from a college friend and classmate. "Perhaps Jordan does not see everything," he adds; "it is enough for him to see what is vital. Those who have time may dwell, if they will, in the skirts and suburbs of things; Jordan strikes for the center. He has the sense of an Indian for direction, and may be relied upon to bring his followers out of the woods as promptly as any guide who could be mentioned."

In the classroom and laboratory Dr. Jordan is an inspira-

tion to all who come in contact with him. He has the personal magnetism requisite to a teacher, to begin with ; and he has in addition that rare sense of adequacy in the expression of his thoughts which Franklin so well knew the value of, when he attributed to its cultivation a great part of his success in science and statesmanship. One of Jordan's most marked characteristics is his love of sincerity, his hatred of shams, hypocrisy, pretense. He presents what he knows to be true, in the most direct language of which he is capable. He is absolutely frank in his dealings with his subject before his classes. He knows what he is trying to do.

Dr. Jordan is an impressive speaker upon the lecture platform. He makes use of none of the elocutionary devices, but speaks as he talks, simply, clearly, sincerely, as one man to others. He is strikingly undramatic ; it is always he and none other that is speaking. Where another man would identify himself with this interest or that, and translate his thought into physical exemplifications as he went along, in order to bear in upon his audience the truth in his mind, Dr. Jordan retains at all times his almost prophetic personality, and is the more effective for it. He uses no gestures, scorns the rhetorical effects of climax, speaks clearly in a pleasing voice, and convinces because of his own belief in what he is saying. His illustrations are the happiest possible. They illuminate rather than ornament, and are drawn from every source. His generalizations are brilliant to the point of epigram. Not the least attractive feature of his style is his humor. Few men are so well endowed with the sense of humor as he.

As a writer, Dr. Jordan is a man of distinct attainments. The same qualities that mark the expression of his thought upon the lecture platform are shown in his prose style. Simplicity, directness, fervor, wide and accurate knowledge, imagination, humor,— in short, the chief literary virtues, and some others,— are eminently present with him when he writes. He exemplifies in a striking way Herbert Spencer's idea that economy of attention is the first requisite of a good style.

His keen sense of humor has already been alluded to, but no casual allusion will express the place that the humorous holds in his life. Lowell somewhere has said that only those who knew him best could know that he was a humorist in the

morning as well as in the afternoon. Jordan, too, is a humorist in the morning. He is a humorist all the time. Strangers are sometimes puzzled to know what to think of him when gravely assenting to some absurdity, or when, with a straight face, he caps a pretentious piece of foolishness by something obviously so foolish that even the one addressed has to stretch his ears to credit it. A case in point is the famous article upon a mythical "Sympsychograph," printed (1896) in the *Popular Science Monthly*. This burlesque purported to be an account of experiments in "mental photography," whereby an absent cat was photographed by means of "thought waves" springing from her mental image in the brain of the "Astral Camera Club of Alcalde." So many readers took the whim seriously that the magazine had to print an editorial explaining the fun.

It is as a university president that Dr. Jordan is most widely known and loved. In 1885 he was made president of the Indiana State University. During his administration of six years he raised that institution from a position of obscurity to a position among the leading western colleges ; and this he did in spite of the niggardly appropriations by the State Legislature ; in spite, too, of the remoteness of the seat of the university. In 1891 he entered upon the presidency of Stanford University. The problem here was as difficult as any problem that a university president has had to face. Not only had the new president no faculty, no traditions, no momentum of scholarly attainment behind him ; he had also no students to educate. He had nothing to begin upon. The university was to be created out of hand. But he had the great faith that overcomes, and brought with him to California Stanford's first faculty of thirty-eight brilliant young men, "to lecture in marble halls to empty benches." The benches, as benches will when brilliant men lecture to them, filled themselves with young men and young women from the beginning, and there was another great university in the world. The success of Stanford University dates from the appointment of David Starr Jordan to be its first president.

Dr. Jordan believes that the end of education is power — the will and the ability to be useful in the world. Training and inspiration alone will justify a scheme of teaching. If these be not present, if cyclopedic wisdom be substituted for

them, or any other ideal be substituted for them, the educational plan fails ; for a man who is merely a repository of knowledge is worth neither more nor less than his equivalent shelf-full of books in the market-place. He is not strong. He is not an educated man. He is an absorbent. He is a sponge. He is a repository of other men's ideas, with no ideas of his own to give in exchange. He may have been instructed, but he has not been educated. "The magnet attracts iron, to be sure," he says, "to the student who has learned the fact from a book ; but the fact is real to the student who has himself felt it pull. It is more than this — it is enchanting to the student who has discovered the fact for himself. To read a statement of the fact gives knowledge, more or less complete, as the book is accurate or the memory retentive. To verify the fact gives training ; to discover it gives inspiration. Training and inspiration, not the facts themselves, are the justification of science-teaching. Facts enough we can gather later in life, when we are too old to be trained or inspired. He whose knowledge comes from authority, or is derived from books alone, has no notion of the force of an idea brought first-hand from human experience."

Any consideration of Dr. Jordan's educational position must necessarily include a reference to the "elective system," for no educator has more unequivocally espoused this system than he. Men are born different, he says ; therefore they require individual training, rather than the training afforded by a curriculum based upon averages. "No two students require exactly the same line of work in order that their time in college may be spent to the best advantage. The college student is the best judge of his own needs, or, at any rate, he can arrange his work for himself better than it can be done beforehand by any committee or by any consensus of educational philosophers. The student may make mistakes in this, as he may elsewhere in much more important things in life ; but here, as elsewhere, he must bear the responsibility of these mistakes. The development of this sense of responsibility is one of the most effective agencies the college has to promote the moral culture of the student. It is better for the student himself that he should sometimes make mistakes than that he should throughout his work be arbitrarily directed by others."

Physically as well as mentally Dr. Jordan is "a massive man, as imperturbable as a mountain." He lives upon simple fare, keeps regular hours, and turns off his work promptly. His nerves never fail him ; he never worries. He is never in a hurry for fear something will not be done. Consequently he can do four men's work without knowing it. The only thing that ever bothers him is society small talk. He is never happy at a reception or a swell dinner, with its chatter, or its smoking, drinking, and speech-making. He plays first base on the faculty baseball team by way of recreation, or goes off tramping through "fresh woods and pastures new" in quest of unnamed birds and fishes. He does not own the silk hat of the traditional college president. His dignity does not depend upon the clothes he wears. He is a part of the Palo Alto ranch, where professors and students and horses and meadow larks and humming birds grow up together, each respecting the rights of the other, and all of them unafraid ; the ranch of the finest fellow-feeling in the world, where the quail and the robins are tamest, because there is no one there who has the desire to throw stones at them. His favorite quotation is the saying of Ulrich von Hutten, "*Die Luft der Freiheit weht* (Freedom is in the air)." Freedom is in the air at Stanford University.

Dr. Jordan's contributions to the literature of science have been numerous and important. In 1877 he published "A Partial Synopsis of the Fishes of Upper Georgia ; with Supplementary Papers on the Fishes of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Indiana," consisting of papers reprinted from the Annals of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, Volume XI. In 1880 he was appointed special agent of the United States Census Bureau for the purpose of inquiring into the marine industries of the Pacific Coast. While upon this duty, with the help of Professor Charles H. Gilbert, he made the first comprehensive survey ever attempted of the fresh-water and marine fishes of the west coast. The immediate results of this labor are embodied in the scattered bulletins of the United States Fish Commission, while the economic aspects are discussed in the "Fisheries" section of the Tenth Census Report. In 1882 appeared the "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," in two volumes, comprising nearly twelve hundred pages, the authorship of which is shared with Dr.

Gilbert. An earlier work, "The Manual of the Vertebrate Animals of the Northern United States, inclusive of Marine Species," has gone through a number of printings, and has grown from the small pocket edition of 1876 to a stout octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages. It attempts to give such guidance with respect to the classification of vertebrate animals as a botanical key gives with respect to our flora. "Science Sketches," published in 1888, consists of a number of unconnected sketches and addresses, written more or less distinctly with a view to the popular presentation of scientific thought. It was of these papers that Professor Anderson said that they "are marked by a union of sound knowledge, with a whimsical humor and delicate fancy which is sufficiently rare among men, whether scientific or literary, and which goes far to convince readers that Jordan might have attained a place in literature perhaps as distinguished as his place in science." Another popular presentation of scientific studies is outlined in his "Factors in Organic Evolution," which is a syllabus to a course of introductory lectures. It was printed in 1894. "The Fishes of Sinaloa" was printed in 1895. In 1896 and 1898 appeared the "Fishes of North and Middle America," in three volumes, 3136 pages, done in collaboration with Dr. Barton W. Evermann, ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission. This manual is the most complete and authoritative of its kind that has yet been written.

In 1896 Dr. Jordan was sent out by the President as commissioner in charge of the fur seal investigation authorized by Congress. Owing to the fact that the regulations formulated by the Paris tribunal of arbitration had failed to accomplish their object, there still remained the question between the United States and Great Britain with regard to pelagic sealing. Dr. Jordan spent a season in Alaska in the careful investigation of seal life on the islands, and the results of the expedition are recorded in three large volumes, "Fur Seals and Fur Seal Islands of the North Pacific Ocean," 1619 pages in all, with a supplementary volume of plates. The work was printed by the Government in 1898.

"Footnotes to Evolution" was published in 1898. The book comprises twelve popular addresses on the evolution of life. "Animal Life," a modern text-book of zoölogy, is by Dr. Jordan and Dr. Vernon L. Kellogg, New York, 1900. In

the introduction it is called "an elementary account of ecology; that is, of the relations of animals to their surroundings and of the responsive adapting or fitting of the life of animals to these surroundings."

Besides his writings on scientific subjects, Dr. Jordan has written some notable papers in education and ethics. Of these, the collection called "Care and Culture of Men" was published in 1896. It is a volume made up of some eighteen addresses relating to higher education. "The Story of the Innumerable Company" (1896) is a series of nine papers upon ethical, religious, and historical subjects. "The Strength of Being Clean" (1900) is a Red Cross address upon the quest for unearned happiness. "Imperial Democracy" (1899) is an eloquent repudiation of the commercial and materialistic spirit, so far as American politics is concerned.

A book of poems, "To Barbara, with Other Verses," was privately printed in 1897. "The Book of Knight and Barbara" (1899) is a collection of tales for children.

SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON said, "To him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favorable." One wind is about as good for him as another.

He may be well equipped, a good craft, sails set, ballast right, cargo well packed; but he wants somewhere to go, a port to enter.

All his activity and preparation are useless without a purpose. A ship without rudder, chart, or compass, on a trackless sea, tossed about like a cockle-shell by wind and wave, is an apt symbol of thousands of youths who undertake to cross the ocean of life without a definite aim. They are more likely to make shipwreck than a safe harbor.

By singleness of purpose we mean an early decision to follow a certain occupation or profession as a life work, keeping that object constantly in view, true as the needle to the North Pole, and pushing for it through sunshine and storm to the goal. That is what the great apostle meant when he said, "This one thing I do." That single purpose took possession of his soul, and all the powers of his nature combined and bent to its accomplishment. In his triumphant declaration,



PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN.

"I press toward the mark for the prize," is not only a dauntless spirit, but also the lofty aim that never knows defeat.

Perhaps the wise man put it best of all, when he said to the young : "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left." That is singleness of purpose.

Seventy years ago there lived a boy in Farmington, New Hampshire, who thought more of a book and school than he did of anything else. He was then only six years of age. When he was eight years old, a neighbor, wife of Hon. Nehemiah Eastman, and sister of Hon. Levi Woodbury, seeing him pass her house, called him in and gave him some clothes, of which he was in great need. At the same time she inquired if he knew how to read.

"Yes, pretty well," he answered.

"Come, then, to-morrow, and see me at my house," she continued. She knew of the lad's fondness for books, and her object was to encourage him.

Early the next morning, little Henry Wilson (for that was his name) presented himself before the good lady, when she said to him : —

"I had intended to give a Testament to some good boy who would be likely to make a proper use of it. You tell me you can read ; now, take this book and let me hear you."

He read a whole chapter.

"Now carry the book home," she added ; "read it entirely through, and you shall have it."

Seven days from that time, he called again at Mrs. Eastman's house, and announced that he had read the book through.

"Why, so soon ? It cannot be !" Mrs. Eastman exclaimed ; "but let me try you."

So she examined him until fully convinced that he had read the Testament through.

"The book is yours now," she kindly said ; and this was the first book he ever owned.

When he was ten years old, his father, who was a poor day-laborer, and worked in a sawmill, bound him by indenture to a hard-working farmer, to serve him on his farm until the age of twenty-one. The bargain was that he should have one

month schooling each year in winter, but none in summer, with board and clothes, and, at the close of his service, should receive six sheep and a yoke of oxen.

He proved a faithful worker, and endeared himself to his guardian and family.

At twenty-one, he received his six sheep and yoke of oxen, and sold them at once for eighty-four dollars. This was a large amount for one who had never possessed so much as two dollars, and who had never spent so much as a single dollar.

But, during the eleven years of hard service on the farm, he had become rich in manly thought and aims. Every moment of leisure and many hours at night, when he ought to have been in bed, he devoted to reading and study. Mrs. Eastman and Judge Whitehouse loaned him books from their ample libraries.

At twenty-one, he had read nearly a thousand volumes, including all the numbers of the *North American Review* published at that time. These books embraced the leading works of British and American statesmen and historians, together with the works of such writers as Irving, Cooper, and Scott. His strong desire for learning, as well as his love of country, were strengthened by this course of reading ; so he resolved to remove to Natick, Massachusetts, where he could earn much more in making brogans, and, at the same time enjoy greater facilities for mental impovement.

In twenty years from the time he began to make brogans in Natick, he became United States senator, taking the seat vacated by Hon. Edward Everett. In less than forty years from the time he became the "Natick cobbler," he was vice-president of the United States.

His single aim made it possible for him to surmount the difficulties and endure the privations that crowded between these two extremes.

When a southern member of the United States Senate called northern workingmen "mud-sills," Mr. Wilson rose in his seat, with the fire of indignation flashing in his eyes, and repelled the charge, saying : —

"Poverty cast her dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood and want was there sometimes, an unbidden guest. At the age of ten years, to aid him who gave me

being in keeping the gaunt specter from the hearth of the mother who bore me, I left the home of my boyhood, and went to earn my bread by daily labor."

It was such a fearless, withering rebuke of Southern aristocracy, that despised honest toil, as to fairly make it stagger.

Such men as Wilson, under the control of a lofty aim from boyhood, have made our country what it is — its commerce, manufactures, mechanic arts, liberty, learning, government, and Christian institutions.

As the burning-glass focalizes the rays of the sun upon a single point, increasing the heat a hundredfold, so singleness of purpose concentrates the mighty native powers of these men upon the nation to push it forward in the path to glory.

It is the absence of this magical quality that leaves thousands of youth to waste their lives in changing from one occupation to another, bringing nothing to pass, and accomplishing nothing for their country or race.

Some of them try to do too little; others, too much.

The latter class have "too many irons in the fire," and so they spoil all. We know that Dr. Adam Clark claimed that a resolute man cannot have too many irons in the fire. He said, "Keep them all agoing, poker, tongs, and all."

But there is the trouble. Not one in a thousand can "keep them all agoing"; they have neither tact nor wisdom enough for that. Trying to take care of too many irons, they burn the whole.

"The master of one trade will support a wife and seven children, and the master of seven will not support himself."

Even Napoleon, who exclaimed when told that the Alps were in the way of his armies, "Then there shall be no Alps!" and built the Simplon Road over almost inaccessible heights, — even he had too many irons in the fire at Waterloo, and, in consequence, lost all.

The men who look into everything are the ones who see into nothing. Let them look into one thing until they look it through, and they will finally see into everything.

Another New Hampshire boy was bent on teaching school. He began to teach in his native town at fifteen years of age. By the best improvement of his time, he was qualified to teach at that early age in that locality. He resolved to make

it his life pursuit, but his father opposed him in this decision, and would grant him no aid.

But this noble purpose held the son's soul so firmly within its power that obstacles and opposition only intensified his aim. He packed up his few effects, and started on foot for Boston. He began to sweep and chore at Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College to pay his way, for he had only eighteen cents in his pocket when he reached the city. At the same time, he pursued his studies with more earnestness than ever. Within a few months he was promoted from janitor to teacher; and, in ten years more, he owned the institution at the head of which he has been for twenty years.

There is no grander spectacle than that of a youth girding his loins for the battle of life, his sharp eye upon the flaming goal in the distance, his soul on fire with enthusiasm for victory, and all barriers crumbling beneath his feet.

These are the few who were not born to die. They live for one noble object, and so they live for all.

Agassiz was so consecrated to the one great purpose of his life that he said to a lyceum committee who proposed to pay him three hundred dollars each for a course of six lectures, "I cannot afford to lecture for money." Something higher and nobler engrossed his soul — success in his life work. He lived for that, and so made all knowledge and science grander.

CHAPTER XIV.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

HIS CONCEPTION OF SUCCESS — THE OFFICE OF CARDINAL — HIS BIRTHPLACE — THE CARDINAL'S CATHEDRAL — EARLY TRAINING — FIRST PRIESTLY LABORS — MADE BISHOP — ATTENDS THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF 1869 — AT RICHMOND — ARCHBISHOP AT FORTY-THREE — CHARACTERISTICS — HABITS — THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE — THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY — CREATED CARDINAL — A WELL-ROUNDED CHARACTER — HOME SURROUNDINGS — IN PUBLIC LIFE. DUTY.

My idea of success differs somewhat from that received generally, when regarded from the mere human, realistic, or utilitarian standpoint. Success, from a Christian standpoint, consists more in the supernatural perfection of intellect and will, than in the attainment of mere material advantages. The success of man must be measured not only by the brief span of life which measures his earthly existence, but it must reach into the life beyond the grave. Success which has only time and a transitory existence as its object is, according to the Christian's idea, only secondary.



True success is attained by the conscientious discharge of duty, and by firm adherence to principle. The man who keeps his destiny before his eyes, and who sacrifices neither duty nor principle, will be a success.

James Card. Gibbons

THE position of a bishop in the Roman Catholic Church is one of the greatest importance, and accompanied by no little difficulty. The bishops are the rulers of the Church, each one standing in the same relation to the entire body, as the governors of provinces to the nation, with the superadded dignity, that they share in the universal gov-

ernment of the Church and have each a voice in her councils. The miter means increased honor, but it also means an increase of care and solicitude. The bishop has to deal with his superiors at Rome, with his equals in the hierarchy, and with his inferiors, the priests and people of his diocese. He has, also, to uphold the honor of the Church before the public at large, and, in a country like this, where so many critical eyes are upon him, where a fierce light beats around his throne, he requires more than the ordinary amount of caution. All this is still more true of a cardinal, one who has reached the highest dignity in the power of the Sovereign Pontiff to bestow. The cardinal is a prince, he enters into relations with crowned heads, he becomes *ipso facto* international, and, as one of the papal electors, and himself a possible candidate for the papacy, he draws the eyes of the world to himself.

Twice in the history of the American Church, one of its prelates was raised to the purple, the late Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, and the subject of this sketch, His Eminence James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The outlines of the life here drawn will show in what manner Cardinal Gibbons prepared himself for the honors that awaited him, and how he has borne them.

Baltimore has been the home of Cardinal Gibbons during the greater part of his life. There are few, if any, of whom it may be said what is a unique fact in the life of our American cardinal. He was baptized, ordained, consecrated, and he received the cardinal's *birretta* in the same church, the one which is now his cathedral, and where, according to all probability his obsequies will be held, and in which his remains will lie beside those of most of his illustrious predecessors. The Cardinal is thus completely identified with his cathedral, which is one of the oldest edifices in his native Baltimore, and one of the oldest Catholic churches north of that portion of the United States which once formed part of the Spanish and French dominions. The corner stone of this venerable edifice was laid by Archbishop Carroll, but it was not dedicated until 1818, by Archbishop Maréchal, the second successor of Carroll. It has witnessed the growth of the Catholic church in the United States, and three national and a number of provincial councils have been held within its

walls, wherein, at one time or another, the voice of the most illustrious bishops of the church has been heard. Sixty-seven years ago an infant was held over the baptismal font in this sacred edifice, who, in after years, was to be seated on its archiepiscopal throne. This was James Gibbons, born on July 23, 1834. His early years were spent in Ireland, the land of his ancestors, and there he received confirmation from a man whose name and deeds will long be remembered in the Irish Church, the great John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam.

In 1853, James Gibbons returned to the country of his birth, and took up his abode in the far South, in beautiful New Orleans. His sojourn in Louisiana, the land of sunshine and flowers, was brief, for, feeling the call to the priesthood, he placed himself under the care of the Sulpitian Fathers, to whom the cardinal has ever remained sincerely attached. He graduated at their college of St. Charles near Ellicott City in 1857, and proceeded thence to the higher studies in St. Mary's Seminary, at Baltimore.

The learned Kenrick was, at that time, Archbishop of Baltimore, and the imposition of his hands made James Gibbons a priest in the cathedral on June 30, 1861. The country was then passing through the crisis of the Civil War, but the young priest had a mission of peace to fulfill, to which he has ever remained faithful ; the tocsin of war was not for him.

At the junction of Broadway and Bank street, a splendid Gothic edifice commands to-day our admiration. This is St. Patrick's. It is only a few years since it was dedicated upon the site of another church, one of Baltimore's landmarks, old St. Patrick's, older than the cathedral and inseparably connected with the memory of its first pastor, that type of monarchical France, the Abbé Moranville, and with Father James Dolan, who has left a monument in the hearts of those who knew him. It was to the latter, that the Rev. James Gibbons was appointed assistant, old St. Patrick's becoming thus the first scene of his priestly labors. His activity at St. Patrick's was brief, for he was soon appointed pastor of St. Bridget's, Canton, having under his care the Catholics of Locust Point, and the garrison at Fort McHenry. In this position he remained until 1865. In the meantime a change had taken place in Baltimore, for the venerated Kenrick had died two

days after the Battle of Gettysburg, and the following year, the Right Rev. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, Kentucky, had succeeded to the archiepiscopal See of Baltimore. It did not take Archbishop Spalding long to become acquainted with the merits of the unassuming young priest who was filling the arduous duties of his pastorate, in an obscure suburb of Baltimore, and, in 1865, the prelate took him to the cathedral, and appointed him Chancellor of the diocese. The following year was an important one in the history of the Church in America, and it afforded Father Gibbons an excellent opportunity to bring his talents into action, thus raising him still higher upon the candlestick. On October 7, 1866, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore was convened by the Archbishop, and the Rev. James Gibbons was one of its chancellors. Little did he dream then, that he would preside at the next one, as successor in the See of Baltimore. The young priest was thus brought into contact with the entire American Church, for there were present seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops, three mitered abbots, and more than one hundred and twenty theologians,— a larger synodical body than had met anywhere in the Church, since the Council of Trent, and yet small, when compared to the Third Plenary Council, over which Archbishop Gibbons was to preside. Among the distinguished persons who witnessed its closing ceremonies, was Andrew Johnson, president of the United States.

Two years later, Rev. James Gibbons was made bishop, at the early age of thirty-four. In March, 1868, a bull of Pope Pius IX. erected the state of North Carolina into a Vicariate Apostolic. This territory, from a human standpoint, was most uninviting to a bishop, but it afforded a magnificent field for the exercise of zealous labor. The entire district contained only three Catholic Churches, two or three priests, and about one thousand Catholics. It was over this portion of the vineyard that Father Gibbons was appointed Vicar Apostolic, in August, 1868. Archbishop Spalding, his friend and patron, consecrated him Bishop of Adramytum, the title he bore, until he was promoted to the See of Richmond. The consecration took place in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and Bishop Gibbons entered his vicariate soon after, on All Saints' Day. The new prelate did not allow the grass to grow under his

feet, nor did he eat the bread of idleness, for, in a short time, he had built six churches, and prepared and ordained a number of priests. He began his labors, by opening a school which he personally conducted, and, traveling over the state, he made the acquaintance of every adult Catholic in his vicariate. Neglecting no opportunity of doing good, he would preach at all times, and everywhere, and I have heard the Cardinal relate how he preached in a Protestant Church, from a Protestant pulpit, to a Protestant congregation, that had been summoned together by a Protestant bell. Seeing how little the Catholic Church was known and understood, he determined to spread the knowledge of it by means of the press. "The Faith of our Fathers," a brief exposition of Catholic doctrine soon established his reputation as an author, as well by the solidity of the matter it contained, as by the controversy it evoked. It has gone through many editions, and it has been translated into a number of languages. We may say, that no Catholic book published in this country has met with such success.

Shortly after his appointment as Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, one of those opportunities was presented to Bishop Gibbons, such as come into the life of few Catholic bishops. Since the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, the entire Church had never been convened in an œcumenical council, until in 1869, that of the Vatican met at Rome. Bishop Gibbons, in company with Archbishop Spalding, attended its sessions. There he had an opportunity, not only of frequently meeting the great Pius IX., but of coming into contact with the most eminent members of the hierarchy throughout the world. There was Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, Von Ketteler of Mayence, Deschamps of Malines, Manning of Westminster, Pecci, the future Leo XIII., and a host of others, while that clever diplomatist and statesman, Antonelli, was still at the head of affairs at Rome. But the council was of short duration, for the thunders of Victor Emmanuel's artillery were soon heard approaching the Eternal City, and the Fathers of the Council, among them Bishop Gibbons, returned home, the council being suspended.

Bishop Gibbons had been four years presiding over the Church of North Carolina, when the death of Bishop McGill left the See of Richmond vacant. The Vicar Apostolic of

North Carolina was promoted to it on July 30, 1872, the same day on which the Bishop of Newark, James Roosevelt Bailey, was appointed to succeed the late Archbishop Spalding, who had died the preceding February. When Bishop Bailey received the pallium from Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia, the new Bishop of Richmond was present in the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Baltimore.

Bishop Gibbons, at the head of the diocese of Richmond, true to his antecedents, continued to walk in the footsteps of his zealous predecessor, and, under his influence, the Church in Virginia received a fresh impulse. New churches were built, while parochial schools, and institutions of charity sprang up on all sides.

He had labored nearly five years in Richmond, when the declining health of Archbishop Bailey rendered the appointment of a coadjutor necessary. The Bishop of Richmond was named to this office with the title of Bishop of Jinopolis in July, 1877. The archbishop died the following October, and the coadjutor bishop succeeded him. Thus was James Gibbons, at the age of forty-three, archbishop of the first See in the United States, and seated on the episcopal throne in the cathedral that had witnessed his baptism, his ordination, and his consecration. He found the diocese of Baltimore in a flourishing condition, owing to the zealous labors of his predecessors and their efficient co-workers, but he has doubled the talents confided to his care. In the silence of his solemn cathedral, when in the lengthening shades of evening, he kneels before the altar, at that hour when memory loves to linger on the past, how many scenes must return to the Cardinal's mind! Of all the old familiar faces of his early priesthood that flit before his memory, few are left. Kenrick and Spalding are sleeping beneath the high altar; Dubreuil, the venerable president of St. Mary's Seminary, is resting under the old chapel of his former abode, not many squares away; McColgan, Dolan, McManus, Gately, Foley, and many more have all left for their eternal home; another Foley wears the miter in a distant state, and the Cardinal finds himself almost the senior priest in his diocese.

And how many things have happened in these twenty-four years! Churches that did not then exist, are now in a flourishing condition; the younger, and larger portion of the

clergy is almost entirely the creation of the Cardinal, whose paternal government of his diocese and whose prudent and peace-loving disposition have made him respected, admired, and beloved by all classes of the community. Often have those outside of the Catholic Church spoken in the highest terms of Cardinal Gibbons, for he has known how to draw hearts to himself, without surrendering one iota of principle, as his sermons and public utterances testify. Even those who may differ from his opinions, have the greatest respect for his judgment, and he has enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the greatest men in the land.

In company, the Cardinal is unassuming, like all men of a truly great soul, and he knows how to descend to the level of the humblest as well as to rise to the elevation of the loftiest. His conversation is of the widest range, nor does he permit it to lag. While alien to every species of levity, he knows how to appreciate and enjoy wit and repartee. Yet, in general, he is of a serious bent of mind, and he seems naturally to incline towards subjects more or less useful. Whenever the Cardinal invites the priests to walk with him, as he has occasionally invited a great number, the conversation has spontaneously drifted to religion, social economy, literature, and kindred subjects, and the same tendency on his part is noticed in a general conversation.

The Cardinal is a great and habitual walker. Twice a day, morning and evening, the Cardinal indulges in a walk, and he can outwalk the youngest. The figure of Cardinal Gibbons on the aristocratic Charles, or the busy Baltimore street, is a familiar one to every Baltimorian, and for all he has a graceful bow, or a kindly nod, not disdaining to exchange an occasional word with some old woman, or little newsboy. The Cardinal is of the utmost regularity of habits, rising and retiring at the same hours, and having a fixed time for every detail of work, devotion, or recreation. His is a busy life, for he is in communication with all parts of the world, and letters pour in upon him from all sides, yet he has found time to devote his leisure moments to writing, and, within these last few years, he has given to the world "Our Christian Heritage," and "The Ambassador of Christ," the latter being an admirable book for the clergy.

This glimpse of what might be named the inner life of the

Cardinal causes us to turn aside for a moment from the consideration of that which is more known to the public at large. Besides the ordinary course of events, more or less similar to those of every diocese, we find in the record of the diocese of Baltimore, and in the life of Cardinal Gibbons certain great facts that have given him a place in history, and a niche in the temple of fame. To these belong pre-eminently the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and the establishment of the Catholic University.

In 1883, Archbishop Gibbons went to Rome, together with the other archbishops of the country, and the preliminary arrangements were made for the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. This was a great event in the history of the American Church. Archbishop Gibbons was appointed Apostolic delegate, and, under his presidency, the council met at Baltimore in November, 1884. It was now eighteen years since that other council in which the Reverend James Gibbons, then a young priest, had taken part under Archbishop Spalding. Many of the fathers of that body passed away, and others among them, Archbishop Gibbons himself, had taken their place. A comparison of the numbers of those who assisted at both councils will give an idea of the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States during the period which had just elapsed. There were present at the Second Plenary Council, seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops, three mitered abbots, and over one hundred and twenty priests. At the Third Plenary Council, the number of archbishops had been doubled, and that of the bishops was fifty-seven, besides four administrators of sees, and one prefect apostolic. There were six mitered abbots, ten monsignori, thirty-one superiors of religious orders, eleven presidents of seminaries, and eighty-eight theologians. It was indeed an imposing sight when, on the day of the opening of the council, the procession marched to the cathedral, the bishops in miter and cope, and the rest of the clergy, regular and secular, in their respective habits. The effect of the Third Plenary Council upon the Church in America has been immense, and the Catholic religion received a fresh impulse. The Holy See showed its appreciation of the services which Archbishop Gibbons had rendered, by appointing him cardinal the following year. The venerable Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, whose brother

had ordained Archbishop Gibbons, bestowed upon the new cardinal the first insignia of his dignity in the Cathedral of Baltimore.

Two years later, His Eminence went to Rome, to receive the cardinal's hat from the hands of His Holiness. At that time the question of proscribing in ecclesiastical circles the organization of the Knights of Labor was mooted. Certain prelates beheld in them a danger to the Church, and felt inclined to class them with forbidden secret societies. The Cardinal did not share this opinion, and it is due to his strenuous efforts in their behalf, during his sojourn in Rome, that the threatened condemnation was averted.

It will be remembered with what enthusiasm the people of Baltimore received the Cardinal, on his return home. Multitudes lined the streets from his residence to the Pennsylvania Railroad station where he arrived, and all the Catholic churches sent large delegations to meet him. The cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity, when the red-robed Prince of the Church gave to the assembled multitudes his blessing from his episcopal throne.

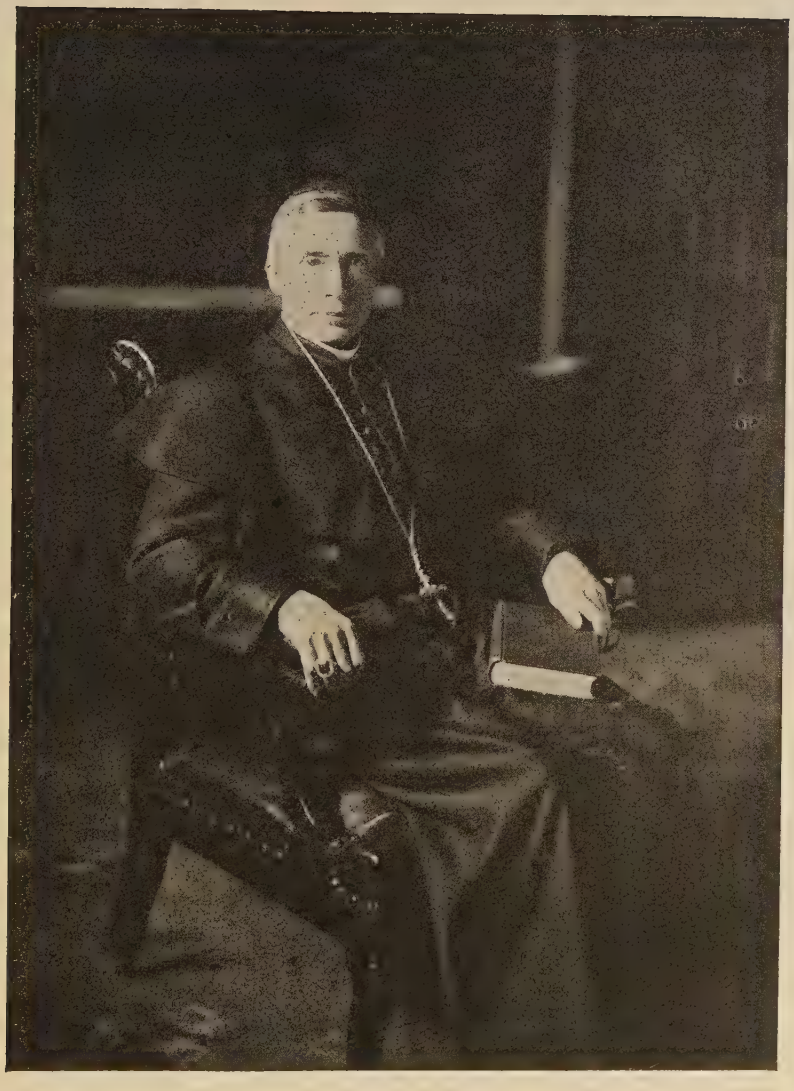
One of the great and lasting results of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and which will long remain as its enduring monument, is the Catholic University of America. The gift of $300,000 made by Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell to the Council, rendered the beginning of the university possible. No time was lost in the preliminaries, and, four years after the Council, on May 24, 1888, the corner stone of the new university was laid in the outskirts of Washington, D. C., by His Eminence, the Cardinal. The following year, on November 13, the Cardinal dedicated the Divinity building, and the Catholic University of America was thus launched forth, under favorable auspices, and the chancellorship of the Cardinal. The diocese of Baltimore celebrated about the same time the one hundredth anniversary of its existence, and, to commemorate the event, the first congress of Catholic laymen was held in the city of Baltimore. A few years later, Cardinal Gibbons celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration amid a splendid gathering of prelates, priests, and people who had come from all parts of the country, to do honor to His Eminence. The Pope himself sent a testimonial of his regard, which was presented to the Cardinal

by Dr. Rooker of the American College, who had been deputed for the purpose by His Holiness.

The life of Cardinal Gibbons has been an eminently successful one from every standpoint. Always priestly, and filled with the sacerdotal spirit, his private life is open to the severest criticism, and he may well be held up to his clergy as a model, for he has taught them by his example, as well as by his word. He is always present at their annual retreats, going through the exercises like the youngest priest, and listening with the greatest attention to the conferences. He always closes the retreat himself, delivering his yearly admonitions. He is seldom or never absent from their theological conferences, and a letter to the diocesan chancery is sure of an immediate reply. There is no red tape necessary to be admitted to the presence of His Eminence, for his manners are simplicity itself, and he is truly a democratic American citizen. His dwelling, his room, all denote the simplicity of his character, and one will seek in vain at his residence for that luxury which so frequently marks the houses of the great. Besides some good old paintings on the walls, there is little that will command attention in the Cardinal's residence, if we except the large library, and that most valuable collection of archives. Laymen and strangers generally are received by the Cardinal in his parlor, but his own priests, who know his hours, have to go through no other formality than that of knocking at his door.

In his public life, the Cardinal has been no less successful, and he has steadily risen from honor to honor, without a cloud to darken the horizon of his fame. He has been able to avoid those conflicts that come into the lives of some men, and he has made himself respected by his peaceable disposition, without sacrificing a principle, or compromising his dignity. Obedient to the teachings of his Divine Master, he has known how to practice forbearance, and pardon faults, and, if anything is absent from the Cardinal's disposition, it is a revengeful temper.

His caution and prudence are well known, and, like many great men, he is fond of taking counsel, even in such matters as the composition of his works. Though a true ecclesiastic, he knows how to appreciate the spirit of the age, and utilize whatever of good there is in it. His sermons are character-



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

ized by those happy thoughts, and bright flashes that render the words of a speaker so agreeable and impressive. In a word, one does not make the acquaintance of Cardinal Gibbons, without a feeling of satisfaction, that one has learned to know a great and good man, who deserves the honors it has pleased Providence to bestow upon him.

Looking back over the years of his episcopate, it must, indeed, be a great satisfaction to the Cardinal to contemplate the progress made by the Church, since the Third Plenary Council, and the share he has had in the work.

DUTY.

OF all the watchwords of life, duty is the highest and best. He who sincerely adopts it lives a true life ; he is really the successful one. It pertains to all parts and relations of life. There is no moment, place, or condition, where its claims are not imperative. The poet states it well,—

> "I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
> I woke, and found that life was Duty."

A thousand years after an eruption of Vesuvius had buried Pompeii beneath its burning lava, explorers laid bare the ruins of the ill-fated city. There the unfortunate inhabitants were found just where they were overtaken by the stream of fire. Some were discovered in lofty attics, and some in deep cellars, whither they had fled before the approaching desolation. Others were found in the streets, through which they were fleeing in wild despair when the tide of molten death overwhelmed them. But the Roman sentinel was found standing at his post, his skeleton hand still grasping the hilt of his sword, his attitude that of a faithful officer. He was placed there on duty, and death met him at his post,—the fearless sentinel that he was. Not even the bursting of a volcano, with its deluge of fire descending upon him, could drive him from his post, or disturb his self-control. It was a sense of duty that kept him true, an example of fidelity to a sacred trust ; and to-day his helmet, lance, and breastplate are preserved in Naples as a tribute to his memory.

Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary,

used to say to her pupils : "Go where *duty* calls. Take hold, if necessary, where no one else will." Duty, as a watchword and inspiration, she kept before them constantly. Personal obligation, instead of personal emolument or fame, she besought them to remember. At length a contagious and fatal disease broke out in the seminary, and the first victim was lying at the door of death. Pupils were filled with alarm, many hastening to pack their trunks and leave for home. A scene of confusion and dismay followed. Miss Lyon, with surprising self-possession and serenity, called the pupils together to allay their fears, and impart lessons such as the occasion suggested to her mind. "Shall we fear what God is about to do ?" she said. "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or fail to do it." On the following day the dreaded malady prostrated her, and, in a single week, she passed to the spirit land. Her last lesson was on duty, and her last act was meeting its demand.

Unlike Napoleon or Alexander, Nelson's watchword was duty. He never fought for fame. His ambition was subject to personal obligation. "England this day expects each man to do his duty," were the words emblazoned upon his colors in the battle of Trafalgar. If each man did his duty, the victory would be complete ; if each fought for fame, the battle would be lost. Duty is so much higher than glory, and so much more inspiring, that victories hang upon it. At this last and crowning conflict at Trafalgar, he was mortally wounded, but lived to know that his triumph was complete, and expired, saying, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Of the same type was Wellington, who once said to a friend : "There is little or nothing in this life worth living for ; but we can all of us go straight forward and do our duty." Whether serving at home in his family, or serving his country on the field, one high, noble purpose inspired him, — duty. He did not ask, Will this course win fame ? Will this battle add to my earthly glory ? But always, What is duty ? He did what duty commanded, and followed where it led. It was his firm adherence to what he thought was right, that brought down upon him the violence of a mob in the streets of London, assaulting his person and attacking his house, when his wife lay dead therein.

When Sidney, the immortal English patriot, was told that he could save his life by denying his own handwriting, and thus tell a falsehood, he replied, "When God has brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood." A higher sense of duty, or personal respect for it, is not found recorded. It hallows human life by making death a secondary consideration.

While I am now writing, the news comes that a fearful conflagration has licked up five million dollars in the heart of Boston within a few hours. The heroic firemen found themselves engaged in an equal contest with the fiery demon, and yet they staked their lives on the issue, and four brave fellows went down beneath crumbling walls in their efforts to conquer. They perished in the discharge of duty.

The foregoing facts, better than argument, show both the nature and place of duty in the work of life. We see it in practical operation, always timely, honorable, and attractive. It cannot be discounted or even smirched. It stands out in bold relief, supported by a clear conscience and strong will. It demands recognition, and gets it.

Duty is something that must be done without regard to discomfort, sacrifice, or death; and it must be done in secret, as well as in public.

The doer is not a "creature of circumstances"; he is master of circumstances. The power of a trained conscience and invincible will makes him superior to all surroundings, and the discharge of duty becomes at once inevitable and easy.

Luther was warned against appearing before one Duke George, because he was his bitter enemy, but he replied, "I *will* go if it rains Duke Georges all the while, for *duty* calls."

"I am ready not only to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem," replied Paul to weeping companions who besought him not to risk his life in that wicked city. Duty was paramount to all things else; it was second to nothing on earth.

In the daily affairs of life, whether the most important or the least, duty should command. Youth must come under its control as well as age. The earlier its demands are honored in the home, social circle, shop, school, or college, the easier will be its service, and the larger satisfaction will it yield. Obedience to the behests of duty, and the ruling desire to be

useful, are cardinal elements of success. It is a trumpet call that duty sounds, at which all the nobler attributes of manhood spring into life.

Smiles says, "Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; it alone is true;" and George Herbert says, "The consciousness of duty performed 'gives us music at midnight.'"

Closely allied with duty is the choice of permanent values. It is a waste of time to seek a good thing that will last only a day or a year. A transient blessing may be desirable in itself, but if a permanent one can be secured by like effort in its stead, it is a very unwise use of time to try for the former instead of the latter. We ought to measure good things by the length of time they will be good. What will help us far away in manhood, as well as now, is surely more desirable than what will help us only now. Its real worth must be altogether greater. Four years in college may be of some service to a young man who means to be a trader or manufacturer, but if the same four years in actual business will be a better preparation for his life work, the latter is worth more than the former to him, and he ought to choose it.

Education is a good thing for anyone, for it lasts through life, and even serves manhood better than it does boyhood. Hence it is of the highest value, — valuable for what it is to-day, more valuable for what it is to-morrow, and most valuable for what it is through life. Permanent values are always far more desirable than transient ones; and in seeking them there is higher discipline and more character.

Robert Bloomfield was a poor boy, but he kept his eye on manhood. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker when he was quite young, but he expected to enjoy something better than that when he became a man. He wanted an education; it was the dream of his early life, but if he acquired it, his own persistent efforts must do it. Reading might lead to it; he would try it. His leisure moments became his most valuable time, a book being his constant companion. One was placed on a frame beside his work-bench, that he might read a sentence now and then when he could look away from his work for a moment. Evenings until late at night, and early in the morning before going to his daily task, reading was his pastime. Here was all the seminary and college he could ever enjoy. He must make the most of his spare hours now, or he

could never realize the fulfillment of his hopes in manhood. He was after what was not only a good thing now, but something that would be vastly better for his mature life. Thus animated by a lofty aim, he applied himself to self-improvement year after year, and at forty years of age he was a famous scholar. The fulfillment of his hopes was realized, and his soul was satisfied, for he had secured what would be to him the richest boon through the remainder of his life. Before his death he ranked among the most learned men of his day.

Robert Bloomfield sought and found what was good at the start, and what continued to be good to the end of his life. Such should be the aim of every youth — choosing things permanent rather than those of transient value. Herein lies the great worth of honesty, industry, benevolence, punctuality, and kindred virtues: time does not limit their practical use, for they are just as practical and valuable in age as they are in youth. It is not so with wealth. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. They often vanish when men least expect it, and even if they remain, they may prove a snare and a curse. And the same is true of honor and fame; they are uncertain possessions. Unlike honesty, and the train of virtues mentioned, they may sadly disappoint us. Honesty is never disappointing, and it always stays where it is really wanted. Its market value is never fluctuating; it is always at par, or above — never below. We can say of it as the apostle did of charity, "it never faileth." If we could say the same of money and fame, their values would be vastly augmented. But we cannot, and so their real worth is materially impaired.

Stephen Girard placed the highest value upon wealth. Neither learning nor a "good name" were of much account to him in comparison with money. All things were appraised according to their fitness to produce riches. That which would yield the most dollars in the shortest time was the most valuable to him. Wealth poured into his coffers, of course, under this régime. Fortune was piled upon fortune. The more he got, the more he wanted. The passion for getting increased to a mania. The use of money was scarcely thought of — only its possession; it was valued for its own sake. And, after a long life of drudgery, with none of that

peace and sweetness that should have been infused into it, he was forced to quit this world without a till in his coffin, or a pocket in his shroud. It must have been a sore disappointment to leave these earthly conveniences on this side of the grave, but such is the way with acquisitions that do not last. The folly of choosing the transient instead of the permanent is finally manifest.

Youth is the period of discipline ; and discipline, true and thorough, is a blessing that lasts beyond this life. Whether it be an education that is sought, or a trade, or an art, discipline is the blessing that should result — discipline of the threefold nature, physical, mental, and moral. This pays well for the most self-sacrificing and persistent effort in any and every pursuit ; nobler manhood and womanhood is surer to be. It is this thought and aim that should be uppermost, whether a person be engaged in manual labor, reading, study, or other necessary effort ; discipline should be the one grand acquisition sought, because, like the charity of inspiration, it will last forever. "Charity never faileth ; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

Horace Greeley possessed so many attributes of the successful man that frequent reference to him is indispensable. Few men illustrate the subject in hand so well as he. From his boyhood, he had an eye upon permanent values. All through his life that which was of general utility for the longest time won his support, whether it was a book, utensil, machine, coat, daily paper, or a virtue. He was a stalwart foe to pretentious display, the spirit of caste, fashion, and the undue deference paid to wealth and position. These were transitory things, and, therefore, comparatively valueless.

He once wrote of the man who has run the race of life : "Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamations, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve ? What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toils, or that all has, at the last moment been stricken from his grasp ? Ask not whether he brings into

retirement the wealth of the Indies, or the poverty of the bankrupt, whether his couch be of down or of rushes, his dwelling a hut or a mansion. He has lived to little purpose, indeed, if he has not long since realized that wealth and renown are not the true ends of exertion, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close, if the evening of his days shall be genial and blissful, should ask not for broad acres, nor towering edifices, nor laden coffers. Perverted old age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity, but they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyments. Ask, rather, Has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions ? Has he lived a true life ?"

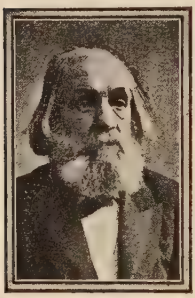
These words indicate the trend of the writer's life,— to permanent values. That he may have carried his views to an extreme will not be denied. He might have selected a handsome coat instead of a homely one, when he chose the most durable ; his manners might have been simple, sincere, and polite, without being awkward or odd. There is a permanent value with grace, as there is a transient value with it. The first should be sought and found.

CHAPTER XV.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

ON "WHAT CAREER"— PART IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CELEBRATION IN BOSTON — DIVISIONS OF HIS CAREER — AS A JOURNALIST — AS A CHRISTIAN MINISTER — SOCIAL REFORMER — PUBLICIST AND PATRIOT — CHARACTER OF HIS WRITINGS — AS AN EDUCATOR — ANTIQUARIAN — HIS VIEWS AS TO THE PURPOSES OF LIFE — HIS UPLIFTING PERSONALITY. NOT ABOVE ONE'S BUSINESS.

It is better to do one thing well than two things by halves; better to learn one thing thoroughly than to get a smattering of two; better to stick to one duty till it is finished than to make two beginnings.



When the occupation is chosen, and prepared for, consecrate yourself to it that its work shall be well done. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." That is the rule. Whatever you do, do that work well. Do it as a leader does it, and, above all, do not blow your own trumpets; nor, which is the same thing, ask other people to blow them. No trumpeter ever rose to be a general. If the power to lead is in you, other men will follow. If it is not in you, nothing will make them follow. It is for you to find the eternal law of the universe and to put yourself in harmony with that law.

It is not simply the training of the voice to speak; it is not simply training the eye to see; far less is it the training of the fingers to this service or that toil. It is that we may come unto a perfect man, trained in faith, hope, and love,— in faith to look above the world; in hope to look beyond time; in love to look outside the lesser life into that communion in which we are one with all God's children, one even with himself.

Edward E. Hale

THE twentieth century began in the city of Boston, Mass., with a ceremony so profoundly religious, and so entirely democratic and popular, that a much-traveled, critical, sober-minded Harvard University professor who carefully studied it as a social phenomenon of a unique kind afterward described it as the most impressive religious ceremony he ever had witnessed — one that had renewed his faith in religion and democracy.

The man who conceived the idea of Boston in 1900 doing what was done in Boston in 1700, who set the Twentieth Century Club at work arranging for the service at the State House, who afterward was selected inevitably to be the priestly celebrant of the midnight worship, who stood on the balcony of the ancient building designed by Bulfinch and with stentorian voice in prayer and by reading of the Ninetieth Psalm led the devotions of the several thousand inhabitants of the city who filled the streets near the State House and then overflowed on the historic Common, was none other than Edward Everett Hale, now in his eightieth year, Boston's leading citizen for many years, and one of the greatest — some would say, the greatest,— of living Americans.

Two facts immediately arrest the attention of one who attempts to draw a pen-picture of Dr. Hale. First, the length of his service to mankind and the breadth of his sympathy and activity; second, the individuality of his methods and words. The mold in which he was cast was broken at his birth. No one like him, or even faintly resembling him, appears among the Bostonians or New Englanders of this generation, or did in the one which immediately followed his own.

His career as a journalist began ere he graduated from Harvard College in 1839, being then only seventeen years old. His career as a minister began in 1842; the time between this and 1846, when he became the pastor of the Church of the Unity, Worcester, Mass., being spent as a ministerial free-lance. His career as a learner and teacher in charitable and philanthropic activity began about the same time, when he was elected to serve on Worcester's Board of Overseers of the Poor. His career as a publicist began with fighting against the institution of human slavery, when in 1845 he wrote and published a pamphlet on "Emigration to Texas";

and this was followed by acts and writings which entitled him to be called one of the builders of the Commonwealth of Kansas as a mother of men and women who love liberty and literacy. His career as a man of letters began with contributions to the *Rosary* in 1848, and has not ceased. His career as an educator began as a teacher of Latin in the Boston Latin School during 1839-41, and since then he has held many responsible advisory, administrative positions, such as overseer at Harvard, as trustee of Antioch College, as councilor of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, etc. Obviously, a life so varied in its avocations, and so long in its tenure, as this, must have been an exceptional one.

To describe adequately the spirit underlying all this variety and range of activity, and the individual methods of thought and action which have stamped Dr. Hale's career, is no easy task. Even as his exterior is so unlike that of any other man, so are his methods. But the motives that have governed him lie open to the gaze of all ; and few men have so fully revealed their philosophy of life as Dr. Hale has in his writings.

Consider first his place and his service as a journalist,— one who has lost money by the *profession* rather than one who has made money at the *business* of newspaper making ; one, too, who has conceived of his several journals as prisms for the refraction of light or torches for the warning of mariners, and not as mirrors with a plane surface. Samuel Bowles the second, greatest by far of the three editors of that name who have made the Springfield *Republican* so influential a journal, once said to Mr. Frank Sanborn, that at that time "they had only one good journalist in all Boston, and they were spoiling him in the pulpit!" He referred to Dr. Hale. Dr. Hale says of himself that he was cradled in the sheets of the daily newspaper — the *Advertiser* — which his father owned and edited, and it is a statement that is essentially if not literally true. Had he been content to live the wearing, drudging life of a journalist, he might have become the rival of Greeley as the molder of Northern opinion. For he has had three indispensable qualities of all great journalists,— a nervous, colloquial English style, full of life and the human quality ; a scent for news ; and a clean-cut, tenacious memory which has stored away the impressions of a vigilant

eye and a sensitive ear, so that what he once said of Walt Whitman has been pre-eminently true of him : "What he has once seen, he has seen forever."

But this drudgery of journalism Dr. Hale was not willing to endure ; so he turned to the pulpit and the pastorate. Nevertheless, in conjunction with the pastorate, he has seldom been without an organ of his own, or a journal in which he could write as he pleased. To-day he has his own department in the weekly organ of the Unitarian denomination, and he is still sponsor for the *Lend a Hand Record*, a monthly record of philanthropic deeds and plans. His most pretentious and the longest-lived journal was *Old and New*, a high-grade religious and literary monthly, which finally was merged with *Scribner's Monthly*. For the first year of its life, he was co-editor with Mr. Edwin D. Mead in producing the *New England Magazine*.

Dr. Hale, in commenting on his career as a journalist, has testified to his indebtedness, as a man of many other modes of activity, to the training which journalism gives a man by teaching him to observe, to describe accurately what he observes and that promptly. In short, he holds that precision and range of sight foster insight. Swiftness and accuracy in forming and expressing opinion save time, lessen friction, and enhance authority. Dr. Hale's rules for writing are these :—

1. Know what you want to say.
2. Say it.
3. Use your own language.
4. Leave out all fine passages.
5. A short word is better than a long one.
6. The fewer words, other things being equal, the better.
7. Cut it to pieces.

Such rules are eloquent of practical experience as an editor.

Dr. Hale's career as a Christian minister — he refuses to be called a "clergyman" — began with his licensure, in 1842. Then, in 1846, he went to Worcester, and in 1856 he returned to his native city, Boston ; and not until 1900 did he give up the pastorate of the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church or cease preaching weekly. Of this church he still is *pastor emeritus*, and in its peculiarly family-like life his spirit is influential.

As a Unitarian theologian, he ranks below Channing or Hedge. In so far as he has been a theologian, it has been as a teacher of the theology of the heart, and not as a speculative thinker. As a liberal polemicist, he is not to be mentioned with Theodore Parker for power. In range and accuracy of biblical scholarship, many of his sect have surpassed him. His sermons from week to week have not averaged high as specimens of the art of homiletical structure as taught in the divinity schools, too often being discursive and formless. Yet there are so many of them in print that it is clear that there often has been a popular demand for their wider circulation, and occasionally they are so nearly ideal in method and style that one is constrained to believe that had Dr. Hale concentrated his powers on his pulpit ministrations he might have become one of the great preachers of the time.

This much must be said of all his sermons, however: They always have been in language of the day and understandable of all men. His themes also have been contemporaneous. God manifesting himself in America of the nineteenth century has interested Dr. Hale more than the Jehovah of the Jews or the God of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. His gospel has not been "a theologic gospel of hay or wood," and he has always avoided the "parsonic cadence."

The explanation of Dr. Hale's abiding influence in his own church and denomination, and with the Christian public, is to be found in his "continuous disclosure of a beautiful spirit" —to apply to him a saying which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie used in describing Dr. Lyman Abbott's influence in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. From the first day he entered a pulpit to this hour, he has cared infinitely more for the kingdom of God than for the Church universal or local. His people have been taught to be charitable in spirit and deed, and, so far as possible, wise in their methods of doing good; and no good cause, civic, educational, or philanthropic, whether national or local in scope, has failed to receive suggestive, intelligent discussion in his pulpit, and in the church's classes and conferences. To him have come for succor countless unfortunates and needy folk, who never have found him too busy to give counsel and practical aid. Hence, for many years he has been pastor at large for the city of Boston, having other men's burdens imposed upon him, to be sure, and occasionally being

victimized by frauds in whose honesty he had Christlike faith, but never losing faith in humanity or ceasing to be fatherly, brotherly, and beneficent because occasionally cheated. He has been Boston's St. Christopher.

As exponent of a social conception or type of Christianity, Dr. Hale is to this country what Maurice, Kingsley, and the English pioneers of this school of thought were to Great Britain. From the first, he has stood four-square for such a conception of the Church as makes it a leaven of the civic lump, or the salt that preserves society. This doctrine he has preached with voice and pen in sermons, editorials, and books for more than half a century ; and the precise limits of his influence is beyond compute. But it has been constant and far-reaching.

To attempt to chronicle merely, let alone describe, the part played by Dr. Hale as a social reformer and as an altruist, is to be amazed at the prescience, the range, and the indefatigability of the man. Just as no person deserving pity has been turned away from his door, so no reform movement has appealed in vain to him for aid. The negro as a slave, and the negro as a freedman, the Indian as he was before the days of the annual Mohonk conference, and as he is now, and immigrants from Europe of all nationalities, have had a champion in Dr. Hale. Civil service reform, prison reform, the Law and Order League, know him as an advocate. Charity administration, whether on the old individualistic basis, or as at present organized, has counted him an alert and influential promoter. By first writing his story, "Ten Times One Is Ten," and thus leading up to the organizing of the King's Daughters and the Lend-a-Hand Clubs, and then by writing the story, "In His Name," Dr. Hale did more than any other man to enlist the youth of the country in altruistic service, and in a healthy, objective type of religious activity, his motto for them being —

> Look up, and not down ;
> Look forward, and not back :
> Look out, and not in :
> Lend a hand.

Previously, the type had been too subjective.

Last in point of time, but not least in importance, of the

reforms championed by Dr. Hale has been the project of an international arbitration tribunal, or permanent judiciary for international disputes. As he scans the outcome of The Hague Convention of 1899, and notes its provision for the creation of a court of this kind, it must be a matter of much pride to him that as long ago as 1889 he preached in Washington, D. C., before high officials of state, a sermon in which he outlined a plan very similar to that adopted at The Hague. Year after year he has urged this at the Mohonk conferences and elsewhere.

Since 1889, Dr. Hale has repeatedly called on the nations to act speedily and sensibly in the matter; and now, of course, his prayer is that he may survive to see the court adjudicate upon at least one case. Two years ago, when public sentiment seemed apathetic, he went up and down the Eastern and Middle states for weeks, sometimes speaking every day in the week, to rouse America to do her part at The Hague. He has been the greatest inspirer among us, since Charles Sumner, of the spirit which demands peace on earth and the better organization of the world.

As a publicist and patriot, Dr. Hale did invaluable work preceding the Civil War as an agitator against slavery, although he never was an extremist like William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. During the war, by such poems as "Take the Loan" and "Put It Through," he spurred the Northern public on to do its duty. By urging recruiting among his own church members and by setting the entire membership of his church at work in all sorts of schemes for bettering the lot of the Northern troops, he made the South Congregational Church a very live cell — to quote his own figure of speech — in the national cellular tissue. As director of the Freedmen's Aid Society, as official of the Sanitary Commission, he found ample play for his organizing power and skill. But these activities were comparatively restricted and local in their range. It was as the writer for the *Atlantic* of articles full of hope and sane optimism that Dr. Hale's influence at this time was widest. In this periodical appeared in 1863, his masterpiece, "A Man Without a Country," which, besides preaching its sermon, demonstrated that America had a short-story writer of the first rank; and this at a time long before the example of the French in this form of literature

had been taken as a model by us, and so cleverly imitated or improved, as it has been by not a few of our authors. Curiously, the year which saw the war with Spain over Cuba open was the year of the largest sale of this book of Dr. Hale's.

The son of a Whig, a Free Soiler in youth, Dr. Hale early took his place in the ranks of the Republican party, and has never left it, preferring like his life-long friend, Hon. George Frisbie Hoar, United States Senator from Massachusetts, to do his reform work as a partisan inside the breast-works, rather than outside with the enemy. As a clergyman, he has not been as prone as some of his contemporaries to prescribe courses of action for civil authorities. While he has ever stoutly maintained that in no other country in Christendom do Church and State so depend upon the service of substantially the same men — "The State's men being really the Church's men, and the Church's men really State's men," to quote his own words — he also has an unusually keen perception, for one of his calling, of the practical aspects of civic administration and party politics, and how far and how rapidly it is possible to make the ideal the real in a democracy. Hence he never has been a clerical scold, or a maligner of public officials.

His attitude may be illustrated by his course since the war with Spain broke out in 1898. As one conversant with Spanish history and character to a degree not common among Americans, having early in life turned his attention to Spanish and Latin American history, he might have been pardoned if in the pulpit and press he had prescribed for his countrymen a suitable course of action toward Spain. Other men with far less knowledge would have rushed to the front with their opinions. But Dr. Hale said or wrote nothing; and shortly after the war began he told his congregation that he would not preach about the war until he thought he knew more about it than the Government did. He has since said that he thought the responsible officials in Washington, in possession of all the facts, were far likelier to be right in their judgments than men, like himself, with a limited horizon and incomplete data in possession on which to base an opinion. We may be sure that this is not inconsistent in Dr. Hale's mind, with his well-known declaration: "The People is sovereign here; the People is the fountain of honor here; the President

is the servant of the people." As an individual citizen, Dr. Hale believes in national expansion, and he is not fearful of a radical change in national ideals or temperament because of our acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines. He indorses every step the administration has taken.

As a man of letters, Dr. Hale will live longest by a few of his short stories, such as "My Double and How He Undid Me," "The Man Without a Country," and "Skeleton in the Closet"; by such fragments of autobiography as his "A New England Boyhood," which is valuable as a record of New England life at the time, as well as for its revelation of personality; and by his reminiscent essays, in which he has given us vivid pen pictures of men whom he has known, like Emerson and Lowell. Though he has written much on history,— American and Spanish,— enough to show what he might have done if he had devoted all his time to such literary creative work, and though it has been his favorite avocation, the result is not a product destined to long life. His verse lacks the perfection of form of great verse. But a few of his ballads and hymns will always find place in American anthologies and hymnals. Some of his occasional verse read at Harvard alumni dinners has deeply stirred those who have heard it, but it does not inevitably so move one who reads it. Dr. Hale's fertility as an author may be inferred from the fact that the catalogue of Harvard University has more than one hundred and thirty titles of books and pamphlets listed. His next book will be "Memoirs and Memories of the Nineteenth Century," which prior to publication in book form will appear in the monthly issues of the *Outlook*.

The larger part of Dr. Hale's writings is didactic in purpose, though in the guise of fiction, the drama, narrative, poetry; and it bears upon every conceivable aspect of contemporary life. Theology, literature, philanthropy, politics, pass in survey, and are transformed by his imagination and common sense into homely speech especially welcome to men and women altruistically inclined. He is never dull or commonplace, always suggestive and practical, frequently penetrating and conclusive.

As a formal critic of literature, Dr. Hale did enough earlier in his career to show that he might have won fame in this sphere had he chosen to follow it. In this as in everything

else he did he was unconventional, thoroughly American in point of view, and always approaching the author and book sympathetically, but candidly as well. His early review of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" is one full of insight and just praise.

As an educator, Dr. Hale's service has been to lend a hand to every scheme that has been devised to lessen illiteracy and popularize learning in the United States. Whether as overseer of Harvard — his alma mater — or as councilor of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, or as trustee of Antioch College, or as friend of Hampton Institute and Tuskegee, his endeavor has been to make the humblest American eligible as a citizen of the republic of letters; or, to quote his own words: "Any full view of the right of all God's children refuses to limit to any 'upper class' the delights of science, the full range of literature, and all which we call liberal education. . . . . The whole drift of new life, which opens up to everybody all literature, science, and art, means that every one shall have the nobler enjoyment, the higher — yes, the infinite — range." He never has overvalued the mechanism of education, and the culture of college life above its utilitarian, specializing tendencies and resources. He has insisted in season and out of season that education and not instruction is the prime object of school and colleges.

In his educational, as in his political and ecclesiastical ideals, Dr. Hale has been a thorough democrat. His constant attitude, as a man of culture and letters, toward the masses has been this: "We are blood of their blood, bone of their bone. Their life is our life; their success is our victory. As they step forward and upward with the weight which they are carrying, philosophy is more wise, and literature is more vital." Our sole reason for being a nation, in his view, is that each man may serve others, social standing depending upon the measure of such social service rendered by the individual. "Whosoever would be chiefest among you shall be servant of all," is his motto for America, his explanation of its unique mission to mankind.

No survey of Dr. Hale's career would be complete without some reference to his place as an orator. Whether as lecturer before lyceums, historical societies, Chautauqua assemblies, or bodies of college students and school pupils, or as formal

orator on state occasions, or as after-dinner speaker, Dr. Hale has always been popular — not because of his graces of oratory which his uncle, Edward Everett, had to a superlative degree, but because of his wit, his common sense, his fathomless stores of reminiscence, his facility in conveying his thoughts in speech understood of common men, his optimism, and not infrequently his overwhelming eloquence, especially when deeply stirred and when expounding Americanism. His voice and figure are like no other man's,— the voice being deep and muffled, the body angular and massive, the countenance benign, yet rugged.

As an antiquarian, versed in the beginnings of history on the American continent, in the settlement and development of Boston and New England, Dr. Hale has had a peculiarly useful career as investigator and popularizer of historical information. In this work his large native endowment of imagination has served him well, enabling him to put flesh on the bones of fact, and thus to make his writings on themes usually dry and sapless, so juicy and vital that he enjoys the conspicuous honor of being an antiquarian who is read.

Admirable as has been Dr. Hale's career as a journalist, clergyman, philanthropist, author, and educator, it is as "professor of America" to his generation, that he has done his best and most unique work. By birth, of best New England stock; having, as a boy, the historic Common as a playground; early made aware by conversation in his father's home of the inner meaning of the burning issues of the hour, and privileged to hear history and politics discussed by men like Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and other Whig leaders who were making history and shaping politics; in youth an ardent conspirator for the triumph of liberty in Kansas,— his whole career, whether you consider the influence of heredity or environment, or his free choices of friends and pursuits, has made him an American *sui generis*, and has fitted him to do for the American public what he conceived his "professor of American" as doing in a college — namely, showing men that there "is such a reality as American thought, that there are certain principles which belong to the American Government, that there are certain feelings which are experienced by none but an American."

It will always be Dr. Hale's chief glory as a patriot that

in his many sermons, addresses, editorials, pamphlets, and conversations with uninformed Europeans and cynical Americans he has uttered again and again such sentiments as these : —

Our government is ourselves united.

Democracy is a system in which the people rules itself, and commands its servants.

With us, administration is not government.

When you intrust government to everybody, everybody makes his suggestion. The man who knows where the shoe pinches makes the last and instructs the workmen.

Our president is not a king ; our people is not a third estate ; our churches are not hierarchies ; our aristocracy is not hereditary.

Feudal institutions die within fifteen minutes after the immigrant lands in America.

In the feudal or European systems, no man may do anything unless he is permitted. In the democratic or American system, he may do anything unless he is forbidden.

Whenever or wherever Dr. Hale has heard contrary sentiments expressed, he has not failed to rebuke them, or to assert the truth as he has seen it. He was in this mood at Harvard Commencement in 1899, when he felt constrained to remind the Phi Beta Kappa orator of the day, who had imputed selfish, grasping motives to the President of the United States in dealing with Cuba and Spain's other former possessions, that all that the President had done he had done at the popular behest, the people and not he, being master, he being not "a Julius or Augustus, to rule the nation, but a Metullus or Scipio, to be ruled by the nation."

For Americans who deny the right or the expediency of manhood suffrage, or for men of letters who are snobs and mere doctrinaires, Dr. Hale has had but little patience and much contempt. To those, like Carlyle, who have scoffed at universal manhood suffrage, he has replied : "Universal suffrage has never pretended in America to secure the perfect or ideal way. But it does pretend to gain the peaceful way — simply you secure peace. It therefore gives you the chance to govern yourselves. No Jack Cade, no barricades, no *coup d'état*." To dilettante scholars and doctrinaires and pedants, Dr. Hale has said : "You are to consort with men and women ; to ask while you answer ; to learn while you lead." "The great mistakes in our government have all been the mistakes

of theorists. The great successes have been wrought when the people took their own affairs in hand and pushed them through."

Dr. Hale's appreciation and understanding of the West is illustrated by his important service in providing ways and means for the colonization of Kansas in 1852–61 with anti-slavery settlers. How he and his associates did this he has told us in his history of the New England Emigrant Aid Company. Contemplating the resources — material and moral — of the Kansas of to-day, Dr. Hale does not regret that he labored so arduously for a free Kansas in his early manhood.

It is an open question whether Dr. Hale of to day is not better appreciated, as a typical American, in the West than he is in a New England which, with its large Celtic and ever-increasing Latin and Slavic population, is far less American in opinion, on many matters which, during the last half of the seventeenth, all of the eighteenth, and the first half of the nineteenth centuries were deemed as essential to Americanism, than are the Southern states or the states of the Mississippi valley and beyond.

It has been a fundamental tenet of Dr. Hale's conscious philosophy of life that in Church and State all should participate in discussion and action ; and he never has deemed himself so near his ideal as when he has induced others to think and act, and to assume responsibility. Hence, much that may have seemed like negligence or unloading of administrative responsibility on others, on his part has been a deliberate purpose to strengthen the characters of those who needed to be made to face problems without him to lean upon.

If need be, Dr. Hale can deal with the details of administration in a way so masterly as to make his subordinates and helpers open their eyes with wonder. But usually he prefers to deal with affairs in the large,— his chief function being to overcome inertia and get the masses under way in the right direction. Men who can overcome the inertia of humanity should not be judged hypercritically.

No one could have lived so long, so busy, and so arduous a life as Dr. Hale has lived unless he had inherited a good constitution, and unless he had cared for it. His habits of life have been regular, his ideals of living simple, his sleep frequent, long, and deep. His characteristic change of pursuit

from hour to hour has prevented ennui or ossification, and also has aided to maintain vitality, just as it did in Mr. Gladstone's case. Early learning from his mother "to get along as well as one could each day," he never has borrowed trouble or crossed bridges until he came to them. Good health and popular favor have induced serenity of spirit, and thus prolonged life.

So it comes to pass that Dr. Hale is the youngest-spirited old man to-day in Boston — one to whom, to quote a young Unitarian minister, the younger men can turn with more certainty of awakening delight in and response to new discoveries of truth, new methods of work, new points of view, than to any other man of their denomination, however young or progressive. Much of Dr. Hale's characteristic openness of mind, breeziness of manner, and youth in old age has been due to his delight in nature, his open-air life, his zest for geology, botany, or what not, so long as it is God's world he is learning about. Some of it, too, has been due to his perennial love for children and youth, a large proportion of his books having been written especially for them. Nothing comes nearer his heart than the Old South work for educating Boston's youth in knowledge of American history.

Full of humor, craving human contact, eager to get and and equally willing to impart knowledge of every kind, loyal unto death to those whom he respects and loves, ever seeking opportunities for doing good, proud of his inheritance as a child of God, strenuous in endeavor to induce other men to be equally proud, an American by conviction as well as by birth and training,— Dr. Hale stands apart to-day in a niche by himself, unapproached, unaccompanied, by any other man of letters or affairs in the nation.

After such a survey of so varied and influential a life as Dr. Hale's, the question inevitably arises, What is the secret of it all ?

Belief in God as a Father and man as a brother, would seem to answer the question best. Very unlike the Puritan in many ways,— for instance, in his theology, and in his love of play and of nature,— nevertheless, at bottom Dr. Hale is a Puritan, because he is dominated so completely by his certitude of God's reality, nearness, and good intent, and by his exalted conception of his privilege to share jointly with God

in ushering in the Kingdom. This is the key to the man's life on its Godward side :—

"The plowing of the Lord is deep,
On ocean or on land;
His furrows cross the mountain steep,
They cross the sea-washed land.

"Wise men and prophets know not how,
But work their Master's will;
The kings and nations drag the plow,
His purpose to fulfill."

As author of this verse, it is apparent that Dr. Hale has a vivid conception of God as shaping man's destiny.

Does he discourse on "Democracy and a Liberal Education," Dr. Hale's last words are that the duty of the educated man in a democracy is to live, learn, teach *with* God, *for* man. Does he describe "The Education of a Prince," he insists that "Work is labor inspirited by the Holy Spirit," and that while man's labor on earth may cease, yet as a fellow workman with God he shall live forever. Does he eulogize the Pilgrim Fathers, he points out how inevitably the feudal concepts as well as feudal institutions perished in a company of men who knew that they lived together for the greater glory of God. He imagines one of these men waking in the morning with a divine feeling that "this world is to be a better world to-night, because I am in it; this world is to be more God's world because I am in it; God's kingdom is to come to-day because I am in it." In which is a bit of unconscious autobiography. No better statement of Dr. Hale's philosophy of life can be found. God is ever conceived by him as his ally, and he, God's. "God of heaven be with us, as thou wert with the fathers," he prays in one of his stirring addresses; and not waiting God's affirmative answer, he adds: "God of heaven, we will be with thee, as the fathers were."

In fact, Dr. Hale's consistent optimism, as he says, is rooted in this idea of partnership between God and man. "Not till man comes up to some comprehension that God has sent him here on an infinite business; that he and the Author of this world are at one in this affair of managing it," says Dr. Hale, does a man "with any courage or success take the

business of managing his life and the world's life into his own hands."

Confident that he has had God for an ally, and believing with equal certitude that all men are his brethren, it has been natural for Dr. Hale to put himself at the service of the weak and the unfortunate, and those needing comradeship in life's struggle, and to be a thoroughgoing democrat in Church, State, and School. Solely in the capacity of adviser, he has done service for humanity sufficient to win immortality had he done nothing else. Studying this portion of his life's record, one recalls what Erasmus said of Sir Thomas More: "He has been patron saint to all poor devils."

Kindliness, hatred of injustice, sympathy for the unfortunate, were Dr. Hale's striking characteristics as a boy, and he has never altered.

Democracy to him has not been a fruit of the Christian faith: it *is* the Christian faith, on the manward side of it. Fundamentally a man of heart, Dr. Hale will live longest in the memories of his contemporaries and immediate survivors as a good, gentle, kindly man, withal virile and aggressive. Strength of will, sometimes bordering on obstinacy, he has not lacked. Openness, acuteness, and flexibility of mind, and brilliancy and fertility of imagination, he has displayed lavishly. But Will, Reason, and Imagination have been the obedient servants of his emotions, and those emotions beneficent in purpose. He painted his own portrait unerringly when he wrote:—

"Not mine to mount to courts where seraphs sing,
Or glad archangels soar on outstretched wing;
Not mine in unison with celestial choirs
To sound heaven's trump, or strike the gentler wires;
Not mine to stand enrolled at crystal gates,
Where Michael thunders or where Uriel waits.
But lesser worlds a Father's kindness know;
Be mine some simple service here below,—
To weep with those who weep, their joys to share,
Their pain to solace, or their burdens bear;
Some widow in her agony to meet;
Some exile in his new-found home to greet;
To serve some child of thine, and so serve thee,—
Lo, here am I! To such a work send me."

Like Froude he has defined "Right as the sacrifice of self to good," and "Wrong as the sacrifice of self to self." As an American and as a Christian, his rule of life has been, "*Non ministrari, sed ministrare.*"

NOT ABOVE ONE'S BUSINESS.

ALL necessary occupations are honorable. No disgrace can reasonably attach to them, except where the men or women who follow them are disgraceful. The truest dignity will crown the faithful in the humblest employment. They are entitled to a creditable passport into the best circles.

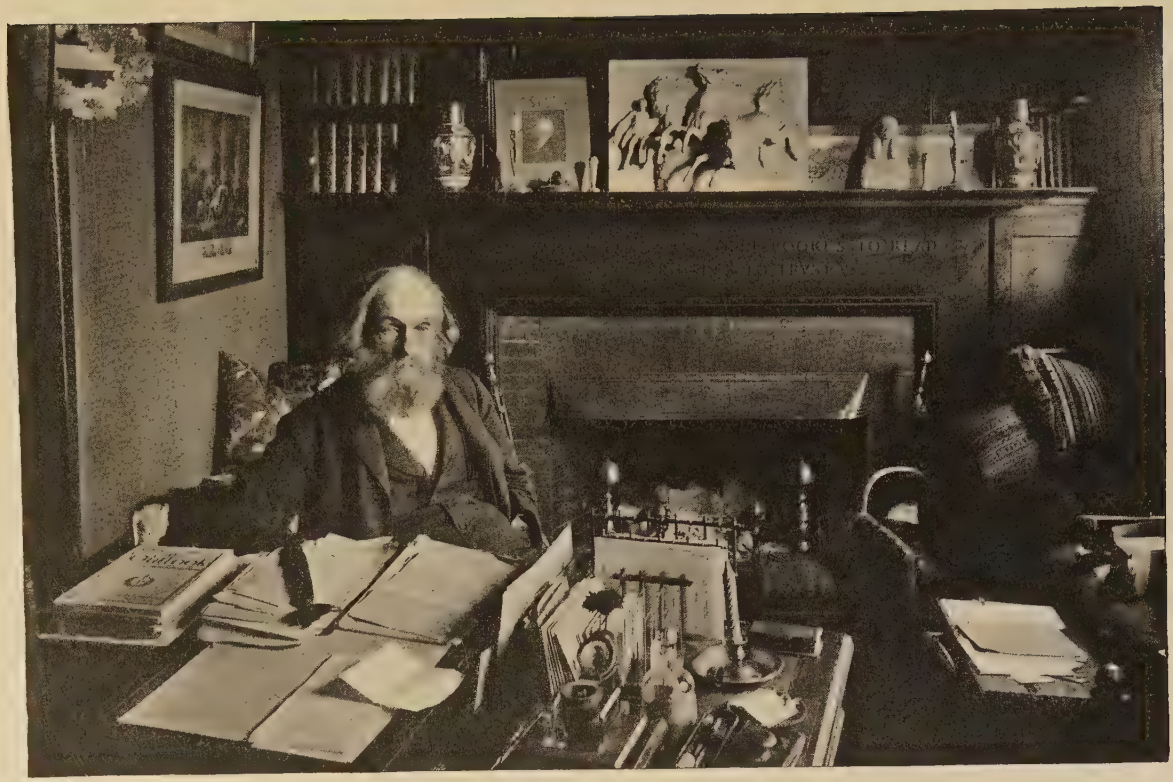
And yet this commonly accepted view of necessary pursuits is strangely overlooked in practice. Many people consider certain useful callings menial and degrading. Where they admit the necessity of such labors, they still regard them as ignoble.

Young people often catch this spirit. The store and learned professions attract them more than the shop and farm. The desire among boys to exchange country for city life arises, in a great measure, from this distorted view of manual labor. It is not popular to work on a farm or in a shop. It is more genteel to handle the yardstick than hoe or shovel. They will rank higher as ministers, doctors, or lawyers, than they will as mechanics or farmers.

Such are their false opinions, and they sacrifice everything to this delusion. Nine-tenths of all the youth who begin life on this line make a deplorable failure. Doctor Johnson well said, "He that feels his business is below him, will surely fall below it."

We risk nothing in saying that successful men, in all occupations, are the men who never feel above their business. Whatever their employment is, they consider that their occupation challenges respect. Illustrations of this statement abound in the business world.

The Boston millionaire and philanthropist, Amos Lawrence, employed a clerk, in his early business life, who was quite conceited. One day Mr. Lawrence asked him to take a package for a lady customer to her residence; but he declined, on the ground that the act would compromise his dignity. His employer rebuked him in the most cutting way, by taking the bundle himself to the lady's home.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE IN HIS STUDY.

It is doubtful, however, if a young man so ignorant of what true manhood is, can be profited by either rebuke or counsel. Conveying the package did not compromise the dignity of Mr. Lawrence, but magnified it essentially. It showed that there was nothing of the fop or dude about him, characters that are justly despised by the thoughtful everywhere.

One day Mr. Lawrence was riding along Tremont street, where he overtook an engine company responding to an alarm of fire. It was before the day of steam fire engines, and before horses were kept and trained to draw engines; and the men were tugging away with all their might to reach the conflagration as quickly as possible. Stopping his horse, he said to the firemen: —

"I would get out and assist you if I were able; but if you will fasten your engine to my carriage, I can help you along in that way."

The great merchant did not feel above hauling an engine to a fire; and he was all the more repected because he did not.

When the celebrated Samuel Drew was becoming famous as an author, though still in poverty, he was carrying in his winter's coal without the least idea that it was beneath his position. A neighbor said to him:—

"Drew, that work compromises your dignity as an author."

Drew's reply is worthy of a place in the memory of every aspirant for real honors: —

"The man who is ashamed to carry in his own coal, deserves to sit all winter by an empty grate."

It was this spirit that enabled him to achieve remarkable success.

Peter the Great laid aside the robes of royalty, and entered the East India dockyard at Amsterdam, in disguise, to learn the art of shipbuilding. He took his place among the workmen, and became, in all respects, one of them; even wearing the same kind of dress, eating the same sort of food, and inhabiting equally humble lodgings. He possessed a strong desire to benefit his own countrymen by making them more familiar with the shipbuilding business, and he believed that the best way of accomplishing his purpose was to learn the art himself. It never occurred to him that royalty would be compromised by the occupation of a ship carpenter, nor did he care. He did not feel above doing anything that would prove

a lasting good to his country. He deserved to be called "Peter the Great."

Washington was a man of this class. When his army was in winter quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, and were straitened for provisions, he directed a hungry soldier to go to his own table for a square meal. "I am on guard and can't," replied the soldier. Immediately Washington took his place and acted as sentinel, while the half-starved soldier regaled himself at his commander's table. At another time, when several divisions of the army were engaged in constructing works of defense from Wallabout Bay to Red Hook, one of the parties, under the supervision of a subaltern officer, had a large timber to raise. While engaged in raising it, the officer doing nothing but shout, "Now, boys, right up, he-e-a-v-e," etc., a man rode up on horseback. "Why do you not help?" he inquired. The officer indignantly replied, "I help! Why, sir, I 'll have you know that I am a corporal!" The gentleman sprang from his horse, laid hold of the timber with the men, and very soon it was in the required place. Then turning to the corporal, he said: "Mr. Corporal, my name is George Washington. As soon as you have completed this work, meet me at your commander's quarters." There was no room in the army for a man who found so much dignity in a corporal as to make him feel above lifting a timber. He was dismissed.

A pompous young merchant of Philadelphia purchased his dinner at the market one day, and gave a shilling to a seedy-looking man standing by to carry it to his house. He was somewhat mortified, however, to learn afterward that it was the celebrated millionaire Girard, who played the rôle of a servant for him. Girard meant to show the young sprout what a fool he was, and cure him of his folly, if possible.

In striking contrast with the last incident, a young man purchased a bag of coffee of Girard, who was always careful about whom he trusted. The buyer wheeled the bag to his place of business, and when he came for more Girard offered to trust him to any amount. The offer was accepted; the two men became firm friends, and the young trader amassed a fortune in time.

Benjamin Franklin wheeled his paper from the warehouse to his printing office, when he set up business in Philadelphia;

Daniel Safford, one of the wealthy, noble, honored business men of Boston, carried home on his back the iron which he bought when he commenced the blacksmith's business in that city ; a New York millionaire earned his first dollar as a hod carrier in the city of Troy, and he never became so proud as to despise a hod.

In our day, many schools and seminaries of learning introduce industrial occupation, at least for exercise. We think that the first institution to adopt this method was Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Its founder, Mary Lyon, aimed to acccomplish three things by requiring the domestic work of the institution to be done by the students ; namely, health, learning how to do the work, and cultivating just views of the dignity of labor. There is no doubt that this arrangement has accomplished much to make all necessary labor honorable, and to eradicate that narrow-minded disposition to feel above one's business. Any culture of the young embracing this noble purpose deserves well of the public.

We do not affirm that all persons who do not feel above their business will be successful, but that this spirit does characterize nearly all successful men. Success does not appear to wait on the man who is too proud to wait on himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEWIS WALLACE.

A CONFESSION — HIS DISTINGUISHED CAREER — ANCESTRY — INCIDENT IN CAREER OF HIS FATHER — EARLY PRANKS — AMBITIONS — PAINTING UNDER LIMITATIONS — HIS FIRST LITERARY WORK — READS LAW — IN THE MEXICAN WAR — LAWYER — MILITARY CAREER RENEWED — CIVIL WAR — LITERARY CAREER — METHODS OF WORK. HOW TO USE YOURSELF.

I cannot say I was a model boy. As a matter of fact, as I grew up and my love of adventure and of mischief asserted itself, I became a terror to the community, and my activity did not cease with the daylight.



Very fortunate for me I was a passionate reader, and my father had a good library, which I read with the eagerness of an omniverous boy, though, of course, I had my favorites, of which a prime one was "Plutarch's Lives." When I went away, which I often did for two or three weeks at a time, with a dog and gun, on excursions, during which I lived with the farmers, who all knew me, a volume of "Plutarch" was apt to be my other companion.

This course of life was inconsistent with a regular education. At ten, however, I made a scholastic experiment, but it was not successful. My elder brother was already entered at Wabash College, and it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to join him. So I joined him by running away; but the studies naturally demanded both more maturity of mind and previous preparation than an idle boy of ten could possess, and at the end of three months, I terminated my academic career by running away again and resuming my nomadic life.

Of course this could not last forever, loath as I might be to have it come to an end. When I was sixteen, my father called a halt and a conference. He showed me the twelve years' school bills that he had paid for me, while I had not

had a year's schooling in all, and said that he had done his duty in providing for me these advantages, by which I had not profited, and that now it was time to make provision for myself. This was the beginning of whatever success I may have achieved.

Lew. Wallace.

THERE is no American career that is more remarkable and interesting than that of Gen. Lew. Wallace. To have served in the Mexican war; to have been one of the most distinguished generals of the Civil War, with whose military services those of few indeed of the survivors of the war can be put in competition; to have been intrusted with an important diplomatic mission, and to have taken it so much more seriously than the usual American amateur in diplomacy as to have won not merely the approbation of his own government, but the special and complete confidence of the sovereign to whom he was accredited; and finally to have become one of the most distinguished authors of his time, is to round out a career positively unique in American history, if not in any history.

General Wallace was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Indiana, April 10, 1827, of a family that was originally settled in Virginia. At the time of the Revolution it comprised four brothers, of whom one died in the hulks,— the British prison ships of New York harbor,— two were killed in battle, and the fourth, his great-grandfather, settled after the war in Pennsylvania. His grandfather went to Cincinnati shortly after it had been founded and established there the first newspaper of the place, the *Liberty Hall Gazette*, which afterwards became the Cincinnati *Gazette* and is now the *Commercial Gazette*. His father had a boyish inclination for the military profession, and in order to gratify it, his grandfather made application for an appointment to West Point, and invoked for it the powerful influence of Gen. William Henry Harrison. General Harrison had made a like application, as it turned out, on behalf of his own son for the same district, but hearing that there was another worthy aspirant, he withdrew his own application, leaving the field clear for young Wallace. That was an obligation which, as you may suppose, neither the father nor his descendants were likely to forget. When

General Harrison's grandson Benjamin established himself two generations afterwards as a lawyer in Indianapolis, the result of it was a warm friendship between the Wallaces and the Harrisons.

The elder Wallace in this way got his appointment as a cadet, went through his time with credit, and after his graduation served for some years at the academy as assistant professor of mathematics. The drawbacks of the army as a profession in time of peace had impressed themselves upon him, and he removed to Brookville, and there read law in the office of his father-in-law that was to be. After his admission to the bar he combined law and politics, was twice elected lieutenant-governor of Indiana, and once governor, and his election took the family to Indianapolis, and later to Crawfordsville.

It was through David Wallace, governor of Indiana in 1837, and member of Congress in 1840, that one of the most beneficent discoveries that has blessed mankind was to take definite shape and direction. For years that idea had been struggling through the mists and darkness of human thought for recognition. Its promoter had pleaded in vain with Congress for an appropriation to give his discovery standing room. For months he had appeared before the congressional committee on commerce, begging for an appropriation with which to make an experiment. He had then gone to Europe with the hope of securing substantial aid, but utterly failed. For three years that discovery, whose monetary value now amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars, went begging through the halls of Congress. Time after time it was presented and ignored. Politicians were not foolhardy enough to peril their political fortunes for the wild dreams of an enthusiast. The early months of 1843 were rapidly taking wing, and the sessional goal would soon be reached, when the committee vote was finally taken. The roll call went down the list, every Whig voting for the appropriation and every Democrat against it; and when the bottom of the alphabet was nearly reached, the vote was a tie, with one more vote to be cast. And when David Wallace decided the tie by casting his vote for the appropriation of $30,000 which enabled Professor Morse to make successful experiment of his electro-magnetic telegraph from Baltimore to Washington, then was

the historic moment of the century; then the scene for the painter. Governor Wallace decided the fate of the appropriation, and his own fate also, for he was defeated that fall for re-election because of his action on this measure. The reward of the martyr is the appreciation of the future.

On the third of December, 1833, twelve young men responded to the roll call of Professor Mills in an unpretentious building at Crawfordsville, Ind. It was the humble beginning of Wabash College. The next September a young man who was to become in after years an able member of the Indiana bar, enrolled himself as a student. He was a son of Governor Wallace. His brother Lew, a lad of ten years, was left at home in Covington, but his heart was with his brother in the new college home thirty miles away. It is entertainingly related by the ex-president of the college that the boy's uncle, Judge Taft, was holding court in Covington at that time, and that as he was proceeding on his circuit to Crawfordsville, he was suddenly hailed by the younger brother from the woods and informed that he was going to join his brother at the college. "He, moreover, invited the judge to wheel his horse up to the fence that he might mount behind him. Without notifying the family at home, he in this mode joined his brother. His 'mount' that morning in the outskirts of Covington, leading to Mexico, Donelson, Shiloh, Constantinople, and the palaces of 'Ben Hur' and the 'Prince of India,' needs no description. It was the beginning of a series of distinguished successes."

Young Wallace wanted, among other things, to be a soldier, a writer, and a painter, and made essays in these two latter directions before he was sixteen. Truth is, he had always been sketching as well as scribbling, and perhaps had a talent for art, though it was not a talent easy to cultivate in that time and place. After he had done what he could, without instruction, in black and white, he aspired to color, and confided his aspirations to the one professional artist that Indianapolis then possessed. His name was Cox. This artist gave the young aspirant some pigments, but they were dry, and he must have oils. Luckily there was a person ill at his father's house, and the doctor had prescribed castor oil. He forthwith confiscated the medicine in the interest of art and pursued his work. It was a portrait of Black Hawk, the In-

dian chief — a hideous old ruffian, with very strongly marked features and only one eye, so that it was difficult to make a portrait of him that would not be recognizable. When the abstraction of the oil was discovered and traced to the embryo painter, in answer to his mother's inquiry what he had done with it, the work of art in which the medicine was incorporated was produced, and she, at least, thought it a success.

At this time Lew Wallace had also completed a literary work. It was a novel — "The Man at Arms; a Tale of the Tenth Century." The manuscript of this tale was left at home when he went to the Mexican war, and has not since been discovered.

As there was no immediate career in Indiana, nor even an immediate livelihood for an artist or a novelist, and as his necessities *were* immediate, the future author of "Ben Hur" cast about for a humbler and more gainful trade. He had acquired a good handwriting and so applied for work as a copyist to the clerk of the county. With the first eleven dollars so acquired, he bought a gun.

Meanwhile, he had become somewhat sobered with time, and though he had not relinquished the military ambition, which there did not seem any way of gratifying, he read law with his father, and was in a way to establish himself as a practitioner when the news came of the outbreak of the Mexican war. He at once set to work to organize a company, succeeded within a short time, and the captaincy was offered to him in spite of his boyishness and inexperience. He declined it, however, and accepted the second lieutenancy. The company was ordered to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and on account of the indifference of his superior officers, its discipline devolved entirely upon the second lieutenant. He maintained it, and became unpopular, accordingly, as every disciplinarian must become at first with volunteers. Perhaps the most important result of his experience in Mexico, was that it gave him the notion of writing "The Fair God," or rather of giving it form, for he had begun the story at home when he was seventeen.

After the Mexican war, Lieutenant Wallace resumed the practice of law, and honorably represented his county in the state Senate; but his chief amusement was a military com-

pany which he organized and commanded. This organization was so thoroughly perfected in military tactics that its members readily obtained commissions when the call for troops came in 1861. He had been honored by Governor Morton with the appointment of adjutant-general of the state, which he resigned to become the leading and organizing spirit of the famous Eleventh Indiana regiment, a regiment which its commanding officer so thoroughly imbued with his intense individuality that it was known to the close of the war as the Wallace regiment. He had successfully led the center at the storming of Fort Donelson; had commanded the third division of the army of the Tennessee at Shiloh; had held Jubal Early at bay at Monocacy, July 9, 1864, and saved Washington from inevitable capture. He had been vice-president of the military tribunal which tried the Lincoln conspirators; president of the commission which tried Henry Wirtz; and his name was in glorious association with Reynolds and Canby.

After the duties of the military tribunals were over, General Wallace returned to Crawfordsville. His passionate love of military matters was his inspiration during the years of the war: "everything went but that;" he thought of nothing else, did nothing else, cared for nothing else. He was satisfied with politics to have served four years as state senator. A politician, he thought, amounted to this and no more, "one vote on the roll call." Accordingly, he resumed the practice of law. He loved the profession, but it had a purely commercial value — bread and butter. It worried him and he was not at his best. Other chords were yet to be touched.

His busiest hours were associated with his father's library. It was there the fire commenced to burn which is burning brightly yet. His father never regarded with favor his artistic tastes, art, painting, and sculpture. Literature may not have been on the "prohibited list." Before going to Mexico he had broken ground on "The Fair God," with its fascinating pictures of Cortez and his conquest. About a third of it was written when he went to Mexico. Almost thirty years had elapsed from the time of its commencement to its publication in 1874. Through Whitelaw Reid he obtained a letter of introduction to James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. The manuscript was submitted and accepted. He was now on the

royal highway — the prophecy of his own "Ben Hur" and his victory in the lists at Antioch. "The race was on, and the soul of the racer was in it." Its success was immediate. Harvard college purchased several copies for its library, but a hundred would not have supplied the demand.

There are certain interesting events which are dividing lines in people's lives. About 1850 a certain lady was merely known as the wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe of Walnut Hills, Ohio. The following year, a serial story — "Uncle Tom's Cabin" — appeared in a Washington paper and she was afterwards known as Harriet Beecher Stowe. "Ben Hur" was a pivotal point in General Wallace's life — an event which invests his life with the charm of a marked individuality. It has been "Ben Hur" since 1880.

"Authentic" accounts of the inspiration of "Ben Hur" have appeared in the papers galore. One was that it came from a conversation with Ingersoll on a railroad train, and that General Wallace is said to have written "Ben Hur" as his reply to Ingersoll. His own account of it is better — that it came from that verse in Matthew, "Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod, the king, behold there came wise men from the East to worship Him." Its imagery greatly excited his imagination. He commenced the book in 1875, with the intention of making it a serial for a magazine. From books of travel and travelers and a large German chart or map, he thoroughly posted himself of the physical features of the country; its hills, its water, its vegetation. His hardest work, he said, was to find a hero. Christ must always be coming, but not till the last. His own belief in Christ's divinity was strengthened on every page, though he commenced the book with no particular religious impression. The last chapter was written in a vile old chamber in a fort at Santa Fe — "a gloomy den" — while he was territorial governor. The book was completed in 1880 and as a whole was written more carefully than "The Fair God." Its first reception by the public was not flattering. No other book has so familiarized the people with the Holy Land. It is remarkable that he did not visit Palestine till several years after its publication. While minister to Constantinople he visited the Holy Land, as the guest of the sultan, which gave him access everywhere. He could discover

no mistakes. There was even the great white stone mentioned in the healing of the lepers; and also the stone on Mount Olivet, where Ben Hur had rested. Everything was confirmed to a marked degree. The part of "Ben Hur" which most interested the author was the interview between Ben Hur and the two friends to whom he described his experience in following Christ. That confirmed his belief in the divinity of Christ. Most of the book was written at night, or under the famous beech tree in the grove, "where he whipped obstinate ideas into comely expression." But Ben Hur was always with him. Tirza's little song, "Wait Not," was written on a belated train from Indianapolis to Crawfordsville. In thirteen years six hundred thousand copies had been sold. In his library is a case for "Ben Hur" volumes alone, from different publishing houses all over the world. But the one which specially delighted him was the publication of "Ben Hur" by a Louisville house in raised characters for the blind.

About a year after the publication of "Ben Hur" General Wallace was appointed minister to Turkey by President Garfield. As he was taking leave of the president at the White House, Garfield alluded to the pleasure the book had given him, and asked, even insisted, that he write another, whose scenes and incidents were to be associated with Constantinople. He said that the duties of the office would give ample time for such a work. The world already knows the pleasure it has received from the suggestion which is more likely to have been original with General Wallace than President Garfield. After spending over four years in studying the people, the country, and its history, he returned richly laden with materials for his new work. Naturally Mrs. Wallace was his only confidante of the plot and incidents of the story. She is one of America's most gifted women. It is said that she was the only person who saw the manuscript, and the only one the author consulted. Six years were spent in actual work. During that time he studied astrology at the congressional library in Washington, and consulted and studied more than fifty volumes before taking up his pen. The reader wonders at the painstaking researches of the author. He says it is authentic in almost every particular but the hero. No more interesting historical novel has been written, and no more fascinating

epoch described than the period of the rupture between the Greek and Latin churches. It made its appearance in 1893, and in four months one hundred thousand copies had been sold.

The methods, style, and reading of a prominent man of letters must always be subjects of absorbing interest. General Wallace worked by schedule time at his literary work; nine in the morning till noon; half past one to four in the afternoon; then a walk or a ride on his horse. If the former, it was generally up Wabash avenue, which is often pleasantly alluded to as the "general's walk" to this day. He finished as he proceeded with his plot. The first thing every morning the work of the preceding day was carefully gone over, and thoroughly revised, and accepted if it suited him. He used the knife unsparingly, and if necessary used all the time allotted to that day in revision and correction. Then the new work began. He would average about five hundred words a day, but sometimes that would be cut to fifty or one hundred if the scrutiny of the work of the day before was unusually severe. The work was always blocked out in advance, and his general plan was to be working up to some certain fixed point ahead of him, like the climax of a chapter. But it was his unalterable custom never to make any advance, unless all was finished up to that particular place. If he was not satisfied with what had been done, to use his own words, "I stay there until I whip it and make it suit me."

His style is very natural and easy, as those readers who have heard him talk — speak from the platform — can testify. One habit is very unique and original — the frequent placing of the verb before the noun as in the preface of "The Boyhood of Christ." The ink is in his blood, and he mixes and applies his colors with the taste of the artist that he is. The finest tribute any artist can receive is the spontaneous tribute of his works, and no one ever received that in more ample measure than the author of "Ben Hur."

He has always been a great reader on all subjects, and there has been method in it all; he looks to general reading and especially to the works of good authors, for ready command of language as well as style and ease. Aside from the reading for technical preparation of his books, his favorite authors

have been, in prose and fiction, Kingsley, Bulwer, Scott, Cervantes, Macaulay, Irving, Goldsmith, and occasionally Thackeray ; in poetry, Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Tennyson, and Longfellow. Within these lines, about all his standard reading has been done.

As to the characters he has created, he does not know that he prefers one to another, but he says, "There are certain characters that get hold of you. You see them. They have individuality. You can see the color of their hair, and their eyes, and you hear their voices. In 'Ben Hur,' Simonides, Belthazer, and Ben Hur were great favorites."

Twenty-five years ago the town of Crawfordsville, so dear to those who lived there, was even then a Mecca for literary pilgrims. It was the home of the Wallaces, Maurice Thompson and Miss Krout, all noted in the literary field. Of these Mrs. Wallace had already attained fame in frequent contributions to the New York *Tribune* and *Harper's Magazine*. Her later works have been "The Land of the Pueblos," "The Storied Sea," and "The Repose in Egypt." She is a lady of rare literary judgment, an expert in proof reading, and in perfect harmony of literary taste with her husband. He is his own severest critic. When he has cast and recast his manuscript many times, it is then turned over to Mrs. Wallace. The "Patter of Little Feet," which was published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1889, made her famous at once, and every little while the papers have urgent call for another look at it. It is one of the gems of American literature :—

"Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes;
Running a race with the wind,
His step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

"Anon to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water sprite;

No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly seashell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

"From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot
And watches the 'poor man's blessing';
I cannot envy his lot.
He has pictures; books, and music,
Bright fountains and noble trees;
Flowers that bloom in vases
And birds from beyond the seas;
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footstep greet –
His stately halls ne'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

"This child is our 'speaking picture,'
A birdling that chatters and sings;
Sometimes a sleeping cherub
(Our other one has wings),
His heart is a charmed casket
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

"When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God;
Close by the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl
The eyes of the other angel —
A twin-born little girl.

"And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light;

And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet."

There, in the large grove on East Wabash avenue, is the home of General Wallace, a large, two-story frame house, and destined to be famous as the place where "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India" were written. A little farther away in the grove is the library, which is one the most unique and complete buildings of its kind ever attempted. It is on the border of an artificial lake, fed by a self-flowing artesian well. A few feet from the front porch of the house is the large beech tree, under which many chapters of "Ben Hur" were written. "Do not imagine," says General Wallace, "I wrote every day. Although it was my great desire to do so, I was a breadwinner and had duties to attend to. There were days when Ben Hur would call to me, and with persistence ; on other days some other character would do the same, and at such times I was powerless to do aught but obey, and was forced to fly from court and client. Many of the scenes of the books were blocked out in my journeys to and from my office. The greater part of the work was done at home beneath an old beech tree near my house. I have a peculiar affection for that tree. How often, when its thick branches have protected me with their cooling shadows, has it been the only witness to my mental struggles ; and how often, too, has it maintained a great dignity when it might have laughed at my discomfiture. The soft twittering of birds, the hum of bees, the lowing of the kine, all made the spot dear to me."

It is not always true that men do not gain by addition late in life. General Wallace's whole career is proof that we do not always lose something that is good as we grow older. He was sixty-six years old when he handed to his publishers the finished manuscript of "The Prince of India," and it is quite likely that he will again send a flash of glory up the Western sky to catch the gaze of an admiring world.

He has never paraded before the country as a man with a grievance. He kept himself above the scheming plans and jealousies which were often the sole capital of many military

aspirants in the early days of the war. None could impeach the purity of his motives, and it was, indeed, an honor that might excite the envy of anyone, that it was President Lincoln's own wish that he be appointed commander of the Eighth corps, and in charge of the middle department. When Bragg's detachment threatened Cincinnati he threw aside his rank to accept service in its defense, and the same is true of John Morgan's invasion of Indiana. He had in him the stuff of a patriot.

In his seventy-fifth year he is one of the few surviving prominent characters of the war period,— always of striking military bearing,— always a picturesque figure on the streets. In the fading twilight these old heroes of the war are mustering for their last long march. Their old commander and many of their comrades are already in line, and under banners which never yet waved to mortal eye ; under the order of a new chief marshal, whose trumpet has never sounded retreat, they are moving from our loving sight to the eternal camping ground beyond. All honor to the defenders of the Union ! Loving benisons on the memory of these translated children of the Republic!

HOW TO USE YOURSELF.

"KNOW thyself" was the wise counsel of an ancient philosopher. It is absolutely necessary to know yourself in order to know how to use yourself. You cannot use what you do not have. You cannot use five talents if you do not have but one or two ; you cannot be wise if you are otherwise ; you cannot exercise sound judgment if you do not possess it ; you cannot make a successful merchant or minister if you have no qualifications for those positions. Make the most of such material as you have, and the best results will follow. Hence, self-acquaintance is indispensable to the proper use of yourself.

Some young people may lack certain qualities which they can cultivate, but they must know what they are. Observation may be deficient ; love of work languish ; patience and perseverance may be wanting, and other qualities may be weak and inefficient ; but they can be improved, when a person knows what it is that he must improve. He must know himself in order to undertake intelligently self-improve-



GENERAL WALLACE'S LITERARY WORKSHOP.

ment. Whether to use check or spur, and when or where, is indispensable knowledge.

When Hugh Miller was seventeen years of age, his two uncles, who had been his guardians since his father died, suggested to him that he was old enough to choose a life pursuit. They wanted him to be educated for one of the learned professions ; they were not particular which. But he protested against their plan, claiming that he had no fitness for any of them ; that he would make a failure as physician, lawyer, or clergyman. His views on the subject were so emphatic that his uncles acquiesced in his choosing an occupation, but they were somewhat confounded when he consented to become the apprentice of a stone mason. But the boy knew himself better than his uncles knew him. They had regarded his fondness of nature, and his frequent excursions over the country in search of minerals, rather as boyish freaks instead of indications of a "natural bent." They had, indeed, thought that he possessed more than ordinary talents ; and, for this reason, no doubt, desired that he might choose one of the learned professions.

Young Miller knew that he loved nature with a passionate love ; that he enjoyed himself more when traversing the hills and valleys to increase his knowledge of her treasures than he did anywhere else. He delighted in caves and quarries. With hammer in hand, he found more real enjoyment among crags and rocks than the average bright boy finds in astronomy or Latin grammar. He knew that a quarry would be more than a college to him, and that he could sit at the feet of nature to learn with more faith than he could sit at the feet of a professor, so that it was not blind reasoning that made him a stone mason ; it was the call of a soul for knowledge in that line. He might never have been known beyond his own immediate circle had he become a lawyer, doctor, or rector. He certainly would not have been favorably situated to develop into a great geologist. He devoted himself to that pursuit which appealed to the strongest and best elements of his being. He was fitted for it. He could make the most of it possible, and it could make the most of him possible. He became the world-renowned geologist because he selected a pursuit for which nature had fitted him.

One of the best artists of New England was educated for

the medical profession against his own taste and judgment. From a child he manifested a strong love for art, and was drawing and painting every chance he could get. His father witnessed his precocity in this direction, and was annoyed rather than pleased by it. He was determined to make a doctor of him, so that tact and talent in another line was not acceptable.

"Artists can hardly keep soul and body together," he said; "and my son must pursue a more lucrative and substantial business." So he was educated for a physician.

"I have no taste for the profession, and no talent for it," said the son; "but I yield to my father's strong desire. I know that I possess both taste and talent for art, and could distinguish myself therein, but my father orders otherwise."

He entered the medical profession; but his heart was not in it. He felt continually that he was out of his place, — that he was engaged in a pursuit for which nature did not intend him. He was dissatisfied and unhappy, of course. His profession was a burden to carry; and the time came when he resolved to lay it down and take up art, which was so congenial to his nature. He knew himself better than his father did, as the sequel proved. He was not a born physician, but he was a born artist; and, knowing that fact, he knew how to use himself to the best advantage.

John Bright was a remarkable illustration of our theme. He was a good scholar, fond of books, and yet he had an eye to business. Having completed his education, he entered upon a business career with his father. At the same time, he gratified his love of learning by improving leisure time in reading. He was passionately fond of poetry, and it commanded a good share of his spare moments. In school, he belonged to a debating socicty, in which he developed finely as a speaker. He did not undervalue these sources of intellectual and popular strength after he became a business man. He became an expert in the study of poetry and English literature; he spoke in public, also, and became a famous orator. In this way he advanced constantly, and became a leader in the British Parliament. A correct knowledge of himself led him to self-improvement on lines that assured his renown as a statesman.

The builder of the great auditorium in Chicago that will

hold twelve thousand people, received the contract when he was only twenty-six years of age. With a fractional part of the experience of many architects who applied for the contract, he became the successful applicant. He must have known just how to use himself, or he could not have been the fortunate one. Such a young man must possess an amount of self-reliance and self-knowledge as well as tact and push, that is seldom found in one soul.

The Eiffel tower was a leading object of interest during the World's Exposition in Paris, in 1889. It is more than a thousand feet high,—a gem of art that could not have been created in a former age. The knowledge, faith, tact, and indomitable perseverance necessary to produce it was not found in any one or two men, until Eiffel, the builder, and Lanvestre, the architect, came upon the stage. The latter was but forty-two years of age when he designed the tower, but his signal application, push, and ability had placed him among the first architects of France, at that early age. Eiffel, the builder, possesses similar qualities, though having enjoyed higher culture. The two men were fitted to accomplish such a work together. Indeed, two such men anywhere are bound to succeed with any enterprise.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUSSELL HERMAN CONWELL.

HOW TO SUCCEED — HIS BOYHOOD — EARLY ORATORICAL EFFORTS — STRUGGLES FOR AN EDUCATION — THE CALL TO ARMS — YALE COLLEGE — JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCES — ADMITTED TO THE BAR — ENTERS THE MINISTRY — HIS FIRST CHURCH — WORK IN PHILADELPHIA — THE TEMPLE COLLEGE — CHARACTERISTICS. MINDING LITTLE THINGS.

Wise men have told us that the way for men to prosper, in all that is worthy of human effort, is in the full exercise of their own talents to the best advantage. Underlying this is indeed a large truth. Unless a man avails himself of the opportunities which come to him in life, he may expect no success. With the vigor of a personal will a man may make the walls of adamant to fall down before him, and accomplish what seems to us, as we look at it from a distance, to be an actual miracle.



Every man is largely the architect of his own fortune — not the creature of circumstances — for he may make the circumstances if he devote himself to the ways that all prosperous business men understand, which are the methods that usually succeed. But the methods that succeed are always those that work in accordance with the great plan of God in the universe. He who wishes to be a successful man must use not only his own will, not only his own perseverance, not only strict economy, but he must avail himself of God's wisdom ; he must work in line with God's laws.

Study the open doors, and your personal fitness for entering them — your education, your aptness, your opportunities. Don't forget that much of success depends upon doing well the little things of life.

Russell H. Conwell

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, the pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, the largest institutional church in the world, and the president of the Temple College and of the Samaritan Hospital, was born among the Berkshires in Western Massachusetts, February 15, 1843. Nature gave him the physique and many of the qualities of the mountaineer. Physical endurance of hardships was a necessity from the beginning. The conditions of life were stern; only by great exertions and the strictest economy could a bare living be gotten from the hillside farm. At three years he went steadily to school two miles away. But aside from the qualities that the struggle for existence gave him, very early he showed marked ability along the lines that have since made him famous.

Some of the old villagers of his native town of South Worthington tell a tale of the boy of nine exhibiting a Spiritualistic séance in the village church. The wave of Spiritualism that swept over the country fifty years ago took a very strong hold on the attention of those people.

He entered with great interest into the debating society of the village. His attempts at oratory were prepared and rehearsed in season and out of season. He himself tells an amusing incident of the rehearsal of one of these bursts of eloquence as he was driving down the mountain road, taking a load of maple sugar to the town of Huntington. The old horse listened patiently to the lad's oration until unhappily for the orator his oration became so effective that when he exclaimed, "Woe! woe unto you, all ye children of men!" the old horse took him at his word and "whoaed" so suddenly as to pitch the young orator on his head in the muddy road. A broken crown cooled his ardor, but only for a time, for since that day he has preached continuously before the largest church congregation in America; and as a prince of lecturers addressed a greater number of people than any other living man.

His father was an abolitionist, their mountain farm being one of the stations on the underground railway to Canada. The boy entered very deeply into the political feeling of the time and though under age, responded with his whole self to the first call to free the slaves.

Fond of music always, he was the village musician, great

joy coming to his household when by the greatest sacrifice an Estey organ was purchased for him. By teaching in the district schools he worked his way through Wilbraham Academy, preparing for Yale. A strong, tall, awkward, overgrown, poorly dressed, country boy — he, with his younger brother, entered Yale. Here his knowledge of music enabled him to support himself. The two boys lived in the simplest fashion, and prepared their own food of the plainest, most economical kind. The boys, sensitive to their extreme poverty, withdrew from the social life of the college. Before the degree was won the first call to arms came. The boy saw his duty clearly. He returned to his hills in 1862, gathered around him from young men and from those many years his senior, a military company, which when formed, chose him as its captain. An old man, one of the company, told the story to the writer a summer or two ago. He told how Mr. Conwell, a youth of seventeen, made patriotic speeches until all were fired with enthusiasm to go, and to go with him as leader. The boy was thought too young to be appointed a captain, but captain he must be, some of the company going to the governor and pleading that the lad who had always led them might be their leader still. The governor yielded to their petition and the boy was made captain. Mr. Conwell in one of his lyceum lectures tells the story of the sword which was presented to him by the citizens of his native town, and which a faithful boy died to save from the enemy. He became finally a lieutenant colonel, being in the battles of Kingston, Goldsboro, Newport, Lone Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, and Franklin.

He had entered Yale with the intention of graduating at law. The war did not turn him aside. All the spare hours, in tent or in field, were spent in reading law or in other study. Some small volumes of poetry, given him by one of his soldiers, remain, dated 1863, which were carried in his knapsack. Mrs. Browning's poems seem incongruous with the stern realities of war, but serve to show us how the man was keeping steadily before him the end to be attained. A purpose once formed by him is steadily kept in sight in spite of all obstacles or delays. After the war he graduated at the Albany University Law School and started a daily paper in Minneapolis, Minn. He soon went wholly into journalism, serving

under Horace Greeley on the New York *Tribune*. He was sent abroad as traveling correspondent, writing letters for the *Tribune* and the Boston *Traveller* from Europe and Asia. During this journey encircling the world he traveled for a time with Bayard Taylor. The friendship thus established led him, when the news came years after of the death of Taylor, to organize the great memorial meeting in Tremont Temple, to which Mr. Longfellow, not being well enough to attend, sent, at Mr. Conwell's request, his exquisite memorial poem :—

> "Dead he lay among his books!
> The peace of God was in his looks."

He was admitted to the bar in Minneapolis, where he founded the first daily paper in that city, and built up a successful practice, also establishing the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. In Yale, like many other students before and since, he went through all the throes of infidelity, going into the war an avowed atheist, coming out of its stern realities a professing Christian. In Saint Paul he united with the Baptist church, and began aggressive church work at Minneapolis. In connection with the Young Men's Christian Association he established a noonday prayer meeting for business men, the meetings being held at first in his law office.

In a long illness owing to the breaking out of army wounds he lost all the property he had acquired, and drifted back to Boston. Here he opened his law office and identified himself with Tremont Temple church.

In a short time the leader was again at the front. He organized the Young Men's Congress and led political campaigns. His Bible class increased until it enrolled six hundred members. Through these years Mr. Conwell was also on the platform as a temperance lecturer. His famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," was first given in 1871, and that single lecture of his list has been given twenty-eight hundred times to the profit of benevolent works of over a half million of dollars.

Through years the conviction had been growing upon him that he ought to enter the ministry. At last, in 1879, while still continuing his practice of law he entered the Newton Theological Seminary. Before this time he took the little church at Lexington, about to be abandoned, rebuilt it, and

afterwards left it a strong church. On the completion of his course, at forty years of age, he was called to Philadelphia, where his great life work began. He first began his labors in a small, unfinished church in a quiet, uptown neighborhood. Less than a hundred people were in actual attendance. Twenty-seven gathered to give him a call. His strong personality, his sympathy in, and understanding of, the lives of each one of this company bound them to him at once, and made them desire that others should know him. His straightforward talks from the pulpit, filled with homely illustrations, graced by his inborn oratory, lacking many of the accepted traditional forms that people had been trained to expect, at first rather startled conservative Philadelphians. First led by curiosity, often in a spirit of antagonism, the people flocked to listen till, conquered by the strength of the preacher, they stayed to help. Very soon the little church, that only seated five hundred people, was crowded to its doors, not by the idle follower of a sensation, but with strong men and women, who were there to stay, to share in the labors of the leader they had learned to love. Ever accessible to all, ever ready to go to the sick, ever among the poor in those early years, before the greater cares came necessitating the laying of some of these details upon others, he organized his forces into associations of various kinds, all with some definite work to do. The value of the social intercourse was fully appreciated. Numerous suppers, receptions, socials were held; at each and all the leader had a word for each worker.

Soon the limits of the small building were reached, then what was to be done? The church had been finished. All the expense of its furnishing had been paid, but there still remained a mortgage upon the building. When Mr. Conwell proposed that a larger building must be built men looked grave, but so great was the confidence in the leader, so sure was he of ultimate success, that he carried all with him. Then came the days of sacrifice not unshared by the leader. Last year's gown was made to do, the lad walked to his work, the poor washerwoman put away the tenth of her income, often more. Every honorable and consistent Christian means of raising money was resorted to. Soon the necessary amount to make the first payment on a lot that was purchasable on Broad street was obtained, and the new enterprise was begun.

Never was there a happier people; not even when the task was completed, was there such joy as in the years of sacrificing together.

Some time before leaving the old building a bright, ambitious young man, thrown early by the death of his father upon his own resources, came to Mr. Conwell and asked him how he could obtain a college education and still support the mother and some younger brothers dependent upon him. This led to the expression of an idea that had long been dormant in Mr. Conwell's mind, the offering of an opportunity to all who would be otherwise deprived of it, of obtaining an education by evening study. He told the young man that if he would gather together three or four more he would himself instruct them. Soon the demand was too great. Extra teachers had to be employed, and an evening school was started in the Sunday school rooms. It had been decided to call the new building The Temple, so the new school was called The Temple College. After The Temple was completed, The Temple College, which, in the meantime, had become a chartered institution, and a little later had received the right to confer all the usual college degrees, continued for a time to occupy the old church building in the evening, though the building had been sold to another congregation. While The Temple was building, and after its completion, much speculation was caused by two doors opening apparently from the gallery into outer space. The church did not own the lots adjoining. No one could surmise what these doors could possibly be for. The leader kept discreetly silent, no one shared his secret but the architect. The great Temple, seating three thousand people, was finished, built out of the loving sacrifices of a faithful people; no great gifts, but many that represented rare heroism. The Temple was finished in the year of the pastor's fiftieth birthday, known to the church as its "golden year." All the floating indebtedness caused by finishing and furnishing was wiped out. About this time the people learned what the doors leading out into empty space were for. The Temple College had outgrown its first home, and had moved into private houses near The Temple, and prospering despite its hampered condition, must have better and larger quarters. Land was secured on Philadelphia's largest street south of The Temple. A building similar in style to The Temple was

built. Bridges sprang from the mysterious doors, and the two buildings were connected, and the college building was used for the Sunday school on Sunday ; yet the college had ceased to have any organic connection with the church, except that here as ever the people worked with their loved leader and helped by their gifts to make the new building possible.

Soon another cry of need reached the leader. A small hospital in the northern part of the city, situated among many large manufacturing interests where accidents were occurring daily, was abandoned for lack of funds. Mr. Conwell hesitated to lay another burden upon the church, but called a few together who could best counsel in the matter and they agreed under his leadership to assume this work which became known as the Samaritan Hospital. While never legally connected with it, The Temple has always been closely associated with all that concerns the hospital and has given largely to its support. Then followed the Philadelphia Orphan's Home Society, and the opening of Conwell Academy at his old home in Massachusetts.

Through all these years, in order to give more largely to philanthropy, Mr. Conwell has lectured over two hundred nights a year, adding new lectures from time to time. Occasionally on the train, away from libraries and all facilities, he has dictated whole books.

His faith in his call to a mighty work was not without reason. The new Temple was as crowded as the former church had been and through the ten years since The Temple was opened the interest has not altered. Sunday after Sunday it is crowded to the doors, so many people from a distance failing to get in that visitors' tickets have been used for ten years. With scarcely an hour in all the weeks for quiet study, those that know him most intimately marvel most as to when his sermon is prepared. He simply catches a thought from the prattle of a child, from the conversation of strangers, from the words of those around him, then works it out in the midst of all the cares. A few brief memoranda, the only signs of the work that has been done, are jotted down as he plans and executes many other things. Yet when the Sabbath comes the strong man stands in his place, and unfolds a living theme to the people which they see they need to consider. Illustration after illustration, forcible, unusual, yet

fitting is given ; the lesson is driven home ; men and women go out helped and inspired. They could not tell you perhaps whether the sermon was a great one or not. There is no involved rhetoric ; no elegant, careful, æsthetic selection of words ; no confusing theological reasoning. All is as simple as the preaching of the Great Teacher. The hymns are sung with fervor ; the Scripture is read with understanding ; the prayer leads erring men and women to the feet of God with humble petitions for what they individually need, and when the benediction is pronounced men and women turn and greet each other in love and friendship because they have been led into a realization of the spirit of Christ.

In these busy years when the details of the work have grown multitudinous much of the executive work must be given to others. But the leader is unchanged, his interest is unchanged. The church numbers now over three thousand members, still each one can go to Mr. Conwell freely when he can render any service.

The college has over twenty-five hundred regular students besides several thousand more in attendance on public lectures, with over fifty professors ; yet President Conwell directs all its interests constantly ; plans for further development ; opens its chapel always when in the city ; is the final court of appeal for both students and faculty.

The hospital treats over twelve hundred cases every month. Here, too, he is the leader, presiding at the meetings of its trustees, directing its policy, striving ever to make it an ideal Christian home for the sick and the wounded.

All these enterprises cannot be carried on without very heavy financial burdens. Particularly is this true of the college. Neither the church nor the college has ever had large financial aid from any one individual. The burden often presses very heavily, yet Mr. Conwell never falters. His faith in the ultimate success of his work never wavers. He believes he was called of God to do this work and that in his own time God will crown these labors with success.

He has been a pioneer in much of his work and has had to meet all the opposition that such a position brings. The full value of his labors will not be realized, perhaps, in the days of this generation. We say sometimes men lived too soon, before their generation. Too soon for personal ease and com-

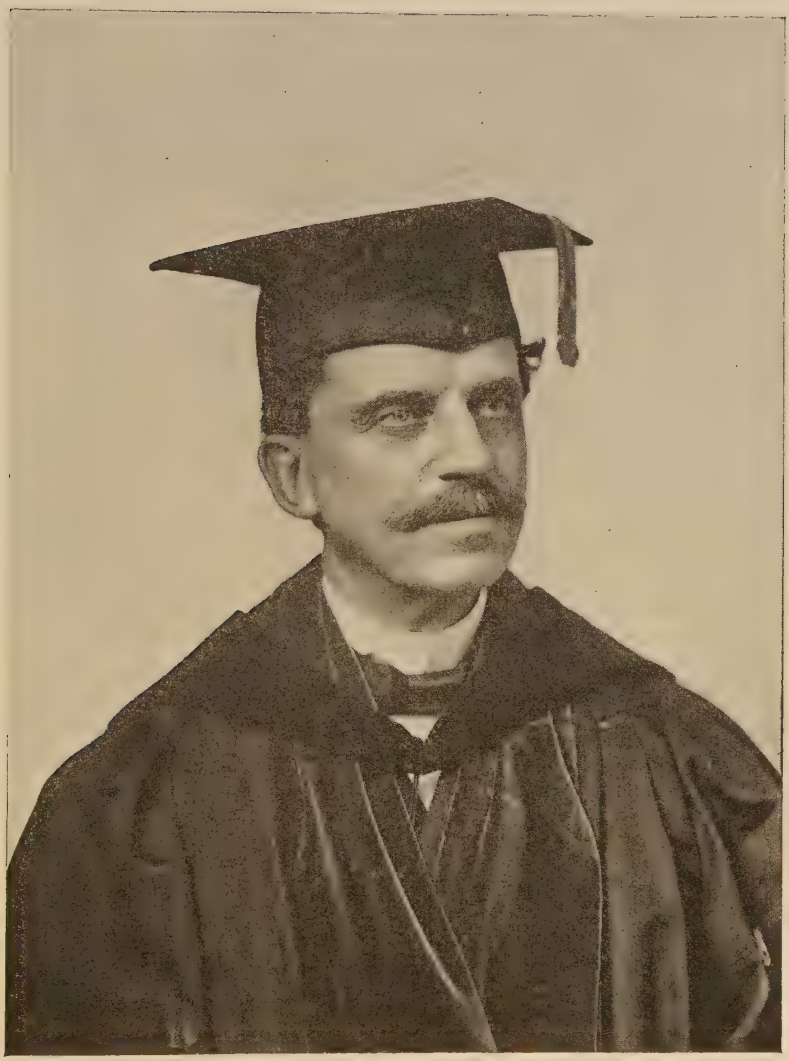
fort but not too soon to set in motion great tides that transform the world.

In Matthew Arnold's beautiful lines on Rugby Chapel, descriptive of his father, is expressed more forcibly than any words of the writer could hope to do, a picture of the man of whom we here speak:—

> "If in the paths of the world,
> Stones might have wounded thy feet,
> Toil or dejection have tried
> Thy spirit, of that we see
> Nothing — to us thou wast still
> Cheerful and helpful and firm,
> Therefore to thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself;
> And, at the end of thy day,
> O faithful shepherd! to come,
> Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

Never was man more patient with the faults of others. He can always afford to abide his time. Absolutely faithful in friendship, loath ever to believe evil of people, ready to save them from themselves when they do evil, forgiving readily those who sin against him, never willingly making an enemy, extending an ever ready sympathy to those that need it; with a firm faith in his own calling and a steadfast belief that God is directing the affairs of men, he goes on to greater and greater usefulness as the years go by.

The secret of Mr. Conwell's success is found, as it generally is in great men, in persistent, enthusiastic, hard work. His latest biographer, the Rev. Albert H. Smith, in his most excellent book speaks of Mr. Conwell as a "great genius," and Mr. Robert J. Burdette, who wrote a much larger biography of Mr. Conwell's life, speaks of him as "a man we must mention in the singular." But Mr. Conwell's books, addresses, sermons, editorials, plans, and institutions show behind them a man with a mighty will curbed by patient good sense; with a towering temper never beyond the completest control; with a burning love for humanity, which nevertheless discriminates amid the multitude who appeal to him for help; with an uncompromising adherence to duty which closely considers the best way to do one's duty; with a willingness to remain



COLONEL CONWELL IN CAP AND GOWN.

poor, but also showing a clear judgment in giving away his great earnings; with a friendship which once given is never modified or recalled even when the friend has become an open enemy; with a mind for most comprehensive plans and yet able to study and execute carefully the most numerous and minute details, he furnishes to the youth of America a most practical example of what a man may accomplish who consecrates himself wholly to God and humanity.

MINDING LITTLE THINGS.

GREAT things are the aggregate of littles; great results proceed from little causes. Human life is a succession of unimportant events; only here and there one can be called great in itself. A crushing sorrow, the loss of a fortune, physical and mental suffering, are the exceptions and not the rule of life. Experiences so small as scarcely to leave a trace behind, are the rule, producing, in the consummation, a life that is noble or ignoble, useful or useless, an honor or a disgrace.

Success, in all departments of human effort, is won by attention to little things. The details of all kinds of business demand the closest attention. The pennies must be saved as well as the dollars. Indeed, it is the hundred pennies that make the dollar. So in literary pursuits; careful regard to details, such as correct pronunciation and spelling, good reading, meaning of words, dotting i's and "minding p's and q's" generally, make up what we call an education. Only littles are found in the way to learning, and many of them are a small sort of drudgery; but all of them must be taken up and carried along, if we would "make our lives sublime." Miss Alcott's literary heroes and heroines were "*little* men and women."

"He who despiseth little things shall perish by little and little." Nevertheless, youth of both sexes are apt to disregard this divine counsel. Like the man in the parable who hid his one talent because it was so small, they want and expect larger things. They may not ask for *ten* talents, but they despise *one*. It is too insignificant to command their interest or admiration. Greater things or nothing.

It is right here that many young people make a fatal mistake, not believing or seeing that with this little they may

gain another little, and still another, and so on, up, up, up, to the great. They commit themselves to failure at the outset.

A clerk in New York city was wont to take down the shutters at precisely six o'clock in the morning. While he was taking them down, rain or shine, an old gentleman passed by on his way to his place of business. The latter smiled so benignantly upon the former, that a hearty and familiar "Good morning," became natural to both. Month after month this mutual greeting continued, until one morning the old gentleman was missed, and he never appeared again. He was dead.

Not long thereafter the enterprising and faithful clerk was waited upon by the administrator of the old man's estate and informed that the latter's store and stock of goods were willed to him. Attracted by the youth's promptness and fidelity, he inquired into his character and circumstances, and was satisfied that he could leave that property to no one so likely to make good use of it as the clerk who took down the shutters at just six o'clock, summer and winter.

Through this legacy the clerk was introduced into a profitable business at once, and became one of the most wealthy, benevolent, and respected merchants of the city.

A banker in the city of Paris, France, said to a boy who entered the bank: —

"What now, my son?"

"Want a boy here?" was the answer.

"Not just now," the banker replied, engaging in further conversation with the lad, whose appearance favorably impressed him.

When the boy went out, the eyes of the banker followed him into the street, where he saw him stoop to pick up a pin and fasten it to the collar of his coat. That act revealed to the banker a quality indispensable to a successful financier; and he called the boy back, gave him a position, and in process of time, he became the most distinguished banker in Paris — Laffitte.

A young man responded to the advertisement of a New York merchant for a clerk. After politely introducing himself, the merchant engaged him in conversation as a test. Finally, he offered him a cigar, which the young man declined, saying: —

"I never use tobacco in any form whatever."

"Won't you take a glass of wine, then?" the merchant continued.

"I never use intoxicating drinks under any circumstances," the young man answered.

"Nor I," the merchant responded, "and you are just the young man I want."

He had the key to the applicant's character now, and he wanted no further recommendation.

"Very little things to make so much account of," some one will say. Yes, they are little things; but all the more significant for that. "Straws show which way the wind blows." We say of the man who plans for the half-cent, he is avaricious; of the youth who is rude in the company of females, he is ill-bred; and of the letter writer who spells words incorrectly, his education is defective — all little things but all revelations.

"Little causes produce great results." A gnat choked Pope Adrian, and his death occasioned very important changes in Europe and America. A bloody war between France and England was occasioned by a quarrel between two boy princes. "The Grasshopper War" in the early settlement of our country, was a conflict between two Indian tribes. An Indian squaw, with her little son, visited a friend in another tribe. Her boy caught a grasshopper, and the boy of her friend wanted it. The boys quarreled; then the mothers took sides, and then the fathers and finally the two tribes waged a war which nearly destroyed one of them. Several centuries ago, some soldiers of Modena carried away a bucket from a public well in Bologna, and it occasioned a protracted war in which the king of Sardinia was taken prisoner and confined twenty-two years in prison, where he died.

The first hint which Newton received leading to his most important optical discoveries, was derived from a child's soap bubbles. The waving of a shirt before the fire suggested to Stephen Montgolfier the idea of a balloon. Galileo observed the oscillations of a lamp in the metropolitan temple of Pisa, and it suggested to him the most correct method of measuring time. The art of printing was suggested by a man cutting letters on the bark of a tree, and impressing them on paper. The telescope was the outcome of a boy's amusement

with two glasses in his father's shop, where spectacles were made, varying the distance between them, and observing the effect. A spark of fire falling upon some chemicals led to the invention of gunpowder. Goodyear neglected his skillet until it was red hot, and the accident guided him to the manufacture of vulcanized rubber. Brunel learned how to tunnel the Thames by observing a tiny ship-worm perforate timber with its armed head.

"Little foxes destroy the vines." Little sins sap the foundation of principle, and lead to greater sins. Cheating to the amount of one cent violates the divine law as much as swindling to the amount of a hundred dollars. The wrong does not lie in the amount involved. The stealing of a pin violates the law "Thou shalt not steal," as really as the taking of a dollar. "He who is unjust in the least, is unjust in much;" that is, he acts upon the same principle that he would in perpetrating far greater sins. Indeed, he who does wrong for a small gain may incur the highest criminality, since he yields to the smallest temptation, thereby showing a readier disposition to sin.

Smiles says, "As the daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, well and honorably performed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL.

OBSERVATIONS ABOUT SUCCESSFUL CAREERS — BIRTHPLACE AND EDUCATION — AT HOME — THE DOCTOR — HIS STUDY — AS A CONVERSATIONALIST — BRIC-A-BRAC — THE AUTHOR — FONDNESS FOR HIS NATIVE CITY — HIS LITERARY CAREER — LITERARY METHODS. PERILS OF SUCCESS.

I am very far from conceding that the vehement energy with which we do our work is due altogether to greed. We probably idle less and play less than any other race, and the absence of national habits of sport leaves the man of business with no inducement to abandon that unceasing labor in which at last he finds his sole pleasure. He does not idle, or shoot, or fish, or play any game but euchre. Business absorbs him utterly, and at last he finds neither time nor desire for books. The newspaper is his sole literature; he has never had time to acquire a taste for any reading save his ledger. Honest friendship for books comes with youth or, as a rule, not at all. At last his hour of peril arrives. Then you may separate him from business, but you will find that to divorce his thoughts from it is impossible. The fiend of work he raised no man can lay. As to foreign travel, it wearies him. He has not the culture which makes it available or pleasant, and is now without resources. What then to advise I have asked myself countless times. Let him at least look to it that his boys go not the same evil road.



The best business men are apt to think that their own successful careers represent the lives their children ought to follow, and that the four years of college spoil a lad for business. In reality these years, be they idle or filled with work, give young men the custom of play, and surround them with an atmosphere of culture, which leaves them with bountiful resources for hours of leisure, while they insure to them in

these years of growth, wholesome, unworried freedom from such business pressure as the successful parent is so apt to put on too youthful shoulders.



SILAS WEIR MITCHELL, physician, scientist, and man of letters, was born in Philadelphia, February 15, 1829. He was graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in 1850, and not only stands in the front rank of physicians, but has made a distinguished name for himself in the field of literature as well.

If you pull the door bell under the marble portico at 1524 Walnut street, Philadelphia, in the evening, and find Dr. Mitchell at home, ten to one you will find him at leisure. It is a characteristic of his to do more work in a day than most of his generation, and yet to remain unhurried, receptive, and eager to laugh at the last good story.

You have noticed as you paused on the steps that the house is of red brick above the first white marble story ; that it is roomy and stately, and that it stands in a comfortable row, once nearly uniform, whose complexion has changed with the taste of passing occupants. Inside, there is fulfillment of the promised size and ease, and when you enter the study at the rear and to the left, there is invitation in every Chippendale chair, every overflowing and bookish corner, to tarry, rest, and enjoy.

A man's character is expressed in his clothes, and surely the room which he likes best, works in, inhabits most, is but an outer garment which tells a fuller tale than his personal apparel, because it has more to tell. Dr. Mitchell's entire house is an index of himself and of that other self whose presence transforms it from a house to a home. Each room shows evidence of some characteristic taste or pursuit, and none more so than the second-story library, where the exquisite Delft ware stands, a passion only abated with the scarcity of its object.

But the essentials of the man are to be seen in the study, and it is here that our impertinent inquiry must run him to earth. Perhaps he is seated by the smoldering wood fire,

book in hand, enjoying the tranquil luxury of an after-dinner cigar. If so, you are in luck, for such is the season of anecdote, criticism, poetry, and reminiscence. His head is one to strike you, even in a circle of the elect. It somehow fulfills your ideal of a marked man. When Haydon had a great composition to paint, he sought his friends for sitters. He would have given Dr. Mitchell some central place as a figure denoting courage with urbanity, knowledge with sympathy, firmness with geniality. There is the touch of the artist in dress and poise, the keenness of the man of science in the piercing, half-shut eye. His talk is flowing, natural, delightful. It glances easily from letters to those deep experiences of medicine which so often give Dr. Mitchell's literature an authoritative ring unusual in fiction. The masterful neurologist is artfully seen, or concealed, in the realistic senile decay of John Wynne ; in the hysteria of Octopia ; the insanity of Philetus Richmond ; and the scientist lurks in the author's conversation. Another familiar topic is war, with its examples of fear and courage, the surgical feats, its acts of self-giving bravery. This is no passing fad, but a lifelong study whence flows the objective power of the battle of Germantown, as described in "Hugh Wynne," the splendid scenes in the trenches before Yorktown, and the battle pictures in "Roland Blake."

And if these are some of the things Dr. Mitchell loves to talk about, here in his favorite room there is plentiful evidence that his speech is but a reflex of his tastes. Against the bookcase to the right hang conspicuously the swords that the doctor's three brothers carried during the Civil War. Pendent from these are a belt and holster pistol taken by Captain Robert Mitchell from a Confederate officer on the field of Antietam ; and, as a fitting climax for such tokens of the rebellion, above the corps-badges is the bronze life-mask of Lincoln. Beside it, on top of the bookcase, repose those hands of Lincoln which Mr. Stedman has immortalized in one of his most enduring poems. The swords are endeared to their possessor by many memoried associations, and they appear in several of his books, notably "Characteristics" and "When all the Woods are Green." To witness further his reverence for Lincoln you may turn over the portfolios of precious manuscripts and find a specimen or two of the great

president's historical correspondence. There is another sword with a record hanging beside those described. It is smaller and more delicate, and bears the label, "Bought at the sale of the effects of Joseph Bonaparte. This sword belonged to Louis Napoleon when he was a child." There are, too, some exquisite weapons of the Orient chased and ornamented with filigree silver grouped upon the old English mantel clock; while close by to right and left are photographs old and faded now, but breathing the spirit of the sixties, which represent the brothers to whom belonged the swords.

Thus does one of Dr. Mitchell's traits betray itself in his habitual surroundings; but the controlling impulse of his career is none the less conspicuous. There are everywhere evidences that his experiences of war were gained in the profession where he now stands first. As we shall see, his literary tastes pervade every corner of the room; but that it is also the study of a physician proud of his calling you are never permitted to forget. Above the bookcases on each side of the fireplace hang portraits of two of the masters of medicine; to the left, Hunter, to the right, Harvey. These are admirable copies done in the full spirit of the originals by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt. They are large, dark, and impressive, giving the fine chamber, with its dull red hangings and quiet tone, a singular charm and a subdued dignity suggestive in many ways of work and of ease.

Other remembrances of doctors are autograph letters framed between glass; one from Hunter to Edward Jenner; and one from Jenner to Mr. Monroe when the latter was American Minister to England in 1806. These unique treasures are highly prized by Dr. Mitchell for their own sake; but the last mentioned bears an added value in having been presented by a famous fellow practitioner, Sir James Paget.

On the opposite side of the room there is a singular drawing by Bertram Richardson, which shows the Harvey vault as it looked when opened in 1880. In the foreground are two ancient sarcophagi, and beyond these, two coffins on a shelf, the nearer one containing the remains of Harvey.

Scattered about are not a few witnesses of a doctor's daily routine, which call us from the past to the busy present. Here are the engagements pinned to the lambrequin on the mantel —a curious habit of Dr. Mitchell's, which no mechanical

device may supersede ; here are the signs of an active, professional, and public life, and of cares which go to fill up a varied career of endless occupation, of work enjoyed and of intellectual play which most men would call labor.

Besides the mask of Lincoln there are three others in the room. A life-mask of Beethoven's strong features hangs against one end of the bookshelves. The half-smiling face of Garrick stands on top of the case. This is the famous mask once owned by Mrs. Siddons and presented to her by Fanny Kemble, from whom it came, through her daughters, to Dr. Mitchell. Across the room, in a lighter corner, preserved like the ark of the covenant, is the life-mask of Keats. This is better known now than when it was given to the doctor by William W. Story, in Rome, in 1891 ; but it dominates this room as its presiding genius ; and rightly, too, for of the doctors who were also poets Keats stands first. As an indication of Dr. Mitchell's reverence for the genius thus perpetuated, I recollect how he bore a certain lady on his arm through a thronging reception down the crowded stairway, and brought her before this sad and beautiful face. Below it shine the brasses of Byron's gondola with the Byron arms, the coronet, and the motto, *Crede Byron.*

To his choice little group of masks the doctor has added, since his return from abroad, a remarkable work of art with kindred effects. It is a marble face reproduced with Japanese fidelity from the recumbent statue of Guidarello Guidarelli erected on his tomb at Ravenna. This Guidarelli was a knight who flourished and died about 1502, and some skilled artist of his day has carved him in effigy as he lay in armor ready for burial. The visor is raised and the knightly face, wan and shrunken in death, has slipped from its poise and turns a trifle aside. The drawn eyelids and the lashes are rendered with a tender truthfulness, and the tone of the marble itself, touched as it is by some ashen tints, lends a grievous reality to the strong face with its mingled expressions of life's battles and death's repose. We shall hear more of this treasure-trove, for it has inspired in its possessor a poem of singular felicity.

And this brings us naturally from the doctor to the author. Indeed, there are abundant evidences present of a literary man's varied occupations. Here are books made precious by

the rarest autographs — Burns's copy of Pope inscribed "Robert Burns, Poet," Sir Walter Raleigh's "Tasso"; and near these are rows, which serve as the fighting corps of an active man of letters. On this shelf by the window there are examples of the doctor's own books, among which is the green buckram cover of the unfamiliar single volume of "Hugh Wynne" in the English edition. Near by is a portrait in the low tones fit for black-and-white reproduction of that aggressive lady, Aunt Gainor Wynne. This is Mr. Howard Pyle's notion of her, and that it acceptably fills the author's ideal is betokened by its central place. On a lower shelf of another bookcase the author has set together many of the books which went to the making of "Hugh Wynne" and other stories of the war. More than a glance would be necessary to master even their titles; but a few of these will stand for all. Here are Keith's "Provincial Councillors of Pennsylvania," 1733–76; Watson's "Annals," "The Knightly Soldier," by Trumbull; John Fiske's "Critical Period of American History," "The True George Washington," by Paul Leicester Ford; "The Cannoneer," by Buell; McMaster's history, and numberless diaries, some of them rare and precious.

Books there are of medicine, art, and verse in abundance, with prints and periodicals wherever the eye wanders; and on the mantel a row of photographs rich in literary associations. Among these you will notice once or twice the vigor and sweetness of the face of Bishop Brooks in token of an early attachment which strengthened as it endured.

There is no literary question in which Dr. Mitchell is not interested; no literary germ which he does not heed and lend his fostering sympathy. The Saturday evenings when one goes informally and takes his chosen friends always produce some new faces, which brighten in the light reflected by the doctor's personality. He is eager to know the best and the newest that intellectual life produces, and his opportunities place him at the meeting of the ways whither every man of distinction who visits the Quaker City addresses his steps. But fellowship with those who have "arrived" is no bar to comradeship with those who are on the way, and hence the influence of the author at home whom we are describing is a distinct element in the advancement of the city he has done so much to honor and to interpret.

As you enter the study on a bright spring morning and look out upon the garden beyond, through the tall windows reaching to the floor, you will mark one of the elements in Dr. Mitchell's life which make him at once a successful doctor and a creative artist. The crocus beds, in the limited area of a city plot, stand for Nature at large. He draws from the great mother all his higher qualities, and it is his wise choice to live with her, unhurried by duties, six months of each year. In these seasons his books grow ; "Hugh Wynne" during the summer of '95 ; "François" a year later, and the summer following, a handful of poems.

In the winter season the latchstring is out and Dr. Mitchell is at home.

Dr. Wier Mitchell, among the varied interests of a most active life, has always had a great fondness for the history and traditions of his native state and city. His life reaches back to a period when the remains of a few colonial ways survived, and when many people were living whose conversation could reveal still more. But he has gone far beyond anything that could be furnished from this source, and has made a most exhaustive study of the records and authorities. And one result of his researches is "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," published in two neat volumes by the Century Company. Novel readers are familiar with Dr. Mitchell's other books — "Hepzibah Guinness," "Roland Blake," "Far in the Forest," "In War Time," and "Characteristics." In some respects "Hugh Wynne" is more ambitious than the others. It is a very important historical novel of permanent value, and treats with great completeness colonial life and manners in Philadelphia at the time of the Revolution. It will be a revelation to most people who suppose that those times were colorless and dull.

It is not often that a man can follow two professions and be successful in both, especially if one of them is literature. It not infrequently happens that a man may be a very good doctor or lawyer and produce literature of an ordinary kind. But that a man should be a real genius in literature, and at the same time stand high in medicine or law, seems almost superhuman. Daniel Webster came very near fulfilling these conditions. That he was an unusually able and successful lawyer and a statesman of remarkable merit is, of course,

unquestioned, and in his great speeches there is a touch of genuine literary genius. When we leave him and turn to the speeches of Clay or Calhoun, the other members of the great triumvirate, we miss this touch, an indescribable something which it is useless to attempt to define. They are able, talented, powerful, but the divine spark which occasionally glints and flashes in Webster is not there.

It seems to be reserved for America to produce men of this double power; and the thought should be taken to heart by those who carp at our climate and physical degeneracy, and maintain that we cannot live and increase by our own productiveness, unless assisted by shiploads of European outcasts. The double power means a deep-seated physical vitality and nervous force. It was Carlyle who, after meeting the lionlike Webster in England, said that he had often heard of American physical degeneracy, but had never before seen such a magnificent specimen of it. Dr. Holmes was another instance, not perhaps remarkable in his profession, but a hard worker and much respected in it, and with an undoubted literary genius which no one would think of disputing.

In Dr. Mitchell we have a modified form of this double type. It cannot be said that he has genius; but he has very strong talent, and he stands far higher in his profession than Dr. Holmes. Though more than seventy years old he comes down every morning to find his front office crowded with patients, and he practices his profession with the same thoroughness, zeal, and earnestness which nearly half a century ago built up his great reputation. A tall man with a colossal head and a most impressive face, a lover of nature, addicted all his life to field sports, fishing, and camping in the wilderness, a believer in muscle and out of doors as a cure for disease and a stay for the moral faculties, he is the embodiment of the wholesome and vigorous side of life.

Long before he wrote novels he had given the public several medical books, the result of his investigations and large experience in nervous diseases. He was connected during the Civil War with the first hospital established for giving special study and treatment to the cases where nervous injury had resulted from wounds. His book, "Injuries of Nerves," was the outcome of this experience, and he still follows up the history of the soldiers who went from that hospital, to record

every detail of their subsequent condition. Other books, "Doctor and Patient," "Wear and Tear," "Gunshot Wounds," and "Fat and Blood," have become classics in his profession; and they are all written in a delightful style which makes them very interesting reading for the layman. "Doctor and Patient" seems to be particularly intended for laymen, and is likely to be very profitable to those who suffer from the strain and unnatural way of living of the times.

There are few doctors in the country who have so many grateful patients, men and women who have been raised from chronic invalidism to robust activity, and who never weary of describing the traits of the man, who they say is their friend as well as their physician, and who has charmed them with the broad accomplishment of his mind and character. His methods are ingenious, original, and bold, he makes use of every means and facility that can be devised, and has a corps of assistants, nurses, and masseurs to carry out his intentions. Patients come to him from every part of the country; he is continually called away to Baltimore, New York, and other cities; and has received distinguished honors from foreign universities. One would suppose that this was enough to consume all his time and energy, even with his rapid methods of work and careful husbanding of hours. But there are some natures which cannot be kept within bounds. His novel and verse writing began as an amusement to pass away spare time on his summer vacations, and he probably did not expect to meet with very much success in it; but literature has now for a long time been an important part of his career, and, judging by the number of editions some of his books pass through, a source of not a little profit.

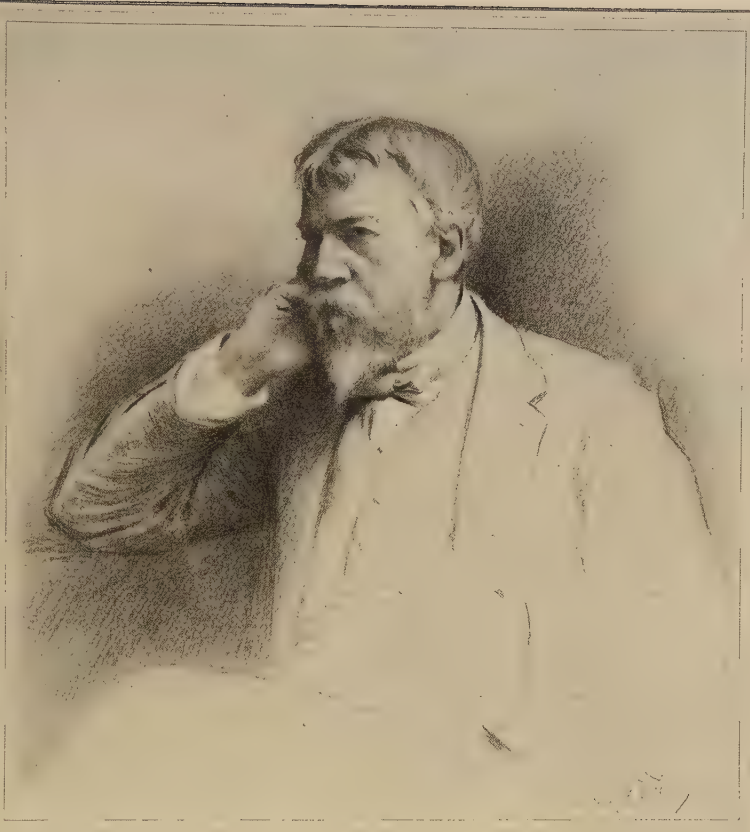
His poems, which have appeared in various forms in past years, are now collected in one good-sized volume. They are all interesting and worth reading, although they cannot be called powerful. Some of his dramas are distinctly good. Among his lyrical pieces several may be mentioned as out of the common,—"When the Cumberland Went Down," "Cervantes," and the "Wreck of the Emmeline." They are here given in the reverse order of merit. In the "Wreck of the Emmeline" he seems to get beyond his usual self; this poem would compare very favorably with some of the best that have appeared since the Civil War.

His best novel, "Far in the Forest," has never met with as much success as the others, and the most probable explanation is that the title injured it. Its christening was certainly most unfortunate. People naturally supposed that it must be a boys' book, or a mere story of adventure or wild life. But in dramatic force, directness, and strong simplicity, it far exceeds all his others. In fact, it seems to have been written by a different person. Even the style is totally different. It may be that in his other novels he has consciously or unconsciously felt his way to the line of least resistance, which enables him to give a story full of detail and circumstance without feeling himself bound by the severest rules of art. There is a great deal of that sort of thing done nowadays, and it would be well if the trained literary critics would investigate its general effects on the literature of the age.

The admirers of Dr. Mitchell would, probably, all prefer to have had him guide himself always by the old, severe, classic rules. But perhaps he is the best judge of his own mission; and he has certainly forged out a style and manner of his own, full of incident and intellectual force. In any event, he has not gone into the new method so far as some who, by adopting a tone which is easy of accomplishment and acceptable to the public, cease to develop their originality and independence, and become mere adapters. These adapters will, of course, reply: Wait and see. The majority are the best judges, and in the end the only judges. The method of novel writing has changed. We cannot forever follow the old ideals of art. That type can in any event be reached only by a great genius, and in it only a genius can produce a work which will be popular.

This doctrine has certainly become the prevailing one in America. We have been flooded with it for twenty years, and it is associated with the Germanizing of our colleges and the change in methods of education. But the standard of art, the test of correct performance, has never changed since the days of Homer, and it is not likely that we Americans of this age can change it. To suppose that we can is not a whit different from the delusion of the silver party, that by the free coinage of the white metal we could compel all the rest of the world to accept it against their will as the equivalent of gold.

There is no reason for a change. The old test can be used



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

for an infinite variety of purposes, for every circumstance that can arise and for every age and condition that the future has in store. Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott found it as well suited to the life of their times as Homer for his environment two thousand years before.

The writers of France and England still accept it. Their second and third rate writers, men of mere talent without genius, live up to it to the extent of their powers, and their work is the better for it, and far superior to our work of the same class. Even in the United States it continually outsells our own.

PERILS OF SUCCESS.

IN the military family of Washington was one, in the early part of the Revolution, whose great ability, courage, and social qualities commanded universal praise. He had no peer in the service of the court and the camp. Washington, himself, regarded his rich endowments of mind and person as the assurance of the highest and most valuable service to his oppressed and distracted country. But when, at the height of his success in public life, Aaron Burr allowed his baser passions to usurp the place of patriotism and purity, he died, "not as Adams, and Jefferson, and Washington sank into the grave, amidst the tears and prayers of a great nation, but in shame, solitude, and gloom, this profligate, whose ambition it was to tread the fairest flowers into the dust, passed away to the bar of a just God."

A successful merchant of New York city retired from business at forty-five years of age, rich, honored, and satisfied. It is a mistake for men of forty-five to dream and plan for relief from business thereafter. To desire ease, with nothing to do, at that age, when the physical and mental powers are in their prime, is a mistaken view of one's life work. However successful a person has been up to that time, there is real peril in the idea that a fortune and a good character at forty-five entitles one to retire from business and live at ease. It proved so in the case of the wealthy New York merchant. After the care and labor of establishing a princely home on the Hudson were exhausted, and he had nothing to do, a few months sufficed to tell upon his constitution. He began to tire of the monotony, his health became impaired, sleepless nights made him miserable, and finally he became a

confirmed invalid, whom physicians tried in vain to restore. His wealth yielded him no happiness, his beautiful home lost its attractions, and he would have parted with the last dollar of his riches could he have been transferred to his counting-room, with all its care, perplexities, and hard work. He died before his fiftieth birthday, an illustration, in his untimely death, of the perils of success. Had he been less prosperous, so that he felt the necessity of continuing in business, industrious, enterprising, and tireless, until the winters of threescore years and ten had frosted his head, he might have enjoyed an old age that is a crown of glory.

There are more men and women who are demoralized by success on certain lines than are made more manly and womanly by it. The command of human praise, the ability to shine as a "bright, particular star," the worshipful attention of their fellow men that falls to their lot, drift them away from their surroundings, until, upon a tempestuous sea, without chart or compass, they sink into unknown depths. Robert Walpole remarked, "It is fortunate that few men can be prime ministers, because it is fortunate that few men can know the abandoned profligacy of the human mind." However much exaggeration there was in the sentiment expressed, it certainly contains the unquestioned truth that peculiar perils lurk in the paths of those who share high honors, great power, and overflowing wealth. Wealth hoarded, honor used to inflate pride, and learning acquired for a name only, are mistaken notions of success, that make it the occasion of disgrace and failure. One of the most successful members of the New York bar, a score of years ago, allowed his own life to illustrate our theme. He was talented, eloquent, and magnetic on the rostrum and in the parlor. His practice increased beyond his most sanguine expectations. On account of his abundant gifts, demands were made upon him outside of the legal profession, and he was brought largely thereby into public life. Money poured into his lap, his acquaintance and counsel were sought by the wealthiest class, and he shared general confidence because he was a man of moral and Christian principles. Few men of any profession were ever so successful as he at the time of his marriage. He married a society woman, who introduced him into a social life altogether new to him. Heavy drafts upon his time and purse

multiplied in this new relation as the years rolled on. The enjoyment of his wife, and the bewilderment of social splendor, blinded him to the inevitable issue of affairs, until pecuniary embarrassment stared him in the face. In this hour of temptation, the unlawful appropriation of trust funds to relieve his condition brought him into disgrace, and made his life a failure. But for his success at the bar, in social and political life, his career might have rounded into one of the noblest and best on record.

Stephen Girard devoted his life to the acquisition of wealth, and he was eminently successful in that line. He left his home in France, at ten years of age, and sailed as cabin boy to the West Indies. Thence he proceeded to New York, where he began to trade in small wares, in a small way, and from that time he became a marked example of the practical wisdom of a man whose ruling passion is to be rich. Sometimes he traded in the city in whatever merchandise promised him even the smallest profit, sometimes he commanded a ship upon a voyage to a distant country in the interest of gain. Then a trip of hundreds of miles on land to add to his accumulating wealth enlisted his utmost energy. There was no sort of merchandise that he refused to handle, no sort of labor that he declined to perform, and no hardship that he would not undergo for money. As if some magical power invested his head and hands with a charm, every enterprise that he undertook added largely and rapidly to his wealth. His touch, like that of the mythical Midas, turned everything into gold. Yet his success only fed a base love of money that belittled his manhood, shriveled his soul, and sent him out of the world a worshiper of gold, his life a failure.

Success in reforms often brings reformers into great tribulation. So long as they do not multiply achievements to any extent they are tolerated, but when they show themselves to be a power, the opposition is aroused, and hardships and perils multiply. This was eminently true of Luther. Born to an inheritance of poverty, the son of a poor miner, he was compelled to sing from house to house in order to obtain money to pay for his schooling. It was the reading of the Scriptures in the convent at Erfurth that opened his eyes to behold the truth, and started him out upon a mission that moved the world. He said: "God ordered that I should be-

come a monk, that, being taught by experience, I might take up my pen against the pope." It was David attacking Goliath of Gath ; and from that time the perils of his success began. So long as he was the harmless son of a poor miner, he attracted little attention, and pushed onward and upward without opposition. For a poor peasant boy to advance as Luther did was a signal success, and it was this that created his perils. The young monk at Erfurth was proving that he was a power, and as such he must be antagonized. He must be gagged ; he must be banished ; he must be killed, if necessary ! He must be silenced here and now. There was no alternative, and persecution did its worst. It was in this sea of perils, confronting the emperor, princes, and nobles, and dignitaries of the Church, in the city of Worms, that he appeared to realize that success had brought him to the verge of his grave. When ordered to retract the doctrines he had proclaimed or forfeit his life, he answered, as the Christian hero will : "Unless I shall be refuted and convinced by testimonies of the Holy Scriptures, or by public, clear, and evident arguments and reasons, I cannot and will not retract anything, since I believe neither the pope nor the councils alone, and since it is neither safe nor advisable to do anything against the conscience. Here I stand, I cannot otherwise ; God help me ! Amen." His faith saved him from death. Enemies dared not kill such a servant of God.

It is the same with other reforms. The anti-slavery cause was tolerated until it became a conflict. When it grew to strength, and attracted public attention as an organized agency to destroy slavery, then its troubles began. Success up to a certain point, when the enemy declared, "thus far, but no farther." Then perils multiplied, anathemas, persecutions, mobs, assaults, and death, until the anti-slavery reformer actually took his life into his hands to plead for liberty.

The secret of growth is to do to-day what we could not have done yesterday. It requires no striving, or extra effort, to do to-morrow what we can do to-day as well as not. The effort of doing something greater and better is necessary ; for this keeps the faculties at their highest tension, in which there is growth. It is in this way that a youth acquires culture, and eventually becomes learned ; in this way the artisan

becomes an expert, and contributes to the skilled labor of the world; in this way, too, the artist becomes able to execute the most difficult music, or transfer his beau ideal to the canvas. It is the effort to improve or excel, taxing the powers more and more, that develops manhood and womanhood, mentally and morally.

When Edison was thirteen years of age, he sold papers on the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway, his home and headquarters being at Port Huron, Michigan. A boy by the name of James A. Clancy was his partner in the business. Their homes were a mile apart, and it became quite indispensable for them to have some speedy way of corresponding with each other. Edison proposed a telegraph. So they purchased a quantity of stovepipe wire and put up the line, trees serving them for poles. An operator in the place taught them the telegraphic alphabet, and how to use it. Here was Edison's initiation into the mysteries of electrical science. If he had been content with that short-line telegraph, and the good he derived from it, the world would never have heard of his phonograph. But he was not content. That smattering of knowledge stimulated his inventive genius, so that he has been acting upon the principle ever since of doing to-morrow what was not possible to-day. His growth has been phenomenal because his method of reducing the principle in question to practice has been phenomenal. He is still advancing on this line, and is doing to-day what he could not have done yesterday. Hence, one invention follows another naturally, as he expects it will so long as his inventive powers are stretched to their utmost tension for greater acquisitions. Between his one-mile telegraph in 1861, and his present position as "The Wizard of Menlo Park," there are personal struggles, studies, and masterly efforts beyond computation.

The mere money-maker may grow in shrewdness and worldly wisdom, but his manhood does not enlarge and become ennobling. His mind must grasp higher themes, that will tax something more than his avaricious nature, to secure real growth. He may become rich as Crœsus, but a miser has no real manhood; he is a small specimen of humanity. If, while acquiring a fortune, he allows himself to acquire knowledge by dint of perseverance, and become personally and deeply interested in philanthropic enterprises,

his whole man feels the force of his efforts. The higher and nobler themes of thought and study make his mental and moral growth inevitable.

Many farmers do not grow in manly character as they advance in years. They till the soil as their fathers did before them, content to plant, sow, and reap as the seasons come and go, without improvement of themselves or their farms. But it is not so with all. Agricultural science taxes their mental powers. They study the nature of the soils, the methods of improving crops and stock, and the many other scientific subjects that are involved in successful agriculture. They grow constantly in intelligence and manly qualities. Higher thoughts lift them out of the old humdrum life of their grandfathers, and they dwell in a new sphere of labor, in which social and intellectual growth is certain. Taxing the mind is the secret of making farming a real discipline.

Of two young men or women, of equal ability and like circumstances, one may attend divine worship on the Sabbath constantly, and the other may not attend at all. The former becomes far more intelligent than the latter. His intellect is more active and sharper, so that the difference is apparent to every observer. The explanation is that the mind of the first has been taxed in the house of God by the discussion of higher and grander themes. He has been prompted to think and reflect on a higher plane, while the other has groveled in that lower life that characterizes those who neglect public worship. Not one subject of thought was high enough, or noble enough, to lift him above his surroundings. David said: "I know more than the ancients, because I have kept Thy precepts,"—and David was right. Every person who is obedient to God, not only knows more than he who is not, other things being equal, but he has acquired a mental power by grasping greater themes, to which the disobedient is a stranger. Of two children, alike in natural endowments and in opportunities, the obedient one knows more than the disobedient. He practices all the higher qualities that obedience involves, and, therefore, he knows all about them, while the other knows absolutely nothing of them. To know honesty, a man must be honest, just as to know astronomy he must master it. So with the good life: the effort for it stimulates both intellect and soul by the necessity of studying and comprehending the highest themes.

These facts show why the dude never grows except in vanity,—his passion for dress furnishes food for little else. His thoughts do not rise above his personal appearance, his mind grasps only belittling themes. So with the girl who lives only in a world of pleasure and apparel,—she grows vain, but she does not grow brighter and better. She never can grow mentally and morally on this low plane of life. We learn, also, why the constant reader of dime novels, and other trashy literature, knows no more at forty or fifty years of age than at fifteen. He has had nothing uplifting to think about, so that mental and moral growth was impossible. The mind was made to think with; and, in order to grow, it must have something worth thinking about.

The most eminent example of our theme, in our day, is that of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. A wide-awake boy, poor and naughty, causing his good Christian mother great anxiety, he possessed, nevertheless, decision, firmness, self-reliance, and indomitable force of character. Just the boy to go to ruin under certain circumstances! Just the boy to make a John Knox or Whitefield under other circumstances! "Uncle Samuel Holton," boot and shoe dealer of Boston, knowing how headstrong and unmanageable he was, advised his mother to "keep him at home in Northfield; such a boy will be ruined in three months in Boston."

But young Moody's ardor was not dampened by his uncle's opinion. At sixteen, he packed up his clothes and left Northfield for Boston. "Uncle Holton" was somewhat dumfounded by his presence, but, speedily taking in the situation, he said: "Dwight, I will give you a place in my store on these conditions: you shall board where I wish to have you; you shall go to meeting with me every Sabbath; and you shall join the Sabbath school."

Dwight accepted the conditions, and went to work with a will. His tact, energy, intelligence, and remarkable efficiency, soon made him an indispensable helper in the store; and his brightness, punctuality, and constancy at church and Sabbath school, drew the attention of both pastor and teacher. He was converted to Christ, and united with the church; and now he must work for his new Master in the church, as he did for the old one in the store, *with all his might.* He was on fire for Christ, and therefore irrepressible. He spoke and prayed

in meeting, mutilating the King's English shockingly, and grammar suffered martyrdom at his hands with every effort. Pastor and people hung their heads,— the young Christian hero was too rough on the refinement of Boston. But he must work for the Lord or be unhappy, and seeing a field in Chicago for his powers, thither he went. He became salesman in a large boot and shoe house of that city, and stepped to the front at once in the business. Other salesmen complained that he got most of the customers. "Gets them fairly," replied his employer. He joined Plymouth Church, and at once rented four pews and filled them the next Sabbath with young men from the street, showing as much tact in drumming up recruits for the Lord as he did in bringing customers to the warehouse. He offered to teach a class in the Sabbath school. "Gather a class from the streets, and you may teach them," replied the superintendent. The next Sabbath he had a class of "street Arabs," numbering eighteen, some of them hatless and shoeless. Within a few weeks he had a mission school of his own, where two hundred drinking and gambling hells flourished around it. He quit business and devoted his whole time to Christian work. Soon he had a church, and became a preacher of the gospel. Onward and upward he continued, until he addressed more people at any one time, and at all times, than any other preacher on earth, brought more sinners to Christ than any other pastor or evangelist who ever lived, and became known as the model expository preacher of the nineteenth century, at whose feet the graduates of theological seminaries gladly sat to learn how to preach.

What is the secret of such a life? In business, he worked with all his might, and prospered. He kept his physical and mental powers on the stretch all the time, so that he grew and stood at the head of salesmen. In like manner, he kept his moral and spiritual powers on the stretch constantly, growing surprisingly in mental and moral power. This taxing all his powers to the utmost, year after year, produced a life almost without a parallel.

Many youth and adults make a fatal mistake by thinking that the way to grow morally, and become strong in principle, is to have a personal acquaintance with the vicious side of life. They must know from personal observation what its sins and pitfalls are. They must peer into that land of dark-

ness. This has often proved a fatal delusion. It is necessary to know only the way to honor and usefulness in order to get there. To know the opposite is no help at all. It is not necessary to learn the way to perdition in order to reach heaven. A passenger said to the pilot on a Mississippi steamer, "How long have you been a pilot on these waters?" The old man answered, "Twenty-five years, and I came up and down many times before I was pilot." "Then," said the passenger, "I should think you must know every rock and sandbank on the river." The pilot smiled at the man's simplicity, and replied, "Oh, no I don't! But I know where the deep water is; that is what we want,— to know the safe path and keep to it."

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

ON HAPPINESS — TWO ESTIMATES OF PRESIDENT ELIOT — HIS CONTEMPORARIES — AN EARLY APPRECIATION OF HIS ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITIES — AS A TEACHER IN HARVARD — CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF HARVARD — A PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION — THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM — SOME FACTS AND FIGURES — HIS EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY — AT HEART A DEMOCRAT — AS AN ESSAYIST — HIS INFLUENCE WITH STUDENTS — A RELIGIOUS MAN — AS AN ADMINISTRATOR — CHARACTERISTICS. THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

Earthly happiness is not dependent upon the amount of one's possessions or the nature of one's employment. Enjoyment and satisfaction are accessible to poor and rich, to humble and high alike, if only they cultivate the physical, mental, and moral faculties through which the natural joys are won. Any man may win them who, by his daily labor, can earn a wholesome living for himself and his family. A poorer population may easily be happier than a richer, if it be of sounder health and morality.



Neither generations of privileged ancestors, nor large inherited possessions, are necessary to the making of a lady or gentleman. What is necessary? In the first place, natural gifts. The gentleman is born in a democracy, no less than in a monarchy. In other words he is a person of fine bodily and spiritual qualities, mostly innate. Secondly, he must have, through elementary education, early access to books, and therefore to great thoughts and high examples. Thirdly, he must be early brought into contact with some refined and noble person — father, mother, teacher, pastor, employer, or friend. These are the only conditions in peaceful times.

Charles W. Eliot

SPEAKING at the Harvard Commencement dinner in 1901, Theodore Roosevelt, then vice-president of the United States and now its president, a graduate of Harvard, said that perhaps the most distinctive feature of the work done at Harvard University by its president, Charles William Eliot, was the way in which he has made it thoroughly national and thoroughly democratic in character.

The president of Yale University, Arthur T. Hadley, at a dinner of Harvard graduates in 1900, said: "I wish to propose to you the health of President Eliot, who, by his work, his example, his thought, and his fearlessness, has given every educational institution the right to claim him."

In these cordial words of President Hadley, the estimate of President Eliot as an educator, commonly held by his co-laborers in the noble teaching profession, is voiced. Obviously, a man so highly esteemed by men so eminent as President Roosevelt and President Hadley should be understood and appreciated by all men. As a matter of fact, there are probably few men of equal length of public service and grade of character in the nation so misunderstood or underrated by the public, as the veteran but virile president.

He has lived long enough, however, to see the theory of education, which he has championed at Harvard, triumph, and to have it conceded by those competent to judge, that probably no other person in the history of American education, save Horace Mann, has so deeply stamped his ideals on our scheme of popular education. Like Mann, he has had to fight to win; and he has had to fight against much the same conservative forces. During the struggle he has known

> "Many a grim and haggard day —
> Many a night of starless skies."

Mann's statue stands side by side with Daniel Webster's in front of the state capitol of Massachusetts to-day. Possibly the time will come when Eliot's and Hoar's will find a like place of distinction. At any rate, it is worth noting that the old commonwealth keeps producing, generation after generation, publicists like Webster and Hoar and educators like Mann and Eliot.

Thomas Jefferson, by laying the foundations of the Uni-

versity of Virginia; John Witherspoon, of Princeton, by his brilliant playing of the dual rôle of college executive and patriot; Eliphalet Nott, of Union, Francis Wayland, of Brown, Mark Hopkins, of Williams, by their inspiring personal influence on young men; James McCosh, by his success in building up the resources of Princeton through impressing men of wealth with their duties as stewards; and Henry Barnard, by his pioneer work as journalist, for the profession, have all played conspicuous parts in the history of American education. But Horace Mann and Charles William Eliot,—the one by his influence on primary and secondary schools, and the other by his influence on the universities, colleges, and secondary schools of the country,—have a sum total of achievement credited to them which rightly puts them in a class by themselves, the class of constructive educators.

Since he was inaugurated president of Harvard University in October, 1869, then only thirty-five years old, Mr. Eliot has seen a generation of public men pass away. So that to-day he speaks with the authority of age as well as that of station. Of the Corporation and the Faculty of Harvard in 1869 he is the only survivor. Of New England representatives in the United States Congress when he entered upon his responsible career, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Senator Hale, of Maine, are the best known survivors. Of the great group of New England authors then regnant, only Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, and T. W. Higginson remain. Of notable educators, the distrust and condemnation of some of whom he was early made to know because of his spirit of innovation and reconstruction, Theodore Woolsey and Noah Porter, of Yale, Julius H. Seelye, of Amherst, Mark Hopkins, of Williams, Frederick A. P. Barnard, of Columbia, and James McCosh, of Princeton, have died; and Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, Andrew D. White, of Cornell, and Charles K. Adams, of Wisconsin, have retired. The only college or university executives in the country with a national reputation whose terms of office approach his in length are James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan, and Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota. He is the Nestor of American educators.

In venturing to appraise such a career as President Eliot's one realizes at the outset that it has been long enough and

constant enough in its aim to provide sufficient data for an appraisal. Vigorous in health and ambitious for further service as the man still is, and fruitful and effective as he bids fair to be for many years to come, he will not alter in essential attributes of character. He may reveal to the many some of those elements of his character hitherto seen only by the few. But the flower and the fruit will be but the certain product of roots that long ago struck deep in rich soil, and of a trunk and branches that long since were clearly defined against the sky.

It is a useless, but none the less tempting, venture of the imagination to try to conceive what would have been the state of religion in the United States — and in New England especially — had Phillips Brooks not failed as a school teacher and then entered the ministry of the church to play the part of a liberal prophet. It is equally tempting and futile to imagine how different the history of Harvard University and of the higher education of the United States might have been had Charles William Eliot accepted an offer of a salary (large for the times and for one so young) of $5,000 a year as treasurer of a large cotton manufacturing establishment in Lowell, Mass., offered to him shortly after his graduation from Harvard in 1853. Thus early in his life had wise men detected in him latent capacities as an administrator. But the youth had ancestors and kinsfolk who were friends of and exponents of learning, as well as ancestors who were successful merchants. Several of them had been clergymen ; not a few had been donors to Harvard ; all of them had been lovers of the humanities. His father, Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, had been the patron of fine music in Boston, and a friend of the discharged prisoner when discharged prisoners had fewer friends than they have to-day. Both his uncle, after whom he was named, and his father had studied theology ; and his only living son, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, well maintains the family tradition and spirit to-day. Service of humanity through the ministry of a learned profession, therefore, was an ideal present in the home in which the youth was simply, piously, and nobly reared. Hence it is not altogether surprising that he chose the profession of educator and not the calling of treasurer of a cotton mill.

From 1854 to 1858 he served as tutor in mathematics at

Harvard while studying advanced chemistry with Prof. J. P. Cooke. From 1858 to 1863 he was assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard. During 1863-65 he was in Europe studying chemistry and investigating the educational methods of the European schools. From 1865 to 1869, when he was called to Harvard as president, he was professor of analytical chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

It was while busy teaching chemistry,— and busy, also, with speculations as to how the new scientific thought was to modify and transform, perchance, educational ideals and methods,— that Professor Eliot found himself, in 1868, compelled, as an alumnus, to face the problem of the future of Harvard. The Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., the president, had resigned.

The honor of presiding over the destinies of Harvard even in those days, when the educator's rank in the community was not as high as it is now, was not one to go a-begging. Tradition called for a safe, reputable clergyman, such as Presidents Walker or Hill, or a man of eminence in public life such as Presidents Everett and Quincy, had been. The idea of choosing a youth of thirty-five, a scientist (then a term suspected somewhat even by liberals), who was untried as an administrator, shocked the conservatives. Early in the campaign champions of Professor Eliot had appeared. He had powerful backing of various sorts. He had written for the *Atlantic Monthly* articles on the New Education which had disclosed to the public his thorough acquaintance with the best thought on education in European circles, while his candor in pointing out defects in American education revealed a quality of mind not very common in the country at the time or now, and to be revealed by him many times afterward in his speeches and writings.

In view of the choice that was made, and in view of the fame which John Fiske won later in his life, it is worth while to go back to one of his earliest communications to *The Nation*, written in 1868, when he was a graduate student at Harvard, in which unsigned editorial on the situation at Harvard he warned those responsible for the choice of president against selecting either a Philistine, a Tory, a Radical, or a Sectarian.

Decision of the matter rested, in the first instance, with the Corporation,— six men, all advanced in years, and therefore inclined to be conservative. They chose young Professor Eliot. The Board of Overseers, made up of thirty of the alumni, refused to ratify the choice. The Corporation refused to recede, and again named Mr. Eliot. Then the Board of Overseers capitulated, but not gracefully, and at the next Commencement dinner the young president had a cool reception.

No sooner was he elected — in May, 1869 — and inaugurated — in October — than the work of construction and co-ordination at Harvard began. For it is as a constructor,— not, as is popularly supposed, as an iconoclast and destroyer,— that President Eliot rightly says he cares to be (and surely will be) remembered. Departments of the university, like the Medical School, independent of the university in matters too vital to be tolerated longer, were soon brought into proper relations to the governing body. The Law School was revitalized, and a dean — Prof. C. C. Langdell — chosen, who, in due time, radically altered its mode of teaching and studying law, and who has lived to see the school take first rank. Later, the Divinity School was approached in the constructive spirit, and transformed from a sectarian training school for the clergy of the Unitarian denomination, to a school of theology, where representatives of many sects both teach and study. Its standards of admission were raised ; its degrees were made honorable, because representative of proven scholarship ; and its status as a part of the university was bettered generally.

So far from being content to know only the life of the college proper, and to preside over its faculty meetings, the new president was prompt in assuming the right to preside over the faculty meetings of the various professional schools, and at once asserted prerogatives never claimed before. It was not presumption ; it was only common sense. He was president of Harvard University, not president of Harvard College, and president and unifying factor in the university he would be.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then on the Faculty of the Medical School, in a letter to Motley, the historian, described the sensation which this attitude of the new president made at the time. He wrote, in 1871 : —

"Our new president has turned the whole university over like a flapjack. There never was such a *bouleversement* as that in our Medical Faculty. . . . . It is so curious to see a young man like Eliot, with an organizing brain, a firm will, a grave, calm, dignified presence, taking the ribbons of our classical coach-and-six, feeling the horses' mouths, putting a check on this one's capers, and touching that one with a lash, turning up everywhere in every faculty (I belong to three), on every public occasion, at every dinner *orne*, and taking it all as naturally as if he had been born president."

In an earlier letter to Motley, Holmes wrote : —

"I cannot help being amused at some of the scenes we have in our Medical Faculty — this cool, grave young man proposing, in the calmest way, to turn everything topsy-turvy.

"'How is it, I should like to ask,' said one of our number the other evening, 'that this faculty has gone on for eighty years managing its own affairs, and doing it well — how is it that we have been going on so well in the same orderly path for eighty years, and now, within three or four months, it is proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school ; it seems very extraordinary, and I should like to know how it happens ?'

"'I can answer Dr.———'s question very easily,' said the bland, grave young man ; 'there is a new president.' The tranquil assurance of this answer had an effect such as I hardly ever knew produced by the most eloquent sentences I ever heard."

Another story of the period comes from the law department ; one of the professors — also a prominent public official, it is said — having exclaimed as the new president entered his room in the Law School : "Well, I declare ! the president of Harvard College in Dane Hall ! This is a new sight !"

It is commonly supposed that because President Eliot has championed the elective system at Harvard, and has seen its triumph there, and has lived to see it accepted by institutions which for long condemned the system and him as well for championing it, that therefore he was the originator of the system. This is a misconception. The elective principle was rooted at Harvard as early as 1825. He found, to quote his own words on the matter, "a tolerably broad elective system already under way," when he became president. The scien-

tific discoveries of the era and the expansion of the field of knowledge had, as President Eliot has pointed out, simply made it impossible for a college to include in its required studies all of the old and new subjects. Human limitations as to time and energy made some choice of studies by the student inevitable. Hence, it was a practical problem of administrative detail, not a new theory, which the young president faced and worked out patiently. His immediate predecessors as president had not believed in the new system, and had lessened rather than increased its range. He believed in the principle, and he knew a fact when he saw it. Recognition of facts may almost be said to be his dominant intellectual characteristic. Dr. William T. Harris aptly describes him as "one who holds with an iron grasp the facts of his time."

"Do you know the qualities you will need most out there at Harvard?" President Eliot was asked by George S. Hillard, a well-known Boston man-of-letters, shortly after his election. The president mentioned industry and courage. "No," replied Mr. Hillard, "what you will need is patience — patience — patience." The assent of three boards of officials has had to be won for the successive steps which now make the principle of individual election of studies regnant. The Faculty, the Board of Overseers, the Corporation, are neither of them groups of men to be coerced, but rather convinced by arguments or by facts. Nor would President Eliot have it otherwise. For, contrary again to the popular impression, he is not a dictator, but a persuader; not a despot, but a loyal executor of the majority's will after it has been decreed by debate and a vote in the academic legislature. "A university is the last place in the world for a dictator; learning is always republican," he says.

What has been accomplished at Harvard to a very large extent through his superior vision, steady will, and inspiring optimism may best be learned in brief compass from the accompanying statistics. Faithful, intelligent co-operation of his colleagues on the faculty and the official boards, and generous giving by the alumni, account for much of it, to be sure. But his has been the largest personal contribution. A recent president of the United States was wittily described by the late Senator Ingalls as "splendidly equipped and

magnificently disqualified for executive functions." Equipment, physical and mental, and moral qualifications have been finely blended in President Eliot.

No one would think of disputing Professor Dunbar's statement, made in 1894, when President Eliot and the university celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his inauguration as president, that no name, after the founder of the university, John Harvard, "is yet engraved so deeply on this enduring monument as that of Charles William Eliot." Professor Charles Eliot Norton, on the same occasion, said that the enlargement of Harvard's "resources, the elevation of her standards, the extension of her courses of instruction, the deepening of her sense of relation to the life of the nation and the strengthening of that relation, have all been in accord with the general progress of the country; and that they have been so is due, more than to any other single agency, to the character of the man who, during this period, has been at her head." It is interesting to find Professor Norton and President Roosevelt agreeing on the work which Professor Eliot has done in making the ties between the nation and the university more vital. They differ on so many matters that agreement on this point is the more significant.

The following statistics show the growth of Harvard during President Eliot's administration: —

	1868–69.	1901–02.
Seniors,	110	346
Juniors,	132	412
Sophomores,	159	533
Freshmen,	128	551
Special students,	—	141
Graduate School,	—	312
Divinity School,	19	37
Law School,	138	628
Medical School,	308	506
Scientific School,	41	549
Bussey Institution,	13	32
Dental School,	—	105
Summer-course students,	—	982
Total,	1,048	5,134

	1868-69.	1901-02.
Invested funds,	$8,390,542	$13,119,538
Income,	212,388	697,575
Teachers,	63	483
Buildings,	23	54
Volumes in college libraries,	168,000	387,097

The fundamental principles in education for which President Eliot has stood are easily determined, if one will read his annual reports as president and his collection of addresses on educational topics brought together in his volume, "Educational Reforms," published in 1898. The true end of education he conceives to be to secure "effective power in action," action of the diverse faculties of man, physical, mental, and spiritual. "The power of observation, the inductive faculty, the sober imagination, the sincere and proportionate judgment,"—these were what in his inaugural he prophesied that the universities and colleges of the country would gain from the scientific method ; and it would be hard to find a better single phrase describing his own type of mind. "Observation" is a word used as often as any other in his vocabulary.

His ideal for the university has been that it should teach, serve as a storehouse for knowledge by its libraries, museums, etc., and that it should provide opportunity for original research ; and among the many subjects which it should teach he has always emphasized "virtue, duty, piety, and righteousness." His associates have found him the champion of liberty of thought and speech and action. The professors have learned that the candor with which the president speaks his mind may be imitated by them in opposing his policies, or in opposing one another's views, and this without impairing in the least their standing in the university or the tenure of their place.

For the student, whether in the university or in the secondary schools, he has pleaded for and secured to a large degree, that "every child without special favor" should "get at the right subject at the right age, and pursue it just as far and as fast as he is able." An individualist by temperament and by conviction, he has stoutly championed individualism in education, holding that "uniformity is the curse of American schools," that "selection of studies for the individual, instruction addressed to the individual, irregular promotion,

grading by natural capacity and rapidity of attainment," is the educational ideal. And to-day a properly equipped student entering Harvard, following this theory of education, may finish the course and receive the degree of A.B. in three years,—another Harvard precedent which other institutions sooner or later will follow.

As a citizen and patriot, President Eliot is "a democratic aristocrat" as one of his closest friends has described him. He is, with more or less truth, said to be "more interested in man than in men." Like F. W. Robertson he can say, "My tastes are with the aristocrat"; but he could not add with Robertson, "my principles are with the mob." President Eliot does not believe in the mob: he believes in experts, coming out from the people, representing the people, guiding the people, standing for the people, and being respected by them. In his inaugural he denounced as "preposterous and criminal," and as constituting a national danger, the notion that our lawgivers, diplomats, the commanding officers of our navy and army, can be developed instantly out of the ordinary American citizen. He loses no opportunity to ridicule the "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" dogma born of the French Revolution. He prefers "Freedom, Unity, and Brotherhood," as an American watchword. He denies that all men are created equal; but he labors indefatigably to give "accessibility of appropriate opportunity" to all men to become all that they can become.

But at heart he is a democrat. He believes in the American republic and that it will endure. He believes "that democracy is tough, tougher than any other form of government which has yet existed, because it is founded on the best side of human nature." Here crops out the persistent, fundamental optimism of the man, which has its basis in his faith in humanity as such, no opportunity being lost by him to attack what he believes to be a pernicious heresy, namely, the doctrine of innate human depravity. He believes there are "more real nobles" in our American democracy than in the aristocracy of any other land; and his definition of the American aristocracy is suggestive: "the aristocracy which in peace stands firmest for the public honor and renown, and in war rides first into the murderous thickets." His main plea for the enrichment of the courses of the secondary schools has

been that the poor man's boy may have as good a chance as the rich man's son ere he begins to labor. He served notice in his inaugural that Harvard would welcome rich and poor alike, and he has been loyal to his pledge. President Roosevelt says that he has democratized the institution.

As a public speaker and debater, President Eliot is rated very high by those who can appreciate precision, dignity, rationality. Man and mode harmonize. He recalls Pater's description of Cornelius Fronto, the tutor in the family of Marius the Epicurean. "The higher claim of his style was rightly understood to be in gravity and self-command," it is said of Fronto. So of Eliot. Amiel's tribute to Naville also comes to mind. There is the same "art of premeditated and self-controlled eloquence," the same "complete command of the resources of his own nature, and adequate and masterly expression of self." It is power through repose; and power in repose.

For the masses his method would be unpopular. Passion is sternly repressed. The stream of lava runs on, black, cool on the surface, with only a glint now and then telling of the fire beneath. There are very few gestures, and those calm and restrained. The voice is steady, varies little in tone, has few modulations reflecting interior moods. There is seldom any formal salutatory or peroration. There is always a cumulative effect, but it is the effect of a steady marshaling of facts and argument; it is an effect due to clarity, cogency, sincerity, the absence of all claptrap and fustian, all flattery, and all appeal to the sentimental. The attitude of the man implies profound self-respect, and an equally deep sense of obligation to be equal to the opportunity of convincing men and women. The tone and method are conversational rather than declamatory. The motive is conviction rather than persuasion; or if persuasion, persuasion going hand in hand with conviction. He has studiously avoided what he has described as "the fatal habit of prolonged, unpremeditated eloquence." One sitting down to listen to him speak is "safe against specious rhetoric and imaginative oratory" — to quote another of his sayings, which throws a side light on his ideals of eloquence.

To a generation of New Englanders led to believe that in Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips, the art of oratory reached per-

fection of method, because of grace of expression, wealth of literary and historical allusion, and passion unrestrained as with Sumner and Phillips, the type of eloquence of which President Eliot is a great exemplar must have seemed very strange at first. That he has lived long enough to see his type triumph, whether temporarily or permanently, need not be said now. Joseph Choate dare not deal with judges or juries as did Rufus Choate. Rhetoric and imagination and dogmatism are at a discount now at the bar, in the pulpit, on the hustings, in the halls of Congress. Time flies. Facts are worth more than theories. A spirit of tolerance discounts invective and distrusts dogmatism.

Bagehot says of Gibbon's pompous, marching style of writing English, that it was a style in which truth could not be told. Seldom has there been an English prose style less pompous and more veracious than the prose of President Eliot. The veracity, the Roman directness of method, the sweep and precision of his mental operations, are all revealed in his modes of expression, whether spoken or written. Everything extraneous is excluded. Figures of speech are infrequent; and when they are used they are homely, not ornate. Horace Walpole's criticism of Samuel Johnson, "He illustrates till he fatigues, and continues to prove after he has convinced," does not lie at President Eliot's door. First of all, there is a statement of facts or conditions as they exist, the report of an eye trained to see, an ear trained to hear, a judgment trained to compare. This lucid statement of facts often is deemed sufficient to carry its own argument; but if generalizations are forthcoming, they are so framed as to reveal the judicial quality of the mind of the man. Perspicuity, cogency, candor, naturalness, are invariable qualities of President Eliot's prose.

His two volumes of essays, "Educational Reforms," and "American Contributions to Civilization," are collections of addresses delivered from time to time on academic occasions, or are articles contributed to the leading American monthlies. He has written no formal, elaborate study of the problem of education or of democracy's social problems. No elaborate biography of a friend or a colleague has he found time to write; but there are intimations that a life of his gifted son, the landscape architect, who died a few years ago, will be forthcoming from him soon.

Such literary work as has been done by him is prophetic of better work to follow, in days of more leisure. He is a master of precise, dignified, sententious English,— English like Huxley's in the qualities of scientific exposition, lucidity, emphasis on the end in view, and relative disregard of the method employed; but unlike Huxley's in its aversion to brilliant phrases, and in its lack of vivacity.

It has been said that the prose of President Eliot is pre-eminently sententious; that in the writing of epitaphs, or ascriptions of praise for the living such as accompany his conferring of degrees at Harvard each Commencement, or in the phrasing of inscriptions on public buildings, such as those he wrote for the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, he is at his best. It is true that he is sententious often. A collection of very admirable sayings, equal to some of Benjamin Franklin's best, might be culled from his speeches. He seldom if ever lets feeling allow him to soar. Rhetoric for rhetoric's sake is alien to him. It probably seems to most of those who have heard him or read him that he writes or speaks mainly, if not solely, for practicable, serviceable ends. But one errs who limits him to mastery of the sentence alone, or who denies him sweep of expression sufficient to create perfect larger units of thought.

It is no chance happening, but rather a very natural and also a significant phenomenon, that Huxley, Tyndall, Henry Drummond, John Fiske, and Charles W. Eliot, all popular expositors of scientific methods and conclusions in the realms of science, philosophy, religion, and education, should have perfected such an understandable, pellucid English style.

In his relations to the student community, President Eliot has been quite unlike the typical college president of the era preceding his own. Mark Hopkins' methods and his methods are antithetical. Comparatively few men during his presidency have left Harvard who could say that he had, sensibly, directly affected their code of belief or standard of living. He has seemed to stand aloof. At the start he abandoned the *in loco parentis* conception of government for the university, and for himself as head of it. Personal knowledge of the men, personal interest in individuals while undergraduates, such knowledge as Hopkins of old had, or such acquaintance with or influence over students as Tucker, of Dartmouth, now

has, he has never coveted, or, if coveted, he has never found time or energy to win. But it is not safe to impute this attitude to lack of solicitude for the men, or the failure to realize how potent his personal touch might be. In the first place, it is a physical impossibility for a university president to do at all what the president of a small college may do with more or less success. That President Eliot has often revealed deep, self-sacrificing sympathy for members of the university circle — teachers and students — who have been in sorrow, despair, or want, is no secret in Cambridge ; and his zeal in caring for Harvard graduates who seek and deserve places of influence is well known. But he came to Harvard to be a statesman, not a father confessor ; or, as another has put it, he has been the "Foreign Secretary rather than the Secretary of the Interior."

His direct spiritual and ethical influence on the students consequently has been less than it might have been had the task of constructive institutional reform been less. But indirectly his influence has been marked. First, by preserving the life of the university so that it should make for liberty of thought, speech, and conduct, for individual choice of studies and friends. Second, by his close touch with professors, who have passed on to the student body the tone and opinions revealed by him in the debate of the faculty meeting or in the conversation of the closest conference. Third, by his influence in reconstructing the religious ministrations provided by the university for the students, changes making for reality, reverence, and catholicity of spirit. Fourth, by his personal example as a man of honor, sobriety, and piety, whose very carriage implies self-respect and elevation of mind, and whose constant attendance on religious exercises reveals the high estimate he puts on daily communion with the Infinite.

For, contrary to the impressions of not a few people, some of whom may still go so far as to call him an infidel, President Eliot is a profoundly religious man. He was born and reared a Unitarian, and still is one by preference. By conviction he is an Independent, preferring naturally a polity of church government which gives a maximum of independence of belief and action to the individual. As a man — but not as an official of Harvard — he will vigorously champion his own views on doctrine and polity if need be. But as an official he

stands for absolute freedom of thought, and for variety of worship in the college chapel or in Brooks House.

He recognized in his inaugural that the method of faith was different from the method of natural science ; and while his scientific mode of thought has kept him from credulity, his faith has kept him from irreverence or that atrophy of the spiritual powers not unknown to some scientists. He conceives of God as a God of Love, and that the exaltation of the idea of God is the noblest service one can render humanity ; of evil as an unfathomable mystery to be sure, but less influential and permanent than the Good as a factor in human existence. Prayer he describes as "the transcendent effort of human intelligence" ; and to him Phillips Brooks was greatest as a pray-er, not as a preacher. Poetry, of which he is very fond, "has its culmination in a hymn of praise." The Gospels contain for him a satisfactory rule of a happy life and disclose the principles of all modern democracy ; and preaching the Gospel is, to him, the highest calling known to men. Revelation he holds to be constant and progressive, "fluent like creation," and for the "deposit theory of truth" he has no respect.

The church he deems a permanent organ of society's best life, "worshiping together being a permanent instinct of men." For the life that now is, asceticism, as a rule of conduct, has no support from him,—temperance, not total abstinence, being his rule and practice. The greatest joy in life, after the domestic affections, he deems to be "the doing of something and doing it well." As for the life to come in another world his outlook is cheerful, one "framed in full harmony with the beauty of the visible universe, and with the sweetness of domestic affections and joys." This repeated exaltation of the domestic joys by him is but the reflection of a life singularly beautiful as son, husband, parent, and grandparent. Toleration in matters of religion, President Eliot believes, "is the best fruit of all the struggles, labors, and sorrows of the civilized nations during the last four centuries."

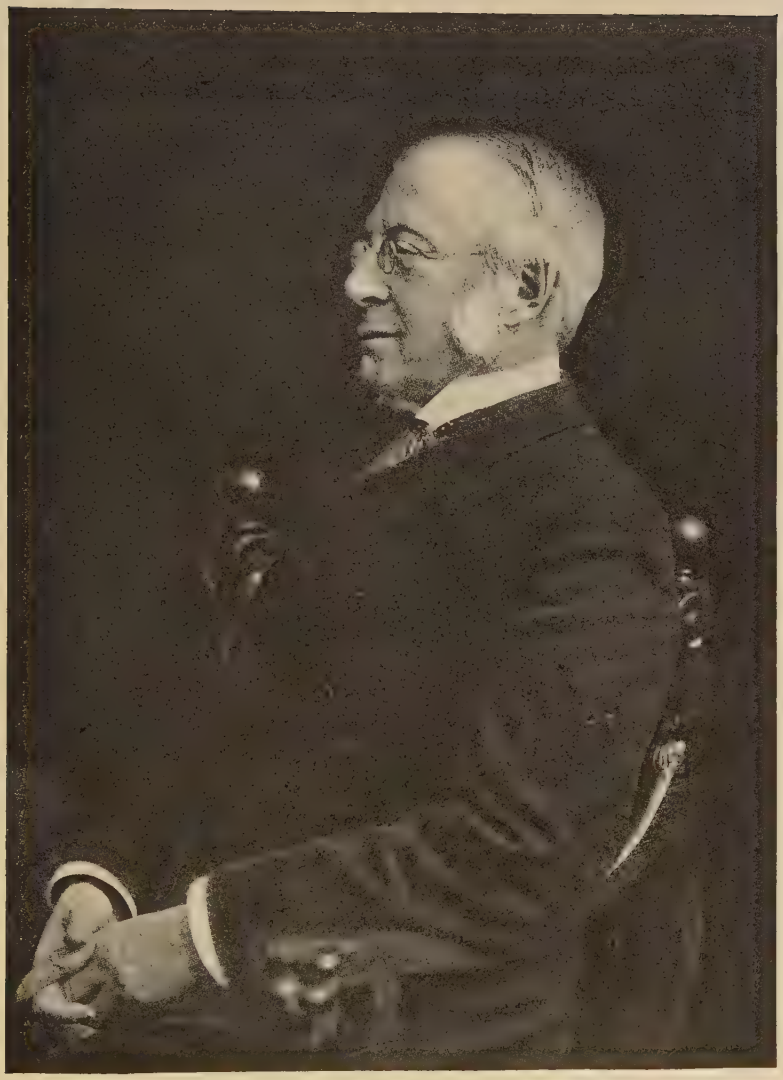
Such, in his own words, or in paraphrases of the same, are some of the views on fundamental religious themes of the man, of whom President Tucker of Dartmouth has said, "President Eliot is the most religious man among us."

On the ethical side his pre-eminence is quite as great. He is a humanized Puritan, but none the less a Puritan at bottom. Men who know him best put his moral passion as his chief quality. "Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action," said he in his inaugural. "With nations, as with individuals, nothing but moral supremacy is immutable and forever beneficent," said he at the inauguration of President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, in 1876. The last and most essential element of all worthy educators he defines as "the steady inculcation of those supreme ideals through which the human race is uplifted and ennobled — the ideals of beauty, honor, duty, and love."

Addressing the Chamber of Commerce, of New York city, in 1890, he described the service which a university may render to the higher commercial and industrial activity of the state ; and he utilized the opportunity to plead for adequate support of universities by merchants. But he closed by rising above the utilitarian plane to a higher one, and he went on to show that while popular comfort, ease, and wealth are doubtless promoted by universities, "their true and sufficient ends are knowledge and righteousness."

It has been this ever-present idealism, along with keenness for facts, sagacity, prudence, "liking for administrative details," to quote his own words about himself, which has given him his present weight of authority. His profound Puritan sense of duty, his passion for truth, his fairness in weighing conflicting personal and institutional claims, his success as a peacemaker, his terrible but sublime candor, his unflinching courage in facing issues and men, his abounding rational optimism, and his humane instincts have won for him the profound respect of those who have known him longest and seen him most.

"Nobody's name lives in this world — to be blessed — that has not been associated with some kind of human emancipation, physical, mental, or moral," said President Eliot, in a debate a few years ago. "In a democracy it is important to discriminate influence from authority. Rulers or magistrates may or may not be persons of influence ; but many persons of influence never become rulers, magistrates, or representatives in parliaments or legislatures," he wrote in his striking essay on "Five American Contributions to Civi-



PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

lization." President Eliot's name will live as an American emancipator of the individual man from the tyranny of uniformity in education, and from the rule of sectarianism in religion and in the teaching of theology. His *authority* has been limited to Harvard, and has not been absolute there. But his *influence* has been national, affecting not only the educational but the social and political fabric, aiding in bringing in civil service and tariff reform, rationalizing temperance agitation and education; and now, through his recent election as one of the representatives of the public on the tripartite body which is to arbitrate on disputes between capital and labor, he is about to be powerful in bringing in an era of industrial peace. Any list of the six men in this country to-day most influential in shaping its opinion on fundamental questions from which the name of Charles William Eliot is omitted will be imperfect.

> "Though he 's not judged, yet
> He 's the same as judged;
> So do the facts abound and superabound."

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

DR. NOTT, the venerable president of Union College, once took a newly married pair aside and said: "I want to give you this advice, my children,— don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go on quietly and do your duty, and she will come to you." These few plain words contain more real wisdom than years of moralizings, or whole volumes of metaphysical vagaries. It is a great truth, often forgotten, and still oftener unheeded, that those who make happiness a pursuit, generally have a fruitless chase.

Madame Recamier, one of the most fascinating queens of French society, with every surrounding seemingly favorable to the highest earthly happiness, from the calm, still depths of her heart wrote to her niece: "I am here in the center of fêtes, princesses, illuminations, spectacles. Two of my windows face the ballroom, the other two the theater. Amidst this clatter I am in perfect solitude. I sit and muse on the shore of the ocean. I go over all the sad and joyous circum-

stances of my life. I hope that you will be happier than I have been."

Lord Chesterfield, whose courtly manners and varied accomplishments made him a particular favorite in the highest society of his day, after a life of pleasure thus sums up the results: "I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world; I appraise them at their real worth, which is, in truth, very low. Those who have only seen their outsides, always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions: and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose."

A man in great depression of spirits once consulted a London physician as to how he could regain his health and cheerfulness. Matthews, the noted comedian, was then convulsing great crowds by his wit and drollery, and the physician advised his melancholy patient to go to hear him. "Ah," said the gloomy man, "I am Matthews." And so, while he was amusing thousands by his apparent gayety and overflow of spirits, his own heart was suffering from the canker of despair.

After the death of a powerful caliph of a Spanish province, a paper in his handwriting was found, in which were these words: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became caliph. I have possessed riches, honors, pleasures, friends,— in short, everything that man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen."

Madame de Pompadour, who possessed such boundless influence over the king of France, and for a time swayed the destinies of that country, thus discloses her misery even in the plenitude of her power, and at the full height of her dazzling career: "What a situation is that of the great! They only live in the future, and are only happy in hope. There is no peace in ambition; it is always gloomy, and often unreasonably so. The kindness of the king, the regards of the courtiers, the attachment of my domestics, and the

fidelity of a large number of friends, make me happy no longer." Then, after stating that she is weary of, and cannot endure, her magnificent furniture and residences, she adds: "In a word, I do not live; I am dead before my time. I have no interest in the world. Everything conspires to embitter my life." The remorse of an outraged conscience could not be assuaged by any display of worldly splendor.

On the monument of a once powerful pope is engraved, by his order, these words: "Here lies Adrian VI., who was never so unhappy in any period of his life, as that in which he was a prince."

Edmund Burke, after attaining the most exalted position as an orator and statesman, said that he would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in this world. Byron, after making the whole earth ring with the music of his measures, confessed that his life had been passed in wretchedness, and that he longed to rush into the thickest of the battle, that he might end his miserable existence by a sudden death. Rothschild and Girard, both possessing millions, were wretched men, living and toiling like galley slaves, and knew nothing of that happiness which, like sunshine, brightens and cheers everything.

Some one has happily defined happiness as "the result of harmonious powers, steadily bent on pursuits that seek a worthy end. It is not the lazy man's dower, nor the sensualist's privilege. It is reserved for the worker, and can never be grasped and held save by true manhood and womanhood.

A great deal of the unhappiness in the world is caused by want of proper occupation. The mind is incessantly active, and if not occupied with something more worthy it will prey upon itself. It is one of the greatest misfortunes in life to be without a purpose; to drift hither and thither, at the mercy of every whim and impulse.

How many there are like a certain wealthy French gentleman of taste and culture, who had read much and traveled much, but, having no high aim in life, became surfeited with worldly pleasure, and grew weary of existence! He said: "I am at a loss what to do. I know not where to go or what to see that I am not already acquainted with. There is nothing new to sharpen my curiosity, or stimulate me to exertion. I am sated. Life to me has exhausted its charms. The world

has no new face to show me, nor can it open any new prospect to my view."

A noble purpose is the cure for such disorders of the mind, and no better advice could be given than that which the poet Rogers gave to Lady Holland, whose life was almost intolerable from ennui : "Try to do a little good."

Sir William Jones, himself a prodigy of industry, in speaking of the necessity of labor, said : "I apprehend there is not a more miserable, as well as more worthless being than a young man of fortune, who has nothing to do but to find some new way of doing nothing."

Many who have gained distinction have declared that the happiest period of their lives was when they were struggling with poverty, and working with all their might to raise themselves above it.

William Chambers, the famous publisher, of Edinburgh, when speaking of the labor of his early days, says : "I look back to those times with great pleasure, and I am almost sorry that I have not to go through the same experience again ; for I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amid all the elegancies and comforts of a parlor."

But happiness demands not only that our powers shall be worthily employed, but that we shall be actuated by a generous and unselfish spirit. There is nothing so bracing as to live outside of one's self ; to be in some way the means of making brighter and happier the lives of others. We know little of true enjoyment unless we have spoken kind words of encouragement to those in distress, or lent a helping hand in time of trouble.

A gentleman was once asked : "What action gave you the greatest pleasure in life ?" He replied : "When I stopped the sale of a poor widow's furniture by paying a small sum due by her for rent, and received *her blessing.*"

Happiness may be found in the line of duty, no matter where the way leads.

Many have been the attempts to correctly define happiness. Varrow made note of two hundred and eighty different opinions, but the secret is one of the heart, and not of the intellect. A clear conscience, a kind heart, and a worthy

aim, will do much toward making life a perpetual feast of joy; but this feast will be made up of a succession of small pleasures, which flow from the round of our daily duties as sparkling ripples from a fountain.

"Happiness," says a writer, "is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each, taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value; but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole,— a costly jewel."

The kind words we speak will be echoed back to us from the lips of others, and the good that we do will be as seed sown in good ground, bringing forth an hundred fold.

"An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties, was asked the secret of his always being so happy. He replied: 'In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are in all respects less happy than myself. And then I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever have to murmur or to be otherwise than thankful.'"

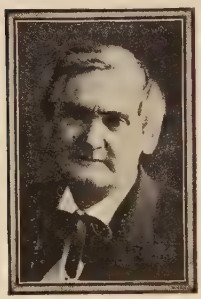
True happiness, then, which defies all change of time and circumstances, and is perfect and unalloyed, can be found only in that source of all goodness — God himself.

CHAPTER XX.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

SUCCESS AS UNDERSTOOD BY MR. JEFFERSON — HIS RANK AMONG ACTORS — BLENDING OF THE MAN AND ACTOR — HIS THEATRICAL LINEAGE — MATERNAL ANCESTRY — BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY SURROUNDINGS — GLIMPSES OF JEFFERSON IN THE EARLY DAYS — THE MEXICAN WAR PERIOD — HIS FIRST PERMANENT SUCCESS — IN AUSTRALIA — VISITS SOUTH AMERICA — HIS CAREER IN LONDON — LATER CAREER — HIS PERFORMANCES OF RIP VAN WINKLE — HIS ART. HOW TO BE INSIGNIFICANT.

Success means in the ordinary sense, as I take it, the full achievement of any object we have in view.



If it is the mere accumulation of money it is quite evident that this may be accomplished both by honest and dishonest means — but I cannot call this success in either case. The honest achievement of having been of service to the world and to one's own family and friends, terminating in a career of an unblemished name, is what I should call success.

This service should be, in all cases, entirely free from selfishness, and may oftentimes be extended to the general enlightenment and prosperity of our common humanity.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the comedian, now in the autumn of his distinguished professional career, is one of the most famous and one of the best beloved actors, whether at home or abroad. The first thought that naturally occurs to the observer of his renown is the thought of its

singular beauty, tranquillity, and beneficence. Mr. Jefferson has been a long time in public life, and he has made his way to eminence and fortune through a period marked by the uncommonly fierce strife of conflicting ambitions ; but probably he never had an enemy in the world. Simply to mention his name is to conjure up pleasant memories and awaken feelings of kindness. He has been seen far and wide, in all parts of the United States, in Canada, in Australia and New Zealand, and throughout the British Isles, and the influence that he has everywhere diffused has been bright, gentle, and pure. It is not alone the exquisite finish of his dramatic art that has prevailed with the world, gaining for Mr. Jefferson a first place in the public mind ; the tender, sympathetic spirit of humanity and the sweet poetic charm that radiate from his spirit and suffuse his acting with kindly warmth and mysterious fascination have equally endeared him to the public heart.

It has sometimes been asserted that judgment of an actor cannot be wise and impartial unless it separates the artist from the man — that the less you know about the nature of the actor himself, the better are you fitted to analyze and estimate his art. But this is a mistaken doctrine. The beauties of an actor's art are technical only up to a certain point. Riding, swimming, skating, fencing, playing whist, playing chess — these, and all such arts as these, are to be viewed simply and solely with reference to method. Acting is a far greater art, involving much more than clearness of design, competent force, precision of touch, and grace of execution. The informing vitality and the crowning charm of an actor's art reside in attributes that flow out of an actor's spiritual nature ; and the true excellence of the one is clearly seen and rightly appreciated only by those observers who can see into the constitution and resources of the other. Every truth that can be discerned as to the soul of the actor helps such an observer more justly to comprehend and more deeply to feel the power and the loveliness of his work. Superficial knowledge of surroundings and habiliments is not denoted as essential, although, to some extent, this also may help. The vital thing is a deep and true perception of the soul. The more you know about the actor in this sense, the better are you qualified to estimate his acting. In fact, unless you know

him in this way, you can know his acting merely as mechanism.

In the case of Mr. Jefferson, the man and the actor are so inextricably blended that in any disquisition upon his art, it is well-nigh impossible to dissever them. This comedian, indeed, has completely and accurately assumed many different identities; few actors have equaled him in abundance of the resources of technical skill; but the felicitous precision, the truth to nature, with which he has portrayed these identities, and the magical charm, whether of grace, humor, tenderness, eccentricity, or genius, with which he has suffused them, arise out of attributes in the spiritual constitution of the man himself, and are not referable to his dramatic art.

Mr. Jefferson comes of a theatrical lineage in both branches of his ancestry. The Jefferson family of actors was founded by Thomas Jefferson, born about the year 1728, a native of the township of Ripon, Yorkshire, England, who went up to London, probably in 1746, when a youth of about eighteen, became a member of Garrick's company at Drury Lane Theater, and subsequently had a career of about sixty years on the English stage. Old dramatic records give but meager information about this actor, but he seems to have attained to a good position. He was esteemed the equal, in comedy, of so fine an actor as Spranger Barry, and the superior, in this field, of Mossop, Reddish, and the elder Sheridan. His tragic performances, if less meritorious, were accounted to be equal to those of Macklin, the first true Shylock of the English theater. He is mentioned as "Garrick's favorite Horatio." He was even accepted sometimes as a substitute for that brilliant genius; and in one of the accounts of him that were published immediately after his death — which occurred in 1807 — he is described as "the friend, contemporary, and exact prototype of the immortal Garrick."

Thomas Jefferson was on the stage from 1746 till almost the day of his death. He managed theaters in England at Richmond, Exeter, Plymouth, and other cities, but chiefly at Plymouth. His career might be told in much more detail, and with the picture of the whole brilliant Garrick period as a background, although, of course, Thomas Jefferson was not, and should not be made, the chief figure in that resplendent picture. But he lived in a remarkably dramatic

era, and he was associated with many of the finest intellects, the loveliest faces, and the brightest reputations of the eighteenth century.

Joseph Jefferson, second in the Jefferson family of actors, was born at Plymouth, England, in 1774 or 1776. There is some uncertainty as to the date of his birth. He was carefully educated for the stage, and he appeared at the Plymouth theater while yet a youth, under his father's direction. As soon as he had attained to manhood, however, he emigrated to America, and he never returned to his native land. He came over in 1795, under engagement to Charles Stuart Powell, first manager of the theater in Federal street, Boston — a house that was opened on February 3, 1794. Powell agreed to pay the young actor's passage, and a salary of seventeen dollars a week.

On reaching Boston, Jefferson found that Powell had been unfortunate, and had been obliged to shut the theater (June 19, 1795). Left thus adrift, he engaged with Hallam and Hodgkinson, who were on a professional visit to Boston, from the John Street Theater, New York, and with those managers he performed at Boston, Providence, and Hartford, and finally came to the metropolis. His first appearance in New York was made on February 10, 1796, at the theater in John street, and the part he played was Squire Richard, in The Provoked Husband. He was of small stature, slight in figure, well formed, and graceful. He had a Grecian nose, and his eyes were blue and full of laughter. The John Street Theater, precursor to the old Park, was first opened December 7, 1767, and it was finally closed on January 13, 1798. Jefferson was connected with it for nearly the whole period of its last two years, and when it closed he went to the Park, at first styled "The New Theater," or simply "The Theater." Jefferson's career at the Park Theater extended through five regular seasons, ending in the spring of 1803, when he accepted an engagement with Mrs. Wignell, who just then had succeeded, by the sudden death of her husband, to the management of the Chestnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia.

The detailed story of the rest of his life would be the story of that theater. There he developed his powers, there he accomplished his best work, and there he acquired his great fame. Making allowance for the differences existent

between the conditions of publicity in those days and in ours, he had a career as prominent, though not as well known, as that of his famous grandson, and in much the same spirit he was honored and beloved. His rank and position were much the same as those in the present day of Mr. John Gilbert. He had the friendship of President Jefferson, and the two were of opinion that they had sprung from the same stock; but the relationship was never traced. The President was of Welsh extraction, the comedian of English. It is recorded of Jefferson and his wife that they were born on the same day of the same month and year, one in America and the other in England. They had nine children, all but two of whom adopted the stage.

Jefferson was a man of sweet but formal character and polished, punctilious manners, of absolute integrity, and of pure and exemplary life. As an actor he was remarkable for nature and variety. It is said he never twice gave a scene in precisely the same manner. His humor was involuntary and exceedingly fascinating. He never used grimace. He may be traced through more than two hundred characters. "He played everything that was comic," said John P. Kennedy, the novelist, "and always made people laugh till the tears came in their eyes. . . . When he acted, families all went together, old and young. Smiles were on every face; the town was happy." The latter days of his life were sorely overwhelmed with calamity and sorrow. He died in Harrisburg in 1832.

The third Jefferson, father of our comedian, was born in Philadelphia in 1804. He was a man of most serene and gentle nature, and of simple, blameless life. He was an inveterate quiz, a good scene-painter, and a good actor of old men ; but he did not make an important figure on the stage.

The maternal ancestry of our present representative American comedian, Joseph Jefferson, is also dramatic, his mother having adopted the stage when a child, and subsequently risen to distinction as an actress, and to special eminence as a singer. This lady was the only child of a French gentleman, M. Thomas, resident for some time at San Domingo, from which place, however, he fled with his wife and daughter, the latter then only three or four years of age, at the time of the second revolt of the negroes against the French govern-

ment in 1803, when a massacre of the white population was ordered, and to some extent accomplished, by those fierce insurgents. The refugees had a narrow escape. One of M. Thomas's slaves, more faithful than the rest to his master's fortunes, gave information of the intended slaughter, so that the planter was enabled just in time to make his escape. The fugitives decamped by night, and hid themselves among dense thickets adjacent to their home. The house was pillaged and burned and the whole place was devastated. Jefferson remembers having heard his mother speak of this experience, saying that, although then only a child, she could recollect something of the fright and horror of the time — the concealment by night, the warning not to utter a sound, the suspense, the cries of the negroes as they went about beating the bushes in their murderous quest, which proved in vain. Fortunately the child did not cry, and M. Thomas, with his living treasures, at length got safely away from the island.

Joseph Jefferson, the fourth of this distinguished family, was born at Philadelphia on February 20, 1829. The home of his birth is still standing at the southwest corner of Spruce and Sixth streets. He was reared by theatrical parents and among theatrical friends and the surroundings of the theater, and he was embarked upon his theatrical career while yet a little child. His first appearance upon the stage was made in 1833, when he was only four years old, at a theater in Washington. The negro comedian Thomas D. Rice (1808-60), once and for a long time known and popular as "Jim Crow," carried him on in a bag or basket, and at a certain point, while singing the song of "Jim Crow," emptied from it this youngster, blackened and "made up" as a *facsimile* of himself, who immediately struck the attitude of Rice, and danced and sung in exact imitation of the long, lank, ungainly, humorous original. Four years later this lad was at the Franklin Theater in New York, with his parents, and he appeared there on September 30, that year, in a sword combat with one Master Titus, whom it was his business to discomfit, and over whom he triumphed in good old bravado manner.

Early in 1838 young Jefferson was taken to Chicago, together with his half-brother, Charles Burke, and both of them were there kept in continual practice on the stage. The whole family, indeed, went wandering into the West and

South, and many and varied were the adventures through which they passed, earning a precarious livelihood by the practice of an art almost unrecognized as yet in those regions.

A glimpse of Jefferson as he appeared in the early days of his professional career, which were also the early days of the American theater, more particularly in the West, was afforded at a meeting of the Historical Society of Chicago, at which the veteran theatrical manager, Mr. James H. McVickar, read a paper descriptive of the origin and growth of the theater in that city. The first entertainment for which an admission fee was charged in Chicago occurred in 1834. The first theater there was established in 1837, by Henry Isherwood and Alexander McKenzie. It stood on the southeast corner of Lake and Market streets. Isherwood is remembered as long a scenic artist at Wallack's Theater, a man of signal talent and of interesting character. Mr. McVickar expatiated agreeably upon these and kindred details, and read this letter from the comedian : —

"I am not quite sure that I remember dates and circumstances in their exact form, but will give you the benefit of all I know relating to Chicago theatricals. My father and his family arrived in Chicago by way of the lakes in a steamer, somewhere about May, in the year 1838. He came to join Alexander McKenzie (my uncle) in the management of his new theater. McKenzie had been manager of the old one the season before. I think the new theater was the old one refitted. [This is an error.] I know it was the pride of the city and the ideal of the new managers, for it had one tier of boxes and a gallery at the back. I don't think that the seats of the dress circle were stuffed, but I am almost sure that they were planed. The company consisted of William Leicester, William Warren, James Wright, Charles Burke, Joseph Jefferson, Thomas Sankey, William Childs, H. Isherwood (artist), Joseph Jefferson, Jun., Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. J. Jefferson (my mother), Mrs. Ingersoll, and Jane Germon. I was the comic singer of this party, making myself useful in small parts and first villagers, now and then doing duty as a Roman senator, at the back, wrapped in a clean hotel sheet, with my head just peering over the profile banquet tables. I was just nine years old. I was found useful as Albert and

Duke of York. In those days the audience used to throw money on the stage, either for comic songs or dances; and oh, with that thoughtful prudence which has characterized my after-life, how I used to lengthen out the verses! The stars during the season were Mrs. McClure, Dan Marble, and A. A. Addams. Some of the plays acted were Lady of Lyons, Stranger, Rob Roy, Damon and Pythias, Wives as They Were — Aids as They Are, Sam Patch, etc. The theater was in Randolph street — at least it strikes me that was the name. [It was in Dearborn street.] The city about that time had from three to four thousand inhabitants. I can remember following my father along the shore, when he went shooting, on what is now Michigan avenue.

"JOSEPH JEFFERSON."

During the progress of the Mexican war the Jeffersons followed, in company with other players, in the track of General Taylor's army, giving performances to please a military and boisterous audience. Those were the rough and wild days of the American provincial theater. Readers of such records as Ludlow's "Dramatic Life" and Sol Smith's "Reminiscences" may therein catch impressive glimpses of this period in our theatrical history, and they will find it recorded that the pioneers of the profession in the West often had to pursue their journeys in flatboats down the great rivers, from town to town, living on fish and birds, sometimes shooting wild animals on the river banks, and stopping at intervals to act in the settlements. Land journeys were frequently made by the poor player in wagons or ox carts, and sometimes he traveled on foot. Jefferson had experience of all these itinerant methods, and so it was in the school of hardship that he acquired his thorough professional training.

He saw General Taylor on the banks of the Rio Grande. He was sufficiently near at the battle of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, to hear the report of the cannon. He saw the bombardment of Matamoras, and he acted in that city, in the Spanish theater, two nights after the capture of the place by the American forces. At one time in the course of this gypsy period, he was so "hard up" that he was constrained to diversify the avocation of acting by opening a coffee and cake

stall, as one of the camp followers of General Taylor. But when adverting to this incident, in a talk with the present writer, he indicated what has been the law of his life and the secret of his success in all things. "I sold good coffee and good cakes," he said, "and the little stall was not a failure."

Jefferson did not return to the New York stage until 1849, when, on September 10, he came out at Chanfrau's National Theater, acting Jack Rackbottle, in the play of Jonathan Bradford. Here he met Miss Margaret Lockyer, a native of Burnham, Somersetshire, England, to whom subsequently (May 19, 1850,) he was married.

From 1849 onward, he drifted about the country during several years. At one time he was in partnership with Mr. John Ellsler, now a prominent manager and admired comedian at Cleveland, and together they took a dramatic company through the chief cities of the Southern states. At another time he was settled in Philadelphia, and later in Baltimore. In the latter city he was allied with that eminent manager, since so intimately associated with some of the brightest and saddest pages of American theatrical history, Mr. John T. Ford; and Jefferson was there the manager of the Baltimore Museum. In 1856 he made a summer trip to Europe, in order to observe and study the art of acting as exemplified on the stage in London and Paris. A poor man then, but then, as always, devoted to his art as to a sacred religion, he could face hardship and endure trouble and pain for the accomplishment of a high purpose; one of the ocean voyages he made in the steerage of a packet.

But all things come round, at last, to those who wait, making ready to improve opportunity when it arrives, and Jefferson's time came in good season, after much privation and many disappointments. On August 31, 1857, Laura Keene opened her theater in New York at No. 622 Broadway, and her company included Jefferson, who on the first night made a hit as Dr. Pangloss, in The Heir at Law. But it was not till the 18th of October following, when for the first time on any stage was presented Tom Taylor's comedy of Our American Cousin, that Jefferson gained his first permanent laurel, and established himself in the judicious thought and the popular favor of his time as a great comedian. This victory was obtained by his matchless performance of Asa Trenchard.

The piece had a run of one hundred and forty nights. Sothern was in the cast as Lord Dundreary, and that was the beginning of the almost world-wide success afterward gained by him. Jefferson remained at Laura Keene's Theater till July, 1859, when the season ended.

He was a member of Mr. Boucicault's company and stage manager of the Winter Garden Theater — on the west side of Broadway, opposite to the end of Bond street — in the season of 1859–60, but he withdrew from that theater in the spring of 1860, and on May 16 opened Laura Keene's Theater for a summer season, which lasted till August 31. There he presented The Invincible Prince, The Tycoon, Our American Cousin, and other plays with a company that included Edward A. Sothern, Charles W. Couldock, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau, Cornelia Jefferson (his only sister), Mrs. H. Vincent, Hetty Warren, James H. Stoddart, and James G. Burnett. That part of Jefferson's professional life is particularly well remembered. The performances then given were of singular brilliancy, and the foundations of his own reputation were at that time securely laid. Early in 1861 he had the afflicting misfortune to lose his wife, who died suddenly, and thereafter he fell into infirm health, so that for some time his own death seemed imminent; but a trip across the continent to San Francisco, a voyage thence to Australia, and the good influence of the climate of that country, where he passed four years, restored him to hope and vigor. He was married again, in 1867, to his third cousin, Miss Sarah Warren, of Chicago.

In Australia Mr. Jefferson increased his reputation by the excellence of his professional efforts. He there acted Asa Trenchard, Caleb Plummer, Bob Brierly, Dogberry, and other characters, and especially Rip Van Winkle. His popularity in that country was prodigious. Once, at Hobart Town, in Tasmania, among a people whom the late Henry J. Byron used to call the Tasmaniacs, he acted Bob Brierly, the rustic hero of Tom Taylor's play of The Ticket-of-leave Man, in presence of about six hundred ticket-of-leave men, and this formidable concourse of capable critics, at first hostile, ended by accepting him with delighted acclamation.

He visited the Pacific coast of South America and the Isthmus of Panama on leaving Australia, and from the latter place he went directly to London, where he induced Mr.

Boucicault to rearrange and rewrite the play of Rip Van Winkle, and where he came out, giving his exquisite performance of Rip, in September, 1865, at the Adelphi Theater. "In Mr. Jefferson's hands," wrote John Oxenford, of the London *Times*, "the character of Rip Van Winkle becomes the vehicle for an extremely fine psychological exhibition." The comedian's success was great, and it prepared the way for great and continuous triumph upon the American stage after he came home. Jefferson reappeared in New York, August 13, 1866, at the Olympic Theater, and afterward traversed the principal cities of the republic, being everywhere received with intellectual appreciation and the admiring plaudits of the public. He has since then made another visit to the English capital, acting in London and in other cities of the British Isles. He reappeared at the Princess's Theater November 1, 1875, and acted until April 29, 1876. He appeared at the same theater at Easter, 1877, and remained there until midsummer, when he went to the Haymarket with Mr. John S. Clarke, and acted for several weeks Mr. Golightly, in Lend Me Five Shillings, and Hugh De Brass, in A Regular Fix. He arrived home that year on October 17, and all his engagements since then have been played in America. His repertory has been confined to Rip Van Winkle, Caleb Plummer, Mr. Golightly, Bob Acres, and occasionally Dr. Ollapod.

Of late years Jefferson has acted but a small part of each season, preferring to live mostly at home and devote his attention to the art of painting. All his life an amateur in water-colors, he developed some years ago not only an ardent passion, but a remarkable talent, for oil painting in the department of landscape. Several of his works have been exhibited. Many of them are suffused with a mysterious and tender charm of feeling, much like the imaginative quality in the paintings of Corot. In this field Jefferson has accomplished more than society is aware of, and more than perhaps his contemporaries will consent to recognize. No man must succeed in more than one art if he would satisfy the standard of the age in which he lives.

Mr. Jefferson's power has been exerted and his position has been gained chiefly by means of the performance of Rip Van Winkle. In his time, indeed, he has played many parts. More than a hundred of them could be mentioned, and in

several of them his acting has been so fine that he would have been recognized with admiration even though he had never played Rip Van Winkle at all. It is, accordingly, either ignorance or injustice that describes him as "a one-part actor." Yet, certainly he has obtained his fame and influence mainly by acting one part. This fact has been noticed by various observers in various moods. "I am glad to see you making your fortune, Mr. Jefferson," the late Mr. Charles Mathews said to him, "but I don't like to see you doing it with a carpetbag." Mr. Mathews was obliged to play many parts, and therefore to travel about the world with many trunks full of wardrobe, whereas the blue shirt, the old leather jacket, the red-brown breeches, the stained leggings, the old shoes, the torn red and white silk handerchief, the tattered old hat, the guns and bottle, and the two wigs for Rip Van Winkle can be carried in a single box. The remark of Mr. Mathews, however, was meant to glance at the "one-part" costume, and Mr. Jefferson's reply to this ebullition was at once good humored and significant. "It is perhaps better," he said, "to play one part in different ways than to play many parts all in one way." The explanation of his artistic victory is indicated here. Mr. Jefferson found in the old play of Rip Van Winkle a subject with reference to which he could freely and fully express not only his own human nature at its highest and best but his ideas as to human nature and human life in general.

The part of Rip, indeed, as set forth in the pages of Washington Irving and in the ancient and clumsy play which Jefferson derived from his half-brother, Charles Burke, amounts to nothing; but the part as Mr. Jefferson conceived it and built it up amounts to an epitome of human life, and in that respect it is one of the most valuable parts in the range of the acting drama. Mr. Jefferson was exceedingly fond of it while yet he was a youth, and long before the arrival of that happy time when he was privileged to attempt it on the stage. It was his custom to dress himself as Rip Van Winkle and to act the part alone in his lodgings, and for his own edification and the purposes of study and experiment, years before he acted it in public. His mind instinctively recognized its value. It is a part that contains all of the great extremes of human experience — youth and age, mirth and sadness, humor

and pathos, loss and gain, the natural and the supernatural man in his relations to his fellow men, and man in his relation to the world of spirits. It is domestic without insipidity, and it is romantic without extravagance. In a remote way it is even suggestive of "the sceptered pall of tragedy." Yet it is perfectly simple, and it is sweet, pure, and deeply and richly fraught with the sympathetic emotion of powerful and tender humanity.

HOW TO BE INSIGNIFICANT.

THE world is full of insignificant people. They are born, they go to school, they work, they eat, they sleep, they talk — rather frivolously, they live — very aimlessly, and one day they die, and the world is not much the poorer because of their disappearance. A few men struggle to the front, rise beyond the humdrum level of the crowd, and make their voices heard above the common clamor. But as for the rest, they are insignificant. Why? Because it is the easiest thing in the world.

Probably the surest way to be insignificant is to inherit wealth. It is generally the greatest possible curse for a man to begin life in opulence. It ties his hands, lowers his ambition, and narrows his sympathies. He is fettered by fashion, and bound tightly by the conventional prejudices of society. He will not succeed in journalism, for he cannot bend his back to begin with the daily drudgery. He will hardly consent to soil his hands in trade; and as for science and art, why should he endure the long toil and severe training of the student when he can occupy the pleasurable position of the patron? Except in a few remarkable cases, the young man who enters on life's tragedy to the music of jingling gold plays an insignificant part, far from danger, and therefore far from honor. My brother, be extremely thankful if you are thrown entirely on your own resources. Many of the men who have won the highest success in commerce and science and art, many of the boldest reformers, most brilliant writers, and most forceful orators, have been men who commenced life without a penny in their pockets. One of the best men I have ever known once thoughtlessly sneered at a young journalist because he lacked the supposed advantage of a college education. He did not know that the successful journalists in the city of London this



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES."

day who can put B.A. after their names can be comfortably counted on the fingers of one hand. The smartest journalist in that city to-day had no schooling after he reached twelve years of age, except what he gained by his own unaided efforts. It may seem the strangest paradox, but it is nevertheless a simple, undeniable fact, that poverty is often one of the greatest blessings a man can have in beginning his career. It nerves him for the battle, it hinders self-indulgence, and is a sure preventive of laziness.

Another certain method of acquiring insignificance is a love of ease. "Anything for a quiet life" is the motto which has ruined the prospects of thousands. The man who is content to *exist* — the man who says that work is an excellent thing, and he would rather enjoy a short spell of it, but he feels that "to work between meals is not good for the digestion,"— that man will always be miserably small and contemptibly insignificant. You have got to *climb* the ladder of life — there is no elevator to take you up. There are prizes to be had, but you must *win* them — they will not drop into your hands. Do you wish to avoid insignificance and rise to some nobler height of work and character and attainment? Then you must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them. You must be strenuous in effort, dogged in perseverance, indomitable in courage, and cheerful and alert in mind. When Cromwell was asked to postpone an enterprise and "wait till the iron was hot," he bravely replied that he would *make* the iron hot by striking it. That is the dauntless spirit we want to-day — the spirit which laughs at difficulty, and is not to be turned aside from its ambition by all the amiable warnings of prudence or timidity. There is one hymn which is sometimes sung at revival meetings — we do not hear it often now. It begins —

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing."

Now, if that is your ambition, you can easily gratify it. Nothingness is soon achieved. But surely no young man with a healthy mind and a Christlike spirit will be deceived by this hideous mockery and caricature of true humility. To want to be nothing is an insult to the God who made you. Was it worth while bringing you into the world to whine and cant about being nothing? Rouse yourself and think! God

has surrounded you with a wealth of privileges and an infinitude of priceless blessings. You inherit all the wisdom and genius and benevolence of the ages — riches that are vast, golden, immortal. You are placed within reach of the noblest possibilities; you have all the help and advantage which come of dwelling in a Christian and civilized land; you live in an age when the zeal and ardor and strength of young men are greatly in demand, and when the opportunities for usefulness are singularly favorable; and yet in the meanest, laziest, most spiritless fashion you ask to be "nothing, nothing." Give up, once for all, this cowardly and characterless whimpering. Be something. Be a *man!* Shake off your dull sloth and rise to a nobler life. Do you murmur about the fierce and relentless competition? There is no competition *at the top.* The crowd is at the bottom; but look ahead, battle forward, fight your way against every difficulty, valiantly overcome every obstacle, and by the time you have climbed halfway to success you will find that the throng which once pressed around you begins to thin and disappear. And when by skill and industry, faith and fortitude, pluck and perseverance, you have attained the height you set your young heart on reaching, you will discover that there is no competition there — you will then be able to dictate your own terms, and claim the adequate reward of honest, skillful, earnest work.

Yet another most fruitful cause of insignificance is what I should call "time-frittering." Some months ago several of the most prominent ministers in New York were persuaded to give their views on "The Best Use of Leisure" for the guidance of young men. I am not sure that there is any topic of much greater importance than this, for you can generally tell the character of a man with almost infallible accuracy, by the way in which he uses his leisure hours. Time-frittering is undoubtedly the besetting sin of the young men to-day. Thousands of fellows turn with horror from actual dissipation. But their virtue is of a negative and therefore of a very worthless kind. They abstain from evil, but they never do any good. The worst and most costly extravagance of which you can be guilty is to throw away your evenings. They are golden opportunities for which you are responsible, and of which you should make the best and highest use. One of the most popular of our writers and ora-

tors was once asked how he managed to get through such a prodigious amount of work. "Simply by organizing my time," he replied. It is by this invaluable habit of organizing your leisure hours that you will be able to "wrest from life its uses and gather from life its beauty." It is wonderful what may be accomplished by devoting the evenings to some useful study or helpful recreation. Earnest and persistent students have learned several languages in the odd hours of a busy career. Never be afraid of giving up one or two nights a week to your books. "Knowledge is power" all the world over, and what you learn will be sure to come in useful one day. It is an old saying, but I may repeat it with advantage, that "Time-wasting in youth is one of the mistakes which are beyond correction."

One more path to insignificance must be mentioned — the loss of a good name. A blasted reputation will carry you into nothingness at express speed. Lose your character, and men will drop you with stinging promptitude, and you will sink into the lowest depths of insignificance. Scarcely anybody will want to know you — nobody will employ you, and only a few Christlike souls will be ready to lend you a helping hand. We are too apt to read the Bible nowadays as if it were an old-world story, which has no bearing on the practical matters of everyday business. But has it never struck you that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," even as a worldly investment? Punctuality, concentration of effort, ceaseless energy, and many other qualifications, will help a man forward; but, possessing all these, he may yet be a miserable failure if he has not a good name. Character stands for a good deal, even in these days of fraud and deceit. A band of thieves will want an honest treasurer, and men who are themselves full of trickery will appreciate a sturdy, honest character in others. The young man whose word cannot be relied upon, whose honesty is not beyond suspicion, and whose personal life is not clean, will search in vain for a position in the business world to-day. Be careful that you never lose your good name. It may take you ten or twenty years to gain a high and spotless reputation, but you can easily destroy it in ten minutes; and a man who has once proved himself unworthy to be trusted will find it an almost hopeless task to win back confidence and regard. He may

even possess influence, and family position, and hosts of friends ; but the way upward will be hard and thorny, because he once surrendered his reputation. Be on your guard, be watchful and vigilant ; "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Count your good name as a possession above price, and, by the strong help of your Father God, never permit it to be soiled or sullied. Honesty is better than brilliancy ; purity and uprightness are greater than dash and cleverness.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN HEYL VINCENT.

ON SUCCESS — WHAT HE REPRESENTS — BIRTH AND EARLY ENVIRONMENT — HIS AMBITIONS TO GO TO COLLEGE — IN PENNSYLVANIA — AT SCHOOL — AS A TEACHER — ENTERS THE MINISTRY — SOME EARLY CHARACTERISTICS — CAREER IN THE WEST — AS AN EDITOR — SECRETARY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION — FURTHER EDUCATION — FIRST IDENTIFICATION WITH CHAUTAUQUA — SOME CHAUTAUQUA RESULTS — PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S TRIBUTE — LITERARY WORK — HOME LIFE — SERMONS — LOYALTY. SELF-EDUCATION.

During my early ministerial life I conceived a plan, reaching through the years, by which, in connection with professional duties, I might turn my whole life into a college course, and by force of personal resolve secure many benefits of college education. I remembered that the college aims to promote, through force of personal resolve, the systematic training of all the mental faculties to the habit of concentrated and continuous attention, that the mind, with its varied energies, may be trained, and thus prepared to do its best work, subject to the direction of the will; that it cultivates the powers of oral and written expression; that it encourages fellowships and competitions among students seeking the same end; that it secures the influence of professional specialists — great teachers who know how to inspire and to quicken other minds; and that it gives to a man broad surveys of the fields of learning, discovering relations, indicating the lines of special research for those whose peculiar aptitudes are developed by college discipline, thus giving one a sense of his own littleness in the presence of the vast realm of truth exposed to view, so that he may find out with La Place that "what we know here is very little; what we are ignorant of is immense."



The task before me was to secure these results to as large

a degree as possible: mental discipline, in order to assure intellectual achievement, practice in expression, contact with living students and living teachers, and the broad outlook which the college curriculum guarantees. This aim, therefore, for years controlled my professional and non-professional studies. It was constantly present in sermonizing, in teaching, in general reading, in pastoral visitation, in contact deliberately sought with the ablest men and women — specialists, scientists, littérateurs,— whom I could find, especially those who had gone through college or who had taught in college. I secured, from time to time, special teachers in Greek, in Hebrew, in French, in physical science, giving what time I could to preparation and recitation. I read with care translations of Homer and Virgil, outlines of the leading Greek and Latin classics, and, in connection with an exceedingly busy professional life, devoted much time to popular readings in science and English literature. When thirty years old I went abroad, and spent a year, chiefly for the sake of coming into personal contact with the Old World of history and literature, and found double pleasure in the pilgrimage because I made it a part of my college training. In Egypt and Palestine, in Greece and Italy, I felt the spell of the old sages, writers, artists, and was glad to find that the readings of my youth and of my later manhood greatly helped me to appreciate the regions I visited, and the remains in art and architecture which I was permitted to study.

John H. Vincent.

THE only real and lasting addition a man makes to the world's stock of truth is empirical — that which he finds out in the course of his practical living. Self-truths, self-discoveries, are the only vital ones. In substance they may be what other men have found and told — told better, perhaps, than another can ever expect to do it; but in their power to inspire and move, they are unique. They have an originality, a genuineness, a force of reproduction, which lies only in things born of individual experience and pain and effort.

There are few men whose public work illustrates this

more clearly than that of the Right Reverend Bishop John H. Vincent.

In Central New York, fourteen hundred feet above the sea, is a beautiful sheet of water, twenty miles long, bordered by rich green foliage which covers the surrounding hills. Pretty villages dot the shore, and a score of steamers give life to the charming landscape. The Indians called the lake Juduqua, which in time became Chautauqua. On the west bank, in the midst of one hundred and fifty acres laid out in parks, walks and drives, is the "People's University," with its great auditorium for six thousand persons, its museums, schools of language, and hall of philosophy. Every year nearly one hundred thousand people gather there, some to study literature, some art, and some the sciences, to listen to lectures and to music, enjoying nature the while, and gaining health and rest with knowledge.

Who was it laid this successful plan for the culture, not of one town, nor of one city, but of a continent? Two friends, one of whom was John H. Vincent.

In Tuscaloosa, Ala., the land of orange blossoms and magnolia groves, John Heyl Vincent was born, February 23, 1832, a descendant from the noble Huguenots of France. His father was a man of character, a great reader, an admirable talker, highly conscientious and devoting his best energies to the careful education of his children. The mother was a woman of singular beauty of nature, patient, amiable, living as though she belonged to Heaven rather than earth. Her father, Captain Bernard Raser, of Philadelphia, who died at Batavia, Java, on one of his voyages, was a man of elegant and refined manners, which his daughter inherited. This grace of behavior, coupled with the grace of a sunny, self-sacrificing life, made Mary Vincent the idol of the community. Often at the twilight hour, especially on Sundays, after the family circle had joined in prayer and singing, she would take her children to her own room, and there sweetly and tenderly tell them about the life to come, and point out plainly their faults and spiritual needs. The noble yet somewhat stern type of character in the father commanded honor and respect; the gentle winsomeness of the mother won enthusiastic love.

The eldest child who survived infancy, John, with a fine

physique and impulsive nature, would naturally have inclined to the boisterous sports characteristic of boyhood, and to athletic feats, but this early training made him serious and reflective. Before he was six years old he would gather the colored children of his father's place and of the neighborhood, and then, while with a whip he insured their sitting still, he preached the gospel to them. How much good such preaching did them, it would be difficult to say. His eagerness for the performance of public service in due form went so far that on one occasion he tore in pieces a valued red morocco hymn book,— the gift to him of his pastor,— giving each of his congregation a few leaves. He forgot the reception he would surely have from his father, when he had finished these services and brought away the dismembered hymn book, for Mr. Vincent, senior, did not "spare the rod and spoil the child."

The lad seems early to have had conceptions of the value of a college education, for when three years old, with a little next-door neighbor, now the wife of Bishop Hargrave of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, he walked a mile to the University of Alabama, where the aspiring couple were picked up by one of the professors, an intimate friend of the families, and taken care of until a servant arrived in quest of the runaways.

The family moved North in 1838 and settled near Milton, Pa., where the father purchased a large farm, and built a mill on the Chillisquaque creek, which empties into the Susquehanna a few miles above Northumberland. Here, when our young public speaker was between thirteen and fourteen, we find him at a play missionary meeting one afternoon ; the schoolhouse was full of children, and some one suggested it become a temperance meeting. John was asked to make a speech, which he did for three quarters of an hour, and it is said there was great fun and enthusiasm, and quite likely some of the fun was at the young orator's expense.

Under a governess he fitted for and entered Milton Academy. An eager reader, before he was fifteen he had read many of the standard works in his father's library : Addison's Essays, Rollin's History, Gibbon's Rome, Pitkin's Civil and Political History of the United States, Pilgrim's Progress, Shakespeare, Burns, Young, Pollock, and such biographies as

the Lives of John and Charles Wesley and John and Mary Fletcher. The simplicity and beauty of Addison's style delighted him, while the story of the Wesleys was an inspiration to a youth who believed he should do something in his life, too, for the good of the world. This faith, this resolve, were doubtless both shaped and strengthened by the society of the ministers and other educated people who shared the hospitality of the Vincent home. Here no denomination was unwelcome, and young John Vincent, though a Methodist in belief, grew to manhood with a Christian love broader than any sect and wider than any section.

At fifteen he was asked to teach a country school near his father's house. Desiring work, and believing that he should enjoy teaching, he accepted, and performed his newly chosen duties with great enjoyment. The next year he took charge of another school, and later still taught on the Juniata, some distance away. This was his first genuine absence from home. He dreaded the going. The time came at last for him to start at midnight. The dear mother tried to make the home even brighter and cheerier than usual. The house was gayly lighted, the younger children sat up till the tired eyes could keep open no longer, there was smiling cheer on every hand. "Do not cry when I am leaving," John had said to his mother; but when the hour came, with pale face, and with tears on her cheeks that could not be kept back, she put her arms about him, but she could only say, "My son, live near to God; live near to God." The boy of sixteen went out into the world with these words ever before him in letters of fire.

So early as this the genial bents of the educator asserted their strength. One of the schoolhouses in which he taught was on the edge of a grove, and there he constructed rustic seats for his pupils, where on every pleasant day the school studied out of doors — a miniature Chautauqua.

During four years of teaching he had continued his own studies, and finally registered at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. It of course had required unusual will and perseverance to teach all day, to hear private pupils in the evening, and at the same time to study so systematically as to be ready for college. He must have been tired often, often like other boys longed for recreation and freedom, but he

never lost sight of his aim or let go his hold of his self-appointed task.

But now came an unexpected turn of plan. Having joined the church when a Sunday school scholar, he hoped some time to become a preacher. "Why not enter the ministry at once?" argued some clergymen who were friends of the family. "The world needs to be saved, and there is no time to be lost." Young Vincent knew, yet not so well as a man knows it in later life, how necessary is a college training for one who has resolved to become a leader of thought; yet he was anxious to be at his work as soon as possible. After some debate he took the advice of these unwise counselors, abandoning his plan for immediate collegiate education, and at twenty years of age, on horseback with a pair of saddle-bags, started out to preach, on a thirty-mile circuit, over the mountains, and through the valleys of Luzerne county, Pa. Sometimes he developed his sermons as he rode, often for miles without a single house in sight, speaking to the echoing forests; sometimes he read Dante, and Comte's Philosophy, and committed to memory portions of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope. Wherever he stopped the people gave him welcome, for he was interested in their home life and in all their plans. Children were glad when his bright face was seen in their midst. He never shook hands with the tips of his fingers, nor preached dry sermons.

He usually spoke three times each Sunday, and so eloquent was he that he was sometimes called the "Young Summerfield," after the brilliant preacher who died in New York in 1825, only twenty-seven years of age.

The fame of the boy-preacher grew apace in the limited circle of his earliest ministry, but he was not spoiled by the praise, for his discreet father had told him that as he had great facility of speech, he must be careful not to confound ideas with words, nor think because he could talk easily that he was edifying people. "Many young ministers are spoiled by praise," he had said to his son, "and you must compare your efforts with the best standards, and try to feel how great is the contrast between these and your own thought and expression."

About this time the precious mother, whose pride and delight in her son gave zest to his life, died, to the great grief

of all who knew her. Says a well-known minister: "She was one of the loveliest Christian women I ever knew. Nothing seemed ever to disturb the equanimity of her spirit, or displace the smile from her countenance. Her death was a personal bereavement to hundreds beyond her own family and kindred." Her children have often said, "We never once knew her to speak a quick or impatient word."

Life seemed now more serious than ever to young Vincent. He spent a year at the Wesleyan Institute of Newark, having joined the New Jersey Conference in 1858. Says Rev. George H. Whitney, D.D., president of the Centenary Collegiate Institute at Hackettstown, N. J., who was at this time secretary of the Newark Institute: —

"Tall, slender, graceful, genial, with a kind and intellectual face, with abundant brown hair, but beardless, I was struck with his manly appearance. We became fast friends. At that early age he showed a mastery in controlling places, people, and the dozen minor pulpits under his control; always mild in manner, strong in purpose, and equal to the occasion. After school he usually walked with me for one or two hours. It was his custom to commit to memory many stanzas and couplets of poetry of wide range, repeat them as we walked, and challenge me to equal him if I could. Daily, in our walks, he would say, 'Give me a text, and let me analyze it.' Quick as a flash he would produce first, second, third, finally, and ask me to criticise it. I have never met his equal in analytic power. He was full of sparkle and cheer as now. All said, 'I see in this young man elements of future greatness.' Yet he was always modest and unassuming; true, pure, and noble. He was a fine speaker in those days, and popular everywhere."

He became pastor, for two years, at North Belville, N. J., and for the following two years at Irvington. It was now, not satisfied with pulpit work alone, that he developed an educational plan. Every Saturday afternoon pastor and people came together, imagining themselves a band of tourists in Palestine. Bible history and geography were studied. Every scholar was personally examined, and as he or she had made progress, was promoted by grades to "Pilgrim," "Explorer," "Dweller in Jerusalem," and "Templar." During a later pastorate, where a similar class had been organized, the

pastor wrote weekly letters for the village paper, and so graphic and interesting were they that many believed there was an actual excursion. Meantime he had pursued the four years' course of theological study required by his church.

His father having moved to Chicago to take charge of large business interests, young Vincent was naturally drawn to the West, where he preached several years in Northern Illinois. In Joliet, Mt. Morris, Galena and Rockford, the Saturday afternoon Palestine classes were crowded by old and young, and from all denominations.

Although so busy and engrossed, he was not too busy to fall in love ; but he wisely waited till he was old enough to be certain what kind of wife he wanted. When he was nearly twenty-seven, he married Elizabeth Dusenbury, from western New York, whose father was a Presbyterian elder, honored and beloved by everybody. The daughter had a fine mind, unusual strength of character, and good judgment, with a delicate sense of propriety and steadiness of purpose. Well may Doctor Vincent say, "I owe more to my wife than to any other human being save my mother." Into his plans she entered heartily, and became a counselor and helper. Four years after his marriage he spent a year in Europe, traveling over Egypt and Palestine, thoughtfully surveying those countries which he had taught thousands to love. He returned home refreshed, to enter upon still wider activities. He had always been deeply interested in Sabbath school work. "How could he reach the children of America so that they would love Bible study, and how help the teachers to make this study interesting?" He decided to start a paper devoted to that end. This was the *Northwestern Sunday School Quarterly.* He had before that organized the first Sunday school institute in the country, and a little later, in 1866, he originated and edited the Chicago *Teacher*, from which has come the International Lesson System now used among Protestants throughout the world.

He was now only thirty-four, yet the foremost leader in Sunday School work. He was made agent of the Sunday School Union of Chicago, and a little later the Secretary of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which position, for the fifth term, of four years each, he was elected. The mother's prayers and beautiful life were surely having

their influence in the Christian energy and patient, far-reaching power of her eloquent son.

When appointed to the secretaryship, he removed to Plainfield, N. J., where his home became a center of social and intellectual activity. Says a leading clergyman :—

"Doctor Vincent preached in the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, and other churches in Plainfield, many times. His name crowds any church on any occasion, in a hard rain or a hot night, and this has lasted for sixteen years! Doctor Vincent has few peers in the American pulpit. He is a princely preacher."

All these years he had recognized, for himself as well as for others, the necessity of collegiate education. Though his hands were full of work, he had continued his studies alone, carefully taking up higher mathematics, science, metaphysics, and classics, till he had mastered the college course, receiving his A. B. degree after a regular examination.

The absorbing question with him then became, "How can the great world catch the 'college outlook'?" He reflected that few of the vast number can afford the means. Tens of thousands are too busy earning their daily bread.

What seemed a grave mistake in his early life — the neglect to secure a college training — in his treatment of it become a blessing to the world. "Some way must be opened for old and young to become educated," resolved the earnest minister; but still it was not opened for some years.

In 1874, Mr. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, a wealthy and generous man who loved Sunday schools, suggested the idea of a large gathering at Chautauqua, where Christian people could enjoy lecture, science, literature, and theology. The plan was perfected; Mr. Miller was made President, and Doctor Vincent Superintendent of Instruction. The place soon attracted large numbers of visitors and has been the parent of all other Sunday school assemblies.

Four years later, while Doctor Vincent was crossing the ocean homeward, after a resting time at the foot of the Alps, the old idea of a College Reading Course for the people was matured. Doctor Vincent calculated that by reading at least one hour a day, for four years, as long a time as many tired fathers and mothers could spare, a fair knowledge of literature, history, and science could be obtained. But would the

people of this country take hold of the idea? Time would tell. He laid the plan before President Warren of Boston University, Doctor Howard Crosby, Doctor J. G. Holland, William Cullen Bryant, and others, and all gave it their hearty indorsement.

On August 10, 1878, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle (C. L. S. C.) was inaugurated at Chautauqua in the huge tent where the amphitheater now stands, and more than seven hundred joined at once. A college president was the first to give his name. The class of the first year numbered eight thousand people, and the demand for the needed books exhausted the entire stock of the publishers on the first day. Ah, yes, the people were anxious to learn!

A circle with three hundred members was formed at Cleveland, Ohio, one with five hundred at Pittsburg. Letters came from all over the country. One wrote: —

"I am so grateful to you that I can't express what I feel. I am a hard working man. I have six children, and I work hard to keep them in school. Since I found out about your Circle I am trying my best to keep up so that my boys will see what father does, just for an example to them."

Another: —

"I am a night watchman, and I read as I come on my night rounds to the lights."

A Mississippi captain wrote that the course was of value to him, "because," he says, "when I stand on deck stormy nights, I have something to think about."

President Garfield, not forgetting how he had hungered for an education, studying his open book as he drove the mules along the tedious path by the Erie Canal, spoke earnestly before the assembled thousands at Chautauqua, urging the value of this plan of study: —

"You are struggling with one of the two great problems of civilization. The first one is a very old struggle; it is, 'How shall we get leisure?' That is the problem of every hammer stroke, of every blow that labor has struck since the foundation of the world. The fight for bread is the first great primal fight, and it is so absorbing a struggle that until one conquers it somewhat, he can have no leisure whatever. So that we may divide the whole struggle of the human race into two chapters — first, the fight to get leisure; and then comes the

second fight of civilization, What shall we do with our leisure when we get it? And I take it that Chautauqua has assailed this second problem. Now, leisure is a dreadfully bad thing unless it is well used. A man with a fortune ready made, and with leisure on his hands, is likely to get sick of the world, sick of himself, tired of life, and become a useless, wasted man. What shall you do with your leisure? I understand that Chautauqua is trying to answer that question and to open out fields of thought, to open out energies, a largeness of mind, a culture in the better sense, with the varnish scratched off, as Brother Kirkwood says. We are getting over the business of varnishing our native woods and painting them. We are getting down to the real grain, and finding whatever is best in it, and truest in it; and if Chautauqua is helping to garnish our people with the native stuff that is in them, rather than the paint and varnish and gewgaws of culture, it is doing well."

The delightful work goes on, always making new channels and always broadening all its old ways. Thousands of persons are studying the Chautauqua course, several hundreds of these in Canada, and some in India, South Africa, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands. One half of the required readings for the members are published in the *Chautauquan*, the organ of the movement. Many lesser Chautauquas have been organized in various states.

Out of this work has grown the Chautauqua University, chartered by the state of New York, conducted by well-known professors through written examinations. The "Young Summerfield," who rode over his mountain circuit in Pennsylvania at twenty, has become its chancellor, known and honored throughout America. Still he has found time for other labors, as those know who have listened to his lectures on Reading, The Model Husband, Egypt and the Pyramids, That Boy, That Boy's Sister, Sidney Smith, The Witty Dean, The Every Day College, etc.; he has written a manual of Bible history and geography, entitled, "Little Footprints in Bible Lands," a volume on the Church school, small books on Sunday school work, and several text-books for the Chautauqua course; and he has spoken at innumerable famous gatherings, like the Sunday school centenary at Guildhall, London, and preached in such far-off places as Jerusalem and Damascus. One

secret, I think, of his remarkable success is that his enthusiasm and sympathy never fail. His humor, his genial face, his magnetic manner, his sunny outlook, his confidence in work to achieve anything and everything for a man, make him the idol of his audiences, while his energy, his own capacity for endless work, and his executive power fit him for this leadership.

Another secret is, that while the detail of his varied labor is something unparalleled, his home life is joyous and refreshing.

The Vincent home is like the father's, in the early days, most hospitable. Dr. Vincent and his only son — a professor of great promise in the University of Chicago — are like brothers, counseling together. He once said, "My boy is my only 'pet.' I like birds — in the free air of heaven. I like dogs — in my neighbor's yard. I like cats — in pictures and at somebody's else fireside. I like horses — when somebody else drives them." Another secret is that both in his study, and on the wing, Dr. Vincent is a great reader, marking his books, and re-reading the things he likes. He says: "I get strength, breadth, out of general reading, and put them into my work. The best service of a book to me is not the ideas I get out of it, but the force intellectual, and the breadth I can use in producing my own ideas and plans." He has the excellent and orderly habit of jotting down random thoughts, always having a memorandum-book with him while riding on the cars, or in his office, and at night often makes note of a fugitive thought, caught and caged while flitting through his mind. A good talker himself, he makes it a matter of duty to draw people out on a subject, not for the sake of argument, but that he may modify his own views, or get a better chance to modify theirs. Some of his best sermons have grown out of stirring conversations with people, especially skeptics, or those holding different views from himself.

Another secret is that he is a careful worker, depending upon both accuracy and finish, often re-writing the outline of a sermon a dozen times, always maturing each detail of a plan.

In this grand work going on so noiselessly and so closely all around us that we can hardly get the "distance" from which to survey its noble outlines, its projector may some-



BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

times feel fatigue, but exhaustion never. It yields him, as all work of pure beneficence always does, new ideas, new aims, new hopes for the advancement of the people. Does it yield him dollars? some one asks. No; he receives no salary from Chautauqua. His reward, his "support" comes in consciousness of the love of thousands, in the consciousness of the "lift" Chautauqua has given to the family life of the people and the better "start" thus secured for the sons and daughters of these happier homes.

Another characteristic which he has shown in his various institutions is his loyalty to the persons who first understood him and allied themselves with his work. Not that he has sacrificed the good of the work to keep individuals in place. He has been able to inspire individuals to keep pace with the progress made, and to train up a corps of co-workers so devoted and intelligent that the Sunday school and Chautauqua institutions originating with him are independent of him. He only is a great organizer who does his work so that it can stand without him.

SELF-EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is the harmonious development of all our faculties. It begins in the nursery, and goes on at school, but does not end there. It continues through life, whether we will or not. The only question is whether what we learn in after life is wisely chosen or picked up haphazard. "Every person," says Gibbon, "has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives himself."

What we teach ourselves must indeed always be more useful than what we learn of others. "Nobody," said Locke, "ever went far in knowledge, or became eminent in any of the sciences, by the discipline and restraint of a master."

You cannot, even if you would, keep your heart empty, swept, and garnished; the only question is whether you will prepare it for good or evil.

Those who have not distinguished themselves at school need not on that account be discouraged. The greatest minds do not necessarily ripen the quickest. If, indeed, you have not taken pains, then, though I will not say that you should be discouraged, still you should be ashamed; but if you have

done your best, you have only to persevere; and many of those who have never been able to distinguish themselves at school have been very successful in after life. We are told that Wellington and Napoleon were both dull boys, and the same is said to have been the case with Sir Isaac Newton, Dean Swift, Clive, Sir Walter Scott, Sheridan, Burns, and many other eminent men.

Evidently then it does not follow that those who have distinguished themselves least at school have benefited least.

Genius has been described as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," which is not very far from the truth. As Lilly quaintly says, "If Nature plays not her part, in vain is Labour; yet if Studie be not employed, in vain is Nature."

On the other hand, many brilliant and clever boys, for want of health, industry, or character, have unfortunately been failures in after life, as Goethe said, "like plants which bear double flowers but no fruit"; and have sunk to driving a cab, shearing sheep in Australia, or writing for a bare subsistence; while the comparatively slow but industrious and high-principled boys have steadily risen and filled honorable positions with credit to themselves and advantage to their country.

Doubts as to the value of education have in some cases arisen, as Dr. Arnold says, from "that strange confusion between ignorance and innocence with which many people seem to solace themselves. Whereas, if you take away a man's knowledge, you do not bring him to the state of an infant, but to that of a brute; and of one of the most mischievous and malignant of the brute creation," for, as he points out elsewhere, if men neglect that which should be the guide of their lives, they became the slaves of their passions, and are left with the evils of both ages — the ignorance of the child and the vices of the man.

No one whose education was well started at school would let it stop. It is a very low view of education to suppose that we should study merely to serve a paltry convenience, that we should confine it to what the Germans call "bread and butter" studies.

The object of a wise education is, in the words of Solomon: —

"To know wisdom and instruction;
To perceive the words of understanding;
To receive the instruction of wisdom,
Justice, and judgment, and equity;
To give subtlety to the simple,
To the young man knowledge and discretion."

A man, says Thoreau, "will go considerably out of his way to pick up a silver dollar; but here are golden words, which the wisest men of antiquity have uttered, and whose worth the wise of every succeeding age have assured us of."

A sad French proverb says, "*Si jeunesse savait, si viellesse pouvait*"; and a wise education will tend to provide us with both requisites, with knowledge in youth and strength in age. "Experience," said Franklin, "is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

It is half the battle to make a good start in life.

"Train up a child in the way he should go;
And when he is old he will not depart from it."

Begin well, and it will be easier and easier as you go on. On the other hand, if you make a false start it is far from easy to retrieve your position. It is difficult to learn, but still more difficult to unlearn.

Try to fix in your mind what is best in books, in men, in ideas, and in institutions. We need not be ashamed if others know more than we do; but we ought to be ashamed if we have not learned all we can.

Education does not consist merely in studying languages and learning a number of facts. It is something very different from, and higher than, mere instruction. Instruction stores up for future use, but education sows seed which will bear fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some one hundred fold.

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom:
And with all thy getting, get understanding."

Knowledge is admittedly very inferior to wisdom, but yet I must say that she has sometimes received very scant justice. We are told, for instance, that

"Knowledge is proud that she has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."

But this is not so. Those who have learned most are best able to realize how little they know.

Even Bishop Butler tells us that "men of deep research and curious inquiry should just be put in mind, not to mistake what they are doing. If their discoveries serve the cause of virtue and religion, in the way of proof, motive to practice, or assistance in it; or if they tend to render life less unhappy, and promote its satisfactions; then they are most usefully employed: but bringing things to light, alone and of itself, is of no manner of use, any otherwise than as an entertainment or diversion."

It has again been unjustly said that knowledge is

> "A rude and unprofitable mass,
> The mere materials from which wisdom builds."

He would be a poor architect, however, who was careless in the choice of materials, and no one can say what the effect of "bringing things to light" may be. Many steps in knowledge, which at the time seemed practically useless, have proved most valuable.

Knowledge is power. "Knowledge of the electric telegraph saves time; knowledge of writing saves human speech and locomotion; knowledge of domestic economy saves income; knowledge of sanitary laws saves health and life; knowledge of the laws of the intellect saves wear and tear of brain; and knowledge of the laws of the Spirit — what does it not save?"

"For direct self-preservation," says Herbert Spencer, "or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge is — Science; for that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is — Science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in — Science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is — Science. Alike for the most perfect production and highest enjoyment of Art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still — Science. And for the purpose of discipline — intellectual, moral, religious — the most efficient study is, once more — Science."

"When I look back," says Dr. Fitch, "on my own life, and

think on the long past school and college days, I know well that there is not a fact in history, not a formula in mathematics, not a rule in grammar, not a sweet and pleasant verse of poetry, not a truth in science which I ever learned, which has not come to me over and over again in the most unexpected ways, and proved to be of greater use than I could ever have believed. It has helped me to understand better the books I read, the history of events which are occurring round me, and to make the whole outlook of life larger and more interesting."

Lastly, let us quote Dean Stanley. "Pure love of truth," he says, "how very rare and yet how beneficent! We do not see its merits at once: we do not perceive, perhaps, in this or the next generation, how widely happiness is increased in the world by the discoveries of men of science, who have pursued them simply and solely because they were attracted towards them by their single-minded love of what was true." Well then may Solomon say that

"A wise man will hear, and will increase learning."

There is hardly any piece of information which will not come in useful, hardly anything which is not worth seeing at least once. There are in reality no little things, only little minds.

"Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the Patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primeval earth — its crest is lost in the shadowy splendor of the empyrean; while the great authors who for traditionary ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between earth and heaven."

It is sad, however, to remember in how many cases the authors of great discoveries are unknown; sad, not on their account, but because we should wish to remember them with gratitude. Great discoverers have seldom worked for themselves, or for the sake of fame.

"For Truth with tireless zeal they sought;
In joyless paths they trod:
Heedless of praise or blame they wrought,
And left the rest to God.

"But though their names no poet wove
In deathless song or story,
Their record is inscribed above;
Their wreaths are crowns of glory."

Attention and application to your studies are absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of life. If you give only half your mind to what you are doing, it will cost you twice as much labor.

It is sad to think how little intellectual enjoyment had yet added to the happiness of man, and yet the very word "school" meant originally rest or enjoyment. It is most important, says Mr. J. Morley, "both for happiness and for duty, that we should habitually live with wise thoughts and right feelings."

The brain of man should be

"The Dome of thought, the Palace of the Soul."

Says Donne,

"We are but farmers of ourselves, yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much good treasure for the great rent day."

There is much in the creed of Positivists with which I cannot agree, but they have a noble motto — "*L'amour pour principe, l'ordre pour base, et le progrès pour but.*"

There are, however, says Emerson, many "innocent men who worship God after the tradition of their fathers, but whose sense of duty has not extended to the use of all their faculties."

Man measures everything by himself. The greatest mountain heights, and the depth of the ocean, in feet; our very system of arithmetical notation is founded on the number of our fingers. And yet what poor creatures we are! What poor creatures we are, and how great we might be. What is a man? and what is a man not?

A man, says Pascal, is "*res cogitans, id est dubitans, affirmans, negens, pauca intelligens, multa ignorans, volens, nolens, imaginans, etiam, et sentiens.*"

Man, he says elsewhere, "is but a reed, the feeblest thing in Nature; but he is a reed that thinks (*un roseau pensant*). It needs not that the universe arm itself to crush him. An

exhalation, a drop of water, suffices to destroy him. But were the universe to crush him, man is yet nobler than the universe, for he knows that he dies; and the universe, even in prevailing against him, knows not its power."

What qualities are essential for the perfecting of a human being? A cool head, a warm heart, a sound judgment, and a healthy body. Without a cool head we are apt to form hasty conclusions, without a warm heart we are sure to be selfish, without a sound body we can do but little, while even the best intentions without sound judgment may do more harm than good.

If we wish to praise a friend we say he is a perfect gentleman. "What is it to be a gentleman?" asked Thackeray, "is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner?" "A gentleman," he adds, "is a rarer thing than some of us think for." Kings can give titles, but they cannot make gentlemen. We can all, however, be noble if we choose.

"That man," says Archdeacon Farrar, "approaches most nearly to such perfection as is attainable in human life whose body has been kept in vigorous health by temperance, soberness, and chastity; whose mind is a rich storehouse of the wisdom learned both from experience and from the noblest thoughts which his fellow men have uttered; whose imagination is a picture gallery of all things pure and beautiful; whose conscience is at peace with itself, with God, and with all the world, and in whose spirit the Divine Spirit finds a fitting temple wherein to dwell."

The true method of self-education, says John Stuart Mill, is "to question all things; never to turn away from any difficulty; to accept no doctrine either from ourselves or from other people without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism; letting no fallacy or incoherence or confusion of thought step by unperceived; above all, to insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assenting to it: — these are the lessons we learn." And these lessons we might all learn.

In the earlier stages of education at any rate all men might be equal; neither rank nor wealth give any substantial advantage. Sir W. Jones said of himself that with the for-

tune of a peasant, he gave himself the education of a prince. It was long ago remarked that there was no royal road to learning; or rather perhaps it might more truly be said that all roads are royal. And how great is the prize! Education lights up the history of the world and makes it one bright path of progress; it enables us to appreciate the literature of the world; it opens for us the book of Nature, and creates sources of interest wherever we find ourselves.

And if we cannot hope that it should ever be said of us that

> "He was a man, take him for all in all
> I shall not look upon his like again,"

it might at any rate be true that

> "He hath a daily beauty in his life,"

for have we not all immortal longings in us?

If education has not been in all cases successful, this has been the fault not of education itself, but of the spirit in which it has been often undertaken. "For men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite, sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight, sometimes for ornament and reputation, but seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of men. As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to rest itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop of profit or sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

CHAPTER XXII.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A POETIC INTERPRETATION OF SUCCESS — BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD — A PICTURE OF HIS CHILDHOOD — EARLY THEATRICAL LEANINGS — A PRACTICAL JOKER — SCHOOL DAYS — THE "LEONAINIE" EPISODE — PERSONAL APPEARANCE — PREËMINENT QUALITIES OF HIS WORK — IN WHAT HIS UNIQUENESS LIES — "POEMS HERE AT HOME" — THE TWO CLASSES OF MR. RILEY'S POETRY — AS A BALLADIST — HIS LYRICS — THE POET OF THE PEOPLE — CHARACTERISTICALLY AMERICAN. PERSONAL PURITY AND NOBILITY.

"What is my idea of success?"—



Just to be good—this is enough—enough!
O we who find sin's billows wild and rough
Do we not feel how much more than any gold
Would be the blameless life we led of old
While yet our lips knew but a mother's kiss?
Ah! though we miss all else but this,
To be good is enough!

It is enough—enough—just to be good!
To lift our hearts where they are understood;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mothers used to kiss.
Ah! though we miss all else but this,
To be good is enough!

I believe a man prays when he does well. I believe he worships God when his work is on a high plane. When his attitude towards his fellow men is right, I guess God is pleased with him.

James Whitcomb Riley

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the "Hoosier Poet," was born at Greenfield, Indiana, and there, too, spent the years of his boyhood. His father was an attorney of some prominence, and a genius in mechanics, having the ability to imitate in construction almost anything that can be made with hands—a trait which his son inherits as a mental, though not manual, characteristic. The father was impatient to see his son, of whom he was very fond, in masculine attire ; and long before the child had reached the age when the pinafore is usually discarded, determined to gratify this desire. He therefore bought the small amount of material necessary, and himself cut and made for the coming poet and humorist a wonderful suit. It consisted of trousers reaching to the feet, and a coat of the "shad-belly" variety, adorned with the bright brass buttons then in fashion for gentlemen.

At that age the child's hair was almost as white as wool, and his face was covered with freckles of generous size and pronounced color. He was chubby, and the grotesqueness of this ensemble must have twanged a sympathetic chord in his infantile breast. When attired in his new suit he bore a striking resemblance in miniature to Judge Wick, a ponderous jurist and politician prominent in that section and throughout the West at that time. The similarity of initials as well as of person suggested the whim to the rustic wits, and Judge Wick became his nickname and remained with him after he had reached his teens, and then, it may be said, became his *nom de guerre,* for by that name he fought and conquered in his more mature boyhood. He was his father's constant companion, and on county court days no end of merriment was aroused when a conjunction of these two unique personages with judicial titles forced a comparison and provoked the risibles of the dullest. When the business of litigation was on, the boy was left to his own devices. Perched in some obscure niche or window, he imitated every movement of the court, lawyers and witnesses, and there his studies of dialect and human nature of the Hoosier variety were made, to be reproduced on the platform and in print in later years.

As he grew older he took part in boy-theatricals, and always as the "star." His preference was for portrait-painting as a vocation, but sign-painting offered a more quickly remunerative field, and to this he turned his attention for

a while. He even descended to lettering on fences, and the highways of Hancock and adjoining counties were picturesque with the results of his genius. This became monotonous, and he again turned his attention to the stage. He joined a strolling company and became its genius. Finding his lines faulty or unsuitable, he rewrote them, and sometimes recast the entire play — abridging, brightening, or throwing into prominence unique characters as his ideas of consistency demanded. At one time he attached himself to a combination in which the payment of salaries depended on the amount of patent medicines sold between acts. The stage was a large wagon drawn by horses gayly caparisoned. On this was mounted a large blackboard, on which sketches in black and white were displayed. Riley was artist, orator, and musician in turn, drawing illustrations and caricatures of persons in the motley audience, lauding the virtues of his wares, improvising additional verses to a song, or playing accompaniments on violin or guitar, and joining in the chorus. It was a happy, vagabond life, a rebound from the repression of his earlier years. It made him familiar with his kind, and enriched his dialect vocabulary and his studies of human nature from life.

During his sign-painting career he sometimes posed as "the celebrated blind sign-painter." Pretending to be stone blind, he bewildered the crowds which collected to watch him work. Mr. Riley was continually playing practical jokes. Perhaps the most ludicrous was one he played on the Methodist church congregation of his native town. The story is told by a relative of the poet that this church needed repairing badly, and a committee went about soliciting aid. Mr. Riley, who was handy at any kind of work, could not help in a financial way, but volunteered to repair the church clock. The committee consented. Just before the reopening of the church he brought the clock back and carefully hung it in its accustomed place high on the wall over the pulpit. At eleven o'clock, when the minister was warming to his subject, the old clock began striking. It struck fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, and kept on striking. The minister stopped. The clock did not. It was far out of reach and no ladder was near. The congregation had to be dismissed.

He rarely attended school with any degree of regularity, but he learned much from his father, and seemed to absorb

knowledge without effort. From early boyhood his thoughts fell into line in rhythm. Even his first crude rhyming was not deficient in this respect. His poems are thought out as he travels or walks the street, and when their time is fully come he gives them birth regardless of surroundings — at an office desk in the hum of business, in the waiting room of a railway station, on the corner of a busy editor's table, or seated on a low stool with his manuscript on his knees — it is all one to him. At other times he is very sensitive to surroundings. His reading has taken a wide range, but has been somewhat discursive, and he has been restrained from thorough study of any model through fear that his strong imitative bent might mar his originality of expression. In response to the challenge of a friend, he once wrote what professed to be a newly discovered manuscript poem of the late Edgar Allan Poe, entitled "Leonainie," and so perfect was his work that so capable a judge as William Cullen Bryant pronounced it genuine and criticised it at some length as such. When this unknown Western upstart declared himself the author of it, he was denounced as a would-be plagiarist.

Mr. Riley is a short man with square shoulders and a large head. He has a very dignified manner at times. His face is smoothly shaven and, though he is not bald, the light color of his hair makes him seem so. His eyes are gray and round and generally solemn and sometimes stern. His face is the face of a great actor — in rest, grim and inscrutable; in action, full of the most elusive expression capable of humor and pathos. Like most humorists he is sad in repose. His language when he chooses to have it so is wonderfully concise, penetrating, and beautiful. He drops often into dialect but always with a look on his face which shows that he is aware of what he is doing. In other words, he is himself in both forms of speech. His mouth is his wonderful feature, wide, flexible, clean cut. His lips are capable of the grimmest and merriest lines. He has lips that pout like a child's or draw down into the straight grim line like a New England deacon's, or close at one side and uncover his white and even teeth at the other in the style, slightly, of "Benjamin F. Johnson," the humble humorist and philosopher. In his own proper person he is full of quaint and beautiful philosophy. He is wise rather than learned,— wise with the

quality that is in the Proverbs,— almost always touched with humor.

Even if Mr. Riley's poetry — which, along with his prose, now has been brought out in a beautiful uniform edition — had no claim to distinction in itself, the fact of its unrivaled popularity would challenge consideration. But, fortunately, his work does not depend on so frail a tenure of fame as the vogue of a season or the life of a fad. The qualities which secure for it a wider reading and a heartier appreciation than are accorded to any other living American poet are rooted deep in human nature; they are preëminently qualities of wholesomeness and common sense, those qualities of steady and conservative cheerfulness which ennoble the average man, and in which the man of exceptional culture is too often lacking. Its lovers are the ingenuous home-keeping hearts, on whose sobriety and humor the national character is based. And yet, one has not said enough when one says it is poetry of the domestic affections, poetry of sentiment; for it is much more than that.

Poetry which is free from the unhappy spirit of the age, free from dejection, from doubt, from material cynicism, neither tainted by the mould of sensuality nor wasted by the maggot of "reform," is no common product, in these days. So much of our art and literature is ruined by self-consciousness, running to the artificial and the tawdry. It is the slave either of commercialism, imitative, ornate, and insufferably tiresome, or of didacticism, irresponsible and dull. But Mr. Riley at his best is both original and sane. He seems to have accomplished that most difficult feat, the devotion of one's self to an art without any deterioration of health. He is full of the sweetest vitality, the soundest merriment. His verse is not strained with an overburden of philosophy, on the one hand, nor debauched with maudlin sentimentalism, on the other. Its robust gayety has all the fascination of artlessness and youth. It neither argues, nor stimulates, nor denounces, nor exhorts; it only touches and entertains us. And, after all, few things are more humanizing than innocent amusement.

It is because of this quality of abundant good nature, familiar, serene, homely, that it seems to me no exaggeration to call Mr. Riley the typical American poet of the day. True, he does not represent the cultivated and academic classes; he

reflects nothing of modern thought; but in his unruffled temper and dry humor, occasionally flippant on the surface, but never facetious at heart, he might stand very well for the normal American character in his view of life and his palpable enjoyment of it. Most foreign critics are on the lookout for the appearance of something novel and unconventional from America, forgetting that the laws of art do not change with longitude. They seize now on this writer, now on that, as the eminent product of democracy. But there is nothing unconventional about Mr. Riley. "He is like folks," as an old New England farmer said of Whittier. And if the typical poet of democracy in America is to be the man who most nearly represents average humanity throughout the length and breadth of this country, who most completely expresses its humor, its sympathy, its intelligence, its culture, and its common sense, and yet is not without a touch of original genius sufficient to stamp his utterances, then Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has a just claim to that title.

He is unique among American men of letters (or poets, one might better say; for strictly speaking he is not a man of letters at all) in that he has originality of style, and yet is entirely native and homely. Whitman was original, but he was entirely prophetic and remote, appealing only to the few; Longfellow had style, but his was the voice of our collegiate and cultivated classes. It is not a question of rank or comparison; it is merely a matter of definitions. It is the position rather than the magnitude of any particular and contemporary star that one is interested in fixing. To determine its magnitude, a certain quality of endurance must be taken into account; and to observe this quality often requires considerable time. Quite apart, then, from Mr. Riley's relative merit in the great anthology of English poetry, he has a very definite and positive place in the history of American letters as the first widely representative poet of the American people.

He is professedly a home-keeping, home-loving poet, with the purpose of the imaginative realist, depending upon common sights and sounds for his inspirations, and engrossed with the significance of facts. Like Mr. Kipling, whose idea of perpetual bliss is a heaven where every artist shall "draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are," Mr. Riley exclaims:—

"Tell of the things jest like they wuz—
They don't need no excuse!
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does,
Till they 're all too fine fer use!"

And again, in his lines on "A Southern Singer":—

"Sing us back home, from there to here;
Grant your high grace and wit, but we
Most honor your simplicity."

In the proem to the volume "Poems here at Home" there occurs a similar invocation, and a test of excellence is proposed which may well be taken as the gist of his own artistic purpose:—

"The Poems here at Home! Who 'll write 'em down,
Jes' as they air—in Country and in Town?—
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and lanes,
Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains!
Who'll 'voice' 'em? as I heerd a feller say
'At speechified on Freedom, t' other day,
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,
She was n't bigger 'n a bumble-bee!

"What We want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores!
Put weeds in—pizenvines, and underbresh,
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
An' sassy-like!—and groun'-squir'ls,—yes, and 'We,'
As sayin' is,—'We, Us and Company.'"

In the lines "Right here at Home" the same strain recurs, like the very burden of the poet's life-song:—

"Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,
Fer me and you and plain old happiness;
We hear the World 's lots grander — likely so,—
We 'll take the World 's word for it and not go.
We know its ways ain't our ways, so we 'll stay
Right here at home, boys, where we know the way.

"Right here at home, boys, where a well-to-do
Man 's plenty rich enough — and knows it, too,

> And 's got a' extry dollar, any time,
> To boost a feller up 'at wants to climb,
> And 's got the git-up in him to go in
> And git there, like he purt' nigh allus kin !"

It is in this spirit that by far the greater part of his work, the telling and significant part of it, is conceived. The whole tatterdemalion company of his Tugg Martins, Jap Millers, Armazindys, Bee Fesslers, and their comrades, as rollicking and magnetic as Shakespeare's own wonderful populace, he finds "right here at home"; nothing human is alien to him : indeed, there is something truly Elizabethan, something spacious and robust, in his humanity, quite exceptional to our fashion-plate standards. In the same wholesome, glad frame of mind, too, he deals with nature, mingling the keenest, most loving observation with the most familiar modes of speech. An artist in his ever sensitive appreciation and impressionability, never missing a phase or mood of natural beauty, he has the added ability so necessary to the final touch of illusion,— the power of ease, the power of making his most casual word seem inevitable, and his most inevitable word seem casual. It is in this, I think, that he differs from all his rivals in the field of familiar and dialect poetry. Other writers are as familar as he, and many as truly inspired ; but none combines to such a degree the homespun phrase with the lyric feeling. His only compeer in this regard is Lowell, in the brilliant Biglow Papers, and several other less known but not less admirable Chaucerian sketches of New England country life. Indeed, in humor, in native eloquence, in vivacity, Mr. Riley closely resembles Lowell, though differing from that bookman in his training and inclination, and naturally, as a consequence, in his range and treatment of subjects. But the tide of humanity, so strong in Lowell, is at flood, too, in the Hoosier poet. It is this humane character, preserving all the rugged sweetness in the elemental type of man, which can save us at last as a people from the ravaging taint of charlatanism, frivolity, and greed.

But we must not leave our subject without discriminating more closely between several sorts of Mr. Riley's poetry ; for there is as much difference between his dialect and his classic English (in point of poetic excellence, I mean,) as there is

between the Scotch and English of Burns. Like Burns, he is a lover of the human and the simple, a lover of green fields and blowing flowers ; and like Burns, he is far more at home, far more easy and felicitous, in his native Doric than in the colder Attic speech of Milton and Keats.

This is so, it seems to me, for two reasons. In the first place, the poet is dealing with the subject matter he knows best ; and, in the second place, he is using the medium of expression in which he has a lifelong facility. The art of poetry is far too delicate and too difficult to be practiced successfully without the most consummate and almost unconscious mastery of the language employed ; so that a poet will hardly ever write with anything like distinction or convincing force in any but his mother tongue. An artist's command of his medium must be so intimate and exquisite that his thought can find adequate expression in it as easily as in the lifting of a finger or the moving of an eyelid. Otherwise he is self-conscious, unnatural, false ; and, hide it as he may, we feel the awkwardness and indecision in his work. He who treats of subjects which he knows only imperfectly cannot be true to nature ; while he who employs some means of expression which he only imperfectly controls cannot be true to himself. The best art requires the fulfillment of both these severe demands ; they are the cardinal virtues of art. Disregard of the first produces the dilettante ; disregard of the second produces the charlatan. That either of these epithets would seem entirely incongruous, if applied to Mr. Riley, is a tribute to his thorough worth as a writer.

His verse, then, divides itself sharply into two kinds, the dialect and the conventional. But we have so completely identified him with the former manner that it is hard to estimate his work in the latter. It may be doubted, however, whether he would have reached his present eminence had he confined his efforts to the strictly regulated forms of standard English. In poems like "A Life Term" and "One Afternoon," for instance, there is smoothness, even grace of movement, but hardly that distinction which we call style, and little of the lyric plangency the author commands at his best ; while very often in his use of authorized English there is a strangely marked reminiscence of older poets, as of Keats in "A Water Color" (not to speak of "A Ditty of No Tone," written as a

frankly imitative tribute of admiration for the author of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn"), or of Emerson in "The All-Kind Mother." In only one of the dialect poems, on the other hand, is there any imitative note. His "Nothin' to Say" has much of the atmosphere and feeling as well as the movement of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer." But for the most part, when Mr. Riley uses his own dialect, he is thoroughly original as well as effective. He has not only the lyrical impetus so needful to good poetry; he has also the story-teller's gift. And when we add to these two qualities an abundant share of whimsical humor, we have the equipment which has so justly given him wide repute.

All of these characteristics are brought into play in such poems as "Fessler's Bees," one of the fairest examples of Mr. Riley's balladry at its best: —

> "Might call him a bee-expert,
> When it come to handlin' bees,—
> Roll the sleeves up of his shirt
> And wade in amongst the trees
> Where a swarm 'u'd settle, and —
> Blandest man on top of dirt! —
> Rake 'em with his naked hand
> Right back in the hive ag'in,
> Jes' as easy as you please!"

For Mr. Riley is a true balladist. He is really doing for the modern, popular taste, here and now, what the old balladists did in their time. He is an entertainer. He has the ear of his audience. He knows their likes and dislikes, and humors them. His very considerable and very successful experience as a public reader of his own work has reinforced his natural modesty and love of people, and made him constantly regardful of their pleasure. So that we must look upon his verses as a most genuine and spontaneous expression of average poetic feeling as well as personal poetic inspiration.

Every artist's work must be, necessarily, a more or less successful compromise between these two opposing and difficult conditions of achievement. The great artists are they who succeed at last in imposing upon others their own peculiar and novel conceptions of beauty. But these are only the

few whom the gods favor beyond their fellows ; while for the rank and file of those who deal in the perishable wares of art a less ambitious standard may well be allowed. We must have our balladists as well as our bards, it seems ; and very fortunate is the day when we can have one with so much real spirit and humanity about him as Mr. Riley.

At times the pathos of the theme quite outweighs its homeliness, and lifts the author above the region of self-conscious art ; the use of dialect drops away, and a creation of pure poetry comes to light, as in that irresistible elegy "Little Haly," for example : —

> "'Little Haly, little Haly,' cheeps the robin in the tree ;
> 'Little Haly,' sighs the clover ; 'Little Haly,' moans the bee ;
> 'Little Haly, little Haly,' calls the Kill-dee at twilight ;
> And the katydids and crickets hollers 'Haly' all the night."

In this powerful lyric there is a simple directness approaching the feeling of Greek poetry, and one cannot help regretting the few intrusions of bad grammar and distorted spelling. They are not necessary. The poem is so universal in its human appeal, it seems a pity to limit the range of its appreciation by hampering it with local peculiarities of speech.

At times, too, in his interpretations of nature, Mr. Riley lays aside his drollery and his drawling accent in exchange for an incisive power of phrase.

> "The wild goose trails his harrow"

is an example of the keenness of fancy I refer to. Another is found in the closing phrase of one of the stanzas in "A Country Pathway" :—

> "A puritanic quiet here reviles
> The almost whispered warble from the hedge,
> And takes a locust's rasping voice and files
> The silence to an edge."

In "The Flying Islands of the Night" Mr. Riley has made his widest departure into the reign of whimsical imagination. Here he has retained that liberty of unshackled speech, that freedom and ease of diction, which mark his more familiar themes, and at the same time has entered an entirely fresh

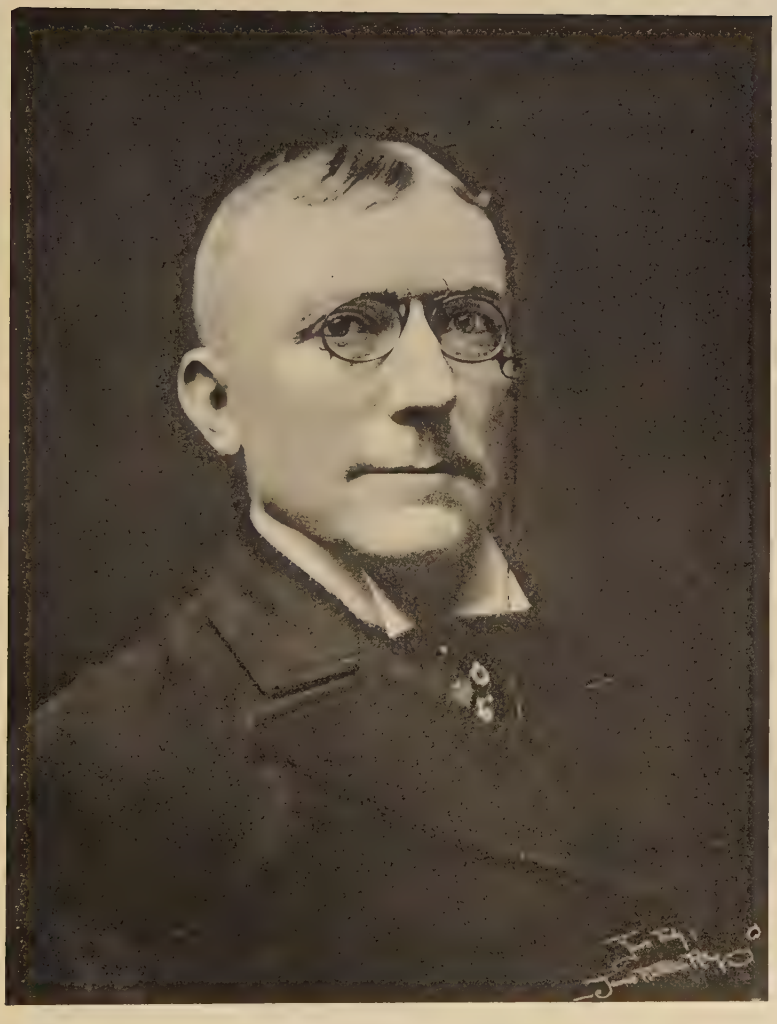
field for him, a sort of grown-up fairyland. There are many strains of fine poetry in this miniature play, which show Mr. Riley's lyrical faculty at its best. In one instance there is a peculiar treatment of the octosyllabic quatrain, where he has chosen to print it in the guise of blank verse. It is impossible, however, to conceal the true swing of the lines.

"I loved her. Why? I never knew. Perhaps
Because her face was fair. Perhaps because
Her eyes were blue and wore a weary air.
Perhaps! Perhaps because her limpid face
Was eddied with a restless tide, wherein
The dimples found no place to anchor and
Abide. Perhaps because her tresses beat
A froth of gold about her throat, and poured
In splendor to the feet that ever seemed
Afloat. Perhaps because of that wild way
Her sudden laughter overleapt propriety;
Or—who will say?—perhaps the way she wept."

It almost seems as if Mr. Riley, with his bent for jesting and his habit of wearing the cap and bells, did not dare be as poetical as he could; and when a serious lyric came to him, he must hide it under the least lyrical appearance, as he has done here. But that, surely, if it be so, is a great injustice to himself. He might well attempt the serious as well as the comic side of poetry, remembering that "when the half-gods go, the gods arrive."

No poet in the United States has the same hold upon the minds of the people as Riley. He is the poet of the plain American. They buy thousands of dollars' worth of his verse every year and he is also one of the most successful lecturers on the platform. He gives the lie to the old saying, for he is a prophet in his own country. The people of Indiana are justly proud of him for he has written "Poems here at home." He is read by people who never before read poetry in their life and he appeals equally well to the man who is heartsick of the hollow, conventional verse in imitation of some classic.

He is absolutely American in every line he writes. His schooling has been in the school of realities. He takes the thing at first hand. He considers his success to be due to the fact that he is one of the people and has written of the



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

things he liked and they liked. The time will come when his work will be seen to be something more, vastly more than the fancies of the humorist. He is the most remarkable exemplification of the power of genius to transmute plain clods into gold that we have seen since the time of Burns. He has dominated stern and unyielding conditions with equal success and reflected the life of his kind with even greater fidelity than Burns.

This material so apparently grim and barren of light and shade waited only for the creative mind and sympathetic intelligence ; then it grew beautiful and musical and radiant with color and light and life. Therein is the magnificent lesson to be drawn from the life and work of the "Hoosier Poet."

PERSONAL PURITY AND NOBILITY.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON was once asked why he was a total abstainer. He said, "I thought I had a better use for my head." The answer is worth remembering by any young fellow who means to use his brains. A wonderful battery they make. Every morning they take up their work, and start us on our daily pleasure or our daily duty, if,—

If we have not undertaken to impose on nature's plan for them.

If we have not tried this stimulus or that stimulus, not in the plan for which they were made.

The young man who means to do the best possible work his body and mind can do, keeps his body and mind as pure, as clean from outside filth, as Edison keeps his brain.

This is what is meant when we are told to keep ourselves as pure as little children are.

The readers of this book are so well up to the lessons of this time that they know that the men who are trained for a football match, or a running match, or a boxing match, have to keep their bodies from any stimulus but that which is given by food prepared in the simplest way, so as to suit the most simple appetite.

It is not simply that a man's body must be in good order itself. What is needed is that a man shall be ready and able to govern his body. He shall say "Go," and his body shall

go. He shall say "Go faster," and his body shall go faster. His will, his power to govern his machinery, depends on his keeping himself pure.

Three hundred years ago, a certain set of men and women in England earned for themselves the name of Puritans. That name was given them because they kept their bodies pure. Those men and women did this because the Saviour of men and all his apostles commanded them to do so. The New Testament insists on personal purity as the beginning of all training and all knowledge. "The wisdom from above is first pure," it says. And such men as Paul and Peter and the rest, who changed the world, insisted on personal purity. They meant that a man's body should be so pure as to be a fit temple of God. The Puritans of England believed in such instructions, and they kept their bodies pure. In his intercourse with women, in his use of stimulants, a Puritan gentleman earned his name by his chastity and his temperance.

The Cavaliers, the men at court, ridiculed this obedience to divine law. What followed on this ridicule? This followed: that, when the questions of English liberty were submitted to the decision of battle, when the fine gentlemen of the court found themselves in array against the farmers of Lincolnshire, led by Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan troopers, who kept their bodies pure, rode over the gay gentlemen, who did not keep their bodies pure.

What happened on our side of the water was that the handful of Puritan settlers in Plymouth and in the Bay, who kept their bodies pure, were more than a match for the men of Massasoit and Philip, who did not keep their bodies pure. They could outmarch them, could outwatch them, could outfight them. They could rule their bodies. They could be firm to a purpose. They had at command such strength as had been given to them.

Young men of the present day know what are the temptations which now offer themselves in the life of an American boy. They are different in different places. "Not long ago," says Edward Everett Hale, "I was speaking on the need of immediate act if one would carry out a good resolution. I was in the largest theater in Boston. I looked up at the third gallery, which was crowded with several hundred boys and young men. I said, 'Go home, and take down from the

wall of your room the picture you would be ashamed to have your mother see there.' An evident wave of consciousness passed over the hundreds of witnesses, as they turned to each other, as they smiled, or in some way showed that they knew what I was talking about.

Young men know better than old men what are the present temptations. If young men knew as well as old men do how much of the best life of every country is lost because the young men do not resist those temptations, they would pay more attention to what old men say to them. Anybody who knows the history of the tug of war between France and Germany twenty years ago knows what happened then. War tests all forms of manliness. It tests endurance and physical strength and patience under disappointment. We know who went under when the French troops, all rotten with the impurity of France, met the German peasants. The French Empire disappeared because of the dissoluteness of the French Empire. A court like that could not expect the support of soldiers any stronger than the officers of the headquarters-staff who marshaled them.

To a man deep down in licentious or intemperate habits, it is very difficult to prescribe the remedies for his cure. The trouble is that he has lost the power of will. It is very hard then to make him will or determine anything. The poor creature does not know what determination means. He says at night, "I will never touch liquor again," and the next day, when he passes a liquor shop, he says, "I have changed my mind, and I will take it again." Indeed, he has not changed his mind, he has no mind to change. He never made a resolution, because such a man cannot make a resolution.

For young men, the course is distinct, and not so difficult. The prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," states it very precisely. This is the reason why the men who wish to have our cities temperate wish to close the open saloon in the city. They want to save young men from a very fascinating temptation. For every young man who reads this page knows that, while he might go into an open shop with a friend to drink a glass of beer, to treat or to be treated, he would not so much as think of buying a bottle of liquor to carry it up to his own private room and drink it there. What we want, when we say we wish we could shut up all the liquor shops, is

to save from temptation people who have not formed the habit of drinking. Just the same thing is to be said as to the temptations to unchastity. If you do not begin, you will not take a step forward. The moment that you find that a book is impure, or is such a book as you would not show to your mother or your sister, that is the moment to put that book into the fire. Indeed, the mere physical act of putting it into the fire will be a good thing for you. It will be like one of the old sacrifices on the altar.

And if you want any reason which you can state to a friend or yourself, for your taking such a course, the reason is, that you wish to keep mind and body in the condition in which it pleased God to make them. You mean to train yourself precisely as the trainer of a football team or a baseball team or a boat crew trains his men. You mean that your hand shall be steady, your feet quick, your arm strong. And, more than this, you mean to have these powers in immediate command, so that they shall do just what you, the living man, want to have done.

The brain of man works most accurately and most steadily, and therefore most reliably, when it is never plagued or perplexed by the influence of liquor. The literary man who is a total abstainer comes back to his desk every morning most easily and most readily. On an emergency he sticks to his work for four and twenty hours, if it is necessary, most cheerfully. And in that four and twenty hours his work is best worth reading. You may ask any newspaper man you choose, or any literary man of fifty years' experience who has known the other literary men of his time, and they will substantiate this answer. You may ask any trainer of athletes, and he will sustain this answer. For absolute physical exertion the point is conceded. The riflemen who take the prizes in England are total abstinent men. And Greely says himself that if he were to take another party to the North Pole he would take no man if he was not a total abstinent by habit and principle. In point of fact, the great exertion by which the American flag was planted nearest the North Pole was made by men who had no regular spirit ration.

The highest eulogy which can be paid to anyone is to say that he is noble. It is comprehensive of all the virtues and of all the graces. There is no one word representing charac-

ter and esteem which is so all-embracing. There are some words for which no adequate definition seems possible. The feeling of their meaning is deeper than any impression which language is able to convey. Such a word is nobility. If one were to attempt the substitution of some other word for it, such as goodness, benevolence, justice, he will find that neither separately nor collectively do they fully express its meaning. It can only be stated by circumlocution, and even then inadequately.

It is first of all a feeling. The appeal which is made to a noble person is answered almost before it is presented, because his consciousness of the needs of others is so acute that the meaning is comprehended intuitively. Nobility is the expression, not of the intellect so much as of the soul, not merely of the mind but of the heart. It is often, indeed generally, expressed in the face, for a really noble person, however much he may strive to do so, cannot conceal from others the benevolence which controls his life.

The nobility of feeling involves sympathy with all that is true and good. It is the condition of a person who looks with dissatisfaction upon everything low and degrading and is conscious of entire harmony with that which is elevated and pure. Such feelings have animated all those who have been recognized among the choice characters of the world.

Then there is also nobility of character. The feeling has become habit, and forms what is known among men as character. It is not a mere emotion, but a mode of life in which all the powers and attainments are subordinated to the highest aims and plans. The noble character finds itself so intrenched in desires for the welfare of all, that temptations in the opposite direction cease to be effective. In other words, his whole being has become ennobled.

Nobility of feeling and character is always accompanied by nobility of action. Character and action are harmonious, and cannot be in conflict. There may be good actions performed spasmodically or as the result of impulse by those whose souls are not noble, but a steady, sustained life, doing noble deeds, is only possible when connected with those emotions and conditions which naturally and necessarily produce them. A life that is noble is always the result of inner forces and not of external incitements. The topic under con-

sideration is not merely nobility, but true nobility. This word is employed by lexicographers and in literature in different senses. It is applied to nobility of descent, *i. e.*, to hereditary nobility, in which the title descends from generation to generation. It is a title of rank and has no necessary relation to personal character. While some such noblemen have true nobility, there are others to whom it is entirely wanting. There have been men of loftiest worth who have won the highest crowns of rank or station, while others who are officially designated by such titles have shown themselves unworthy to wear theirs. Of Lord Byron it may be said that he was a great poet and nobleman, but not a noble man, while of Lord Shaftesbury it must be said that he was alike noble in rank, in character, and in works, thus combining in himself the highest qualities of manhood.

The real nobility, however, has already been indicated, viz., that which consists in personal worth. One may be truly noble, and recognized as such, though destitute of learning, scholarship, office, or rank. Indeed, it is frequently found in persons of the humblest worldly circumstances. Almost every day we read of acts worthy of heroes, done by those whose names are scarcely known in the community in which they dwell. Instances to justify this statement will meet daily the readers of current literature.

The qualities then which must be sought in order to secure true nobility are a lofty purpose, deep sympathies, and absolute self-sacrifice. Neither is sufficient without the others. What then is the purpose which must enter into and constitute a noble life? It must be both general and particular. It desires to make the best of the whole world and the best of each member of society. It, however, must save the whole by saving each part of it. It serves the whole society by serving the units of which it is composed. Hence nobility does not neglect little things or to do good in what seems small and insignificant ways. Nothing is too small and nothing is too large for a noble soul to do. In statesmanship and patriotism both George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were truly noble. How lofty their aims, how earnestly they sympathized with struggling humanity, and how unselfish and complete were their sacrifices!

How much nobility is found among business men! How

many are doing business, not for their own aggrandizement, but to benefit their fellow men! A gentleman of extensive business told the writer of this but recently that he did not expect to make any more money. What he made hereafter was for others.

The same is true also in professional life. In the ministry, in law, in medicine, are to be found men, not a few, whose aim is not wealth or fame, but who desire to serve "their generation according to the will of God." It were easy to make a catalogue of men and women in all ages who represent to the world this type of character. They are the choicest treasures of our world, more precious than mines of gold and of silver. To enumerate even a few of them would be impossible here.

The one noble character which rises above all others is the world's Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the highest specimen of true nobility the world has ever known. Every trait illustrating it was found in him and the attainment of it will be best secured by the study of his life and teachings and the imitation of his example.

True nobility is possible to all and everywhere. It matters little whether one be in public position or in private station, in a royal palace or in a humble cottage, in professional life or in daily manual labor. There is no place where it will not have opportunity for exercise. Wherever generosity, purity, self-sacrifice, truth, and fidelity are found, there will be found that for which all the people of the world should seek, true nobility.

> "Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."—Lowell.

"Be noble in every thought and in every deed."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

ON THE RIGHT USE OF WEALTH — A CONVERSATION — GLIMPSES OF HIS CHARACTERISTICS — STRENGTH OF HIS PERSONAL CONVICTIONS — HIS HOME — HOW IT BESPEAKS THE MAN — FAVORITE CLUB — EARLY ENVIRONMENT AND ANCESTRY — THE SCHOOLMASTER — AT COLLEGE — HABITS OF READING — JOURNEYS TO CALIFORNIA — ADMISSION TO THE BAR — HIS RETURN EAST — ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE — MEMBER OF CONGRESS — A MEMORABLE SPEECH — SPEAKER — READINESS IN DEBATE — LITERARY SIDE OF HIS CAREER — HIS EPIGRAMS. "MAKE, SAVE, GIVE ALL YOU CAN."

We envious people who cannot be wealthy any more than we can add a cubit to our stature avenge ourselves by thinking and proclaiming that pursuit of wealth is sordid and stifles the nobler sentiments of the soul. Whether this be so or not, if whoever makes to grow two blades of grass where but one grew before is a benefactor of his race, he also is a benefactor who makes two ships sail the sea where but one encountered its storms before. However sordid the owner may be, this is a benefit of which he cannot deprive the world.



But no progress which did not lift all ever lifted any. If we let the poison of filth and disease percolate through the hovels of the poor, death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horror of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rear guard comes up that the vanguard can go on.

T. B. Reed

"IT was at a dinner in Washington," said Robert P. Porter, "that I had the good fortune to find myself seated next to Thomas B. Reed. It was a brilliant occasion, for around the table sat well-known statesmen, scientists, jurists, economists, and literary men, besides two or three who had gained eminence in the medical profession. Mr. Reed was at his best, 'better than the best champagne.' His conversation, sparkling with good nature, was not only exhilarating to his immediate neighbors, but at times to the entire table. Being among friends, among the sort of men he really liked, he let himself out, as it were.

"Before the conversation had gone beyond the serious point I remember asking the ex-Speaker how he felt at the time when the entire Democratic press of the country had pounced upon him; when he was being held up as 'The Czar'—a man whose iron heels were crushing out American popular government. 'Oh,' he promptly replied, 'you mean what were my feelings while the uproar about the rules of the Fifty-first Congress was going on, and while the question was in doubt? Well, I had no feeling except that of entire serenity, and the reason was simple. I knew just what I was going to do if the House did not sustain me;' and raising his eyes, with a typical twist of his mouth, which those who have seen it don't easily forget, he added, 'when a man has decided upon a plan of action for either contingency there is no need for him to be disturbed, you know.'

"'And may I ask what you determined to do if the House decided adversely?'

"'I should simply have left the chair, resigning the Speakership, and left the House, resigning my seat in Congress. There were things that could be done, you know, outside of political life, and for my own part I had made up my mind that if political life consisted in sitting helplessly in the Speaker's chair, and seeing the majority powerless to pass legislation, I had had enough of it, and was ready to step down and out.'

"After a moment's pause he turned, and, looking me full in the face with a half smile, continued: 'Did it ever occur to you that it is a very soothing thing to know exactly what you are going to do, if things do not go your way? You have then made yourself equal to the worst, and have only to wait

and find out what was ordained before the foundation of the world.'

"'You never had a doubt in your own mind that the position taken was in perfect accordance with justice and common sense?' I ventured.

"'Never for a moment. Men, you see, being creatures of use and wont, are naturally bound up in old traditions. While every court which had ever considered the question had decided one way, we had been used to the other. Fortunately for the country, there was no wavering in our ranks.'

"'But how did you feel,' said I, 'when the uproar was at its worst, when the members of the minority were raging on the floor together?'

"'Just as you would feel,' was the reply, 'if a big creature were jumping at you, and you knew the exact length and strength of his chain, and were quite sure of the weapon you had in your hands.'"

This conversation gives a clear insight into the character of Thomas B. Reed. It shows his chief characteristics: manly aggressiveness, an iron will — qualities which friend and foe alike have recognized in him — with a certain serenity of temper, a broadness, a bigness of horizon which only the men who have been brought into personal contact with him fully appreciate.

Standing, as he does, in the foremost rank of both public and professional men, still one of the leaders of his party, he must continue to be one of the most attractive personages in American life. First of all, one thing about the man has to be emphasized; he lacks one of the traits that popular leaders too often possess. He cannot be all things to all men. He is bound to be true to his personal convictions, and he is not the man to advocate measures or policies he detests. Every one knows how public men have at times voted against their earnest convictions, and then gone into the cloak room and apologized for it; but it would be difficult to imagine a man of Mr. Reed's composition in this rôle.

To judge a man well, to know his best side, it is necessary to see him at home.

Mr. Reed's home in Portland is a three-story corner brick house, on one of the most sightly spots in town. Over the western walls of that modern, substantial New England

home there clambers a mass of Japanese ivy, which, relieving the straightness of the architectural lines, gives a pleasing something, an artistic touch, to the ensemble. From the roof of the house there is a superb view of Casco Bay and the picturesque expanse of country around Portland.

The stamp of the man's character is plain everywhere in that house. The rooms are large, airy, and unpretentiously furnished, yet with solidity and that certain winning grace of domestic appointments in old New England. Much of Mr. Reed's work is done at his desk in a wee bit of a room on the second floor, where crowded bookshelves reach to the ceiling. His library long ago overflowed the confines of his den, and books are scattered through the rooms on every floor ; books, bought not for bindings nor editions, but for the contents, ranging from miscellaneous novels to the dryest historical treatises, from poetry to philosophy.

The library, on the ground floor, where callers are usually received, has among the inevitable bookshelves a few photographs of masterpieces. Over the mantelpiece a painting of Weeks's shows that the sympathies of the owner extend beyond that sphere to which the reading public is inclined to confine him.

Of the favorite haunts of Mr. Reed, the place of all to study his social side is at his club, The Cumberland.

"You see," said Mr. Reed, once in conversation, "a club of this kind is only possible in a conservative town like Portland, a staid, old place which grows slowly, at the rate of about five or six hundred a year, where the one hundred club members, while belonging to opposite political parties, unite to a man in celebrating the victory of any of their fellow members. Most of them, friends from boyhood, have gone to school together, and are known to one another but by their Christian names." There the ex-Czar is always called "Tom," or "Thomas, old boy," and there reigns supreme a fine spirit of equality, or unpretentious "give and take" sort of intercourse, which is really the ideal object of a club.

"Indeed, there is no place like it," said Mr. Reed. "It is the most homelike club one can imagine; too small to have coteries, and with lots of bright, sensible boys, quick at repartee. People talk of my wit, but, I tell you, it's hard work to hold my own there ; and then, no one can try to pose

among us, or attempt to make a fool of himself, but he is properly sat upon. Intercourse with your fellow men in such a *milieu* is the best discipline I know of for a man — except that of political life," he added, with a droll smile.

Of course Mr. Reed is always interested in the welfare of Portland, though professionally a resident of New York, and he cherishes the idea that some day the city of his birth will become one of the great cities of the continent. "Portland harbor is one of the finest on the Atlantic coast. It is at least two days nearer Europe than New York, and one day nearer Europe than Boston. The annexation of Canada to the United States, or the union of the two countries, one of which is bound to come in the course of time, will surely bring to Portland the great prosperity that should be hers by reason of her admirable harbor and her geographical position. And," he added, "while I liked the life in Washington, especially when the session was active and there was plenty of work to do, and while I enjoy the tense activity of New York, it has never yet been the case that I have left Portland without regret, or gone back to it without pleasure."

The frame house in which he was born still stands, shaded by two elms of obvious age. Henry W. Longfellow was born just around the corner from it, in a dwelling that marks the spot where, in 1632, one George Cleeve built the first white man's habitation ever erected in the territory now included in Portland's boundaries. The settlement was called, in tender remembrance of an English field, "Stogumnor," and its founder's life was one of almost ceaseless conflict, now with the redskins and now with the white neighbors of other settlements, so that Cleeve left behind him the impress of a bold, vigorous fellow. His daughter married Michael Mitten, whose two daughters in turn married two brothers named Brackett. One of the Brackett daughters married a fisherman named Reed, whose descendant, Thomas Brackett Reed, has exhibited, in a different way and under vastly different circumstances, much of the nerve and daring that animated his stern old fighting settler-ancestor, George Cleeve.

At nine Mr. Reed entered the grammar school, at eleven the high school. He was sixteen years old when he completed his course in the latter. His boyhood friends say he was fond of fun, though the amount of knowledge he absorbed

would indicate that he was also fond of books ; yet Mr. Reed himself confesses that literature in general, and old romances in particular, attracted him more than text-books. He still remembers his first schoolmaster, a spare young man, "the best disciplinarian I ever knew," who had the art of holding a turbulent school by finding out what was the particular spring he could touch to control every one of his lawless boys.

"He had the pull on me," says Mr. Reed, "by simply holding over me in critical moments the penalty of dismissal. You know, I had a sort of inborn idea that the school was a great thing for me, and I knew that my parents were too poor to afford to send me anywhere else, so I kept straight along, doing my duty. It was the master's custom to allow each boy who had no demerits to ring his bell before leaving the class, and once for three days in succession I did not ring that bell. I can see now the master coming to me, and saying : 'Tom, is it an inadvertence ?' 'No, sir.' 'Did you break the rules ?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Why ?' 'Because they were too hard.' 'Well, boy, you know what you can do if the rules are too hard ; you can leave school.' I hung my head and he went away, after a few moments of, to me, terrible silence, saying : 'Never let me hear of this again, Tom.' And I replied : 'No, sir,' and meant it."

On entering Bowdoin College in 1856, young Reed had a half-formed desire of becoming a minister, which he relinquished, however, long before his graduation. His life struggle began in earnest with that first year at college, for he had to earn enough to pay his way as he went along. His attendance at class recitations during the first term of his freshman year was regular, but he found it necessary to drop out the next two terms and earn some money by teaching. He kept up his studies, however, without an instructor. All through the first part of his college course young Reed devoted a great deal of time to literature, to the neglect of his studies. While in the high school, a garret in the house of one of his mother's relations had become his Mecca. It was packed full of books, especially novels, and there he was wont to journey twice a week, loading himself with volumes, over which he spent his days and the best part of his nights. Mr. Reed says that it was mostly trashy, imaginative stuff, but that it also was full of delight, and in some ways full of information for him.

To that omnivorous reading he attributes in large part his knowledge of words, and it was also, no doubt, an apprenticeship from which he stepped naturally into higher literature.

Graduation was but little more than a year off, when, the contents of the garret being exhausted, the young man realized to his consternation that his class standing was very low. His place at the end of the college course depended on his average class standing all through. He had received none of the sixteen junior parts which were given out during the junior year, and to his dismay the English orations, corresponding to the junior parts at the end of the course, were reduced to twelve. There was but one course open to the ambitious, spirited boy — to offset the low average of his earlier terms by an exceptionally high average during the last. Romances and poems were laid aside, and from that time forward until commencement he was up at five in the morning, and by nine o'clock every night he was in bed, and tired enough to drop asleep at once. Mr. Reed says very frankly that he did not relish this regimen, for by nature he is indolent. Apropos of this, it was a common saying among his comrades that Reed would be somebody some day, if he were not so lazy.

The consequences of his three years of novel reading were such a serious matter to him that he was afraid to go and hear the result of the final examinations, but remained in his room until a friend came to tell him that he was one of the first five in his class in his average for the entire course. This is the other side of Reed "the lazy."

Besides this success, his oration on "The Fear of Death" won the first prize for English composition. It was in delivering it that Mr. Reed felt the first emotions of an orator, when every eye in the audience was riveted upon him, and when the profound silence that prevailed told the deep interest which his words aroused. Of the year's work which won for him the privilege of delivering it on that Commencement day, Mr. Reed says that it was the hardest of his life, and the only time he has forced himself up to his full limit for so long a period.

Graduation from college was not by any means the end of the struggle for the young man. Money was still lacking, and to get it he engaged in school teaching, an occupation which

he had already followed during two terms, and in vacation times. He taught at first for twenty dollars a month, "boarding round," and the highest pay he ever received as a teacher was forty-five dollars a month. His old comrades delight in telling an incident of his school teaching days. He once found it necessary to chastise a boy who was about his own age, although he had been cautioned against whipping by the members of the committee of the district, unless he first referred the case to them. But Reed was Reed even in those days. The committee having failed to sustain him in the past, in this instance he decided that some one must be master at school, and that he would be that some one. Accordingly, the refractory young man was thrashed, after an exciting quarter of an hour — a close victory, which one pound more avoirdupois might have decided against the teacher.

Mr. Reed soon gave up school teaching, and, thinking that a young man would have a better chance out West, he went to California. Judge Wallace, afterwards Chief Justice of California, examined Reed for admission to the bar. It was in 1863, during the Civil War, when the Legal Tender Act was much discussed in California, where a gold basis was still maintained, that Wallace, whose office adjoined the one where Reed was studying, happened in one day and said, "Mr. Reed, I understand you want to be admitted to the bar. Have you studied law?" "Yes, sir, I studied law in Maine while teaching." "Well," said Wallace, "I have one question to ask. Is the Legal Tender Act constitutional?" "Yes," said Reed. "You shall be admitted to the bar," said Wallace. "Tom Bodley (a deputy sheriff, who had legal aspirations) was asked the same question and he said 'no.' We will admit you both, for anybody who can answer off-hand a question like that ought to practice law in this country."

Reed's sojourn on the Pacific coast was short. In 1864 he was made Assistant Paymaster in the United States Navy, and served in that capacity until his honorable discharge a year or so after. His admission to practice before the Supreme Court of the state of Maine followed on his return to the East. Cases came to the young lawyer slowly. The first ones were in the minor municipal courts. Gradually he secured a certain run of commercial and admiralty cases which began to yield something tangible in the shape of fees.

Yet the goal of success seemed a long way off, when it happened that in one of these minor cases he cross-examined a refractory witness in such a manner as to completely overturn the testimony given, and thereby won the case for his client. The unexpected result was that the witness who had been upset by the young lawyer's skill conceived a great admiration for him, and became influential in sending him many cases.

That he made his mark in his modest position is shown by the fact that after two years, in 1867, Mr. Reed was nominated for the state Legislature. Judge Nathan Webb, then County Attorney, who had known Reed simply as his opponent in a number of cases, had proposed his name, and, after six ballots, had succeeded in nominating him. The first thing Reed knew about it was when reading the papers the next morning, and his first impulse was to decline. When Webb came in he urged him to accept, saying that a winter's legislative experience would be in every respect valuable to him. Mr. Reed accepted, and after serving two terms in the House he was elected to the state Senate. Then he was made Attorney-General and afterwards City Solicitor of Portland, and in 1876 he was for the first time nominated to represent his district in the House of Representatives in Washington.

At the very moment when Reed, escorted by one of his colleagues, took a seat at the first convenient desk, on the day when he began his life as a congressman, Mr. Reed's massive figure, suggestive of physical strength ; the easy and yet not offensive assurance with which he took his seat and glanced with quizzical eye about the chamber ; the unaffected way with which he accepted congratulations from the New England members who knew him, and the reputation he had already won as a master of wit and the possessor of a tongue which could be eloquent with sarcasm,—all of these things so impressed Mr. S. S. Cox that he turned to Mr. William P. Frye, then a member from Maine, and said : "Well, Frye, I see your state has sent another intellectual and physical giant who is a youngster here." "Whom do you mean ?" asked Frye. "This man Reed, who must be even now cracking a joke, for I see they are all laughing about him."

But to maintain the reputation which his state had secured for committing its interests to master men, Mr. Reed had a

hard task before him. Blaine, who had just passed from the House to the Senate, had made Maine of preëminent influence by reason of his formidable canvass for the presidential nomination. Eugene Hale and Mr. William P. Frye represented in part the state in the House. Hannibal Hamlin was a member of the Senate, and the tradition of the remarkable intellectual achievements of William Pitt Fessenden, so long a senator from Maine, was still so fresh in the minds of many members of Congress that it was common to hear Mr. Fessenden spoken of as perhaps the ablest senator since the days of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. But, unlike the stories that are told of the début of many statesmen, Mr. Reed's first speech was not a failure. On the contrary it was a success,—a success all the more brilliant because won under trying circumstances.

A bill was under consideration to pay the College of William and Mary in Virginia damage for the occupancy of its buildings by United States troops during the war. It was one of an almost innumerable class of similar claims in the South, and its payment would have established a precedent that would at that time have opened the door to the appropriation of millions of dollars. It had been put forward as being the most meritorious of these Southern war claims, in the hope that the sympathy which could be aroused in behalf of the venerable institution of learning making the claim (it dating back to Washington's time, and being of a religious and eleemosynary as well as educational character) would stir up a sentimental feeling by means of which the other claims could be slipped through the House.

Dr. Loring, a Republican member from Massachusetts, one of the most polished and eloquent speakers in the House, had made a strong and touching appeal, full of pathos and sentiment, in favor of the bill. At the conclusion of his speech spontaneous applause burst from all sides ; Republicans and Democrats thronged to the desk of the orator to congratulate and shake him by the hand. The scene was a memorable one. Cries of "Vote," "Vote," rose from all parts of the House, and it seemed inevitable that the bill would pass by an almost unanimous vote.

At this juncture Mr. Reed arose. He has told that he would at that moment have sold his opportunity to speak for

a very insignificant sum. He stood motionless for ten minutes, unable to utter a word. Knowing that his only chance was to dominate the turmoil, he at last raised his voice, and, after five minutes, he felt that he would have a hearing. Slowly the excitement and noise quieted down, and for forty minutes he was given the closest attention. The speech was so clear, forcible, and convincing that, in spite of some break in the Republican ranks, it recalled members of both parties from their temporary emotional lapse, and turned the tide against these dangerous claims.

In 1877 he was made a member of what was known as "The Potter Committee," appointed to investigate the operations of the returning boards in the South. Committee work was essentially congenial to Mr. Reed. He delighted in cross-examinations, and his power of sarcasm and of insinuating inquiry furnished the committee and the public with the most dramatic scenes which occurred at any of its sessions. In cross-examining a clever scoundrel, one Anderson, for instance, for two whole days, he at last compelled him to admit that he was a forger. "Who is this man Reed?" every one began to ask, and the young congressman found himself, perhaps more in his legal capacity than as a legislator, famous.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe Mr. Reed's public career, further than to say that there came a day when, upon the departure of Mr. Frye from the House to the Senate, and the election of General Garfield to the presidency, Mr. Reed passed, by common agreement and without questioning, to the leadership of his party in the House, and that, in the logical course of events, he was naturally indicated as the candidate for the speakership, when, in 1889, after six years of minority, his party became a majority. What a magnificent combination of assaults and eulogies his career as Speaker brought forth is too vividly impressed upon the popular mind to need more than mention.

During his public career Mr. Reed manifested in a score or more of verbal hand-to-hand conflicts his ability to meet an emergency to the best advantage of his side. Always upon his feet when he scents danger, he was as quick to scent it as any politician who ever occupied a seat upon that floor. He was at all times as truly the master of all his resources as ever Mr. Blaine was in that same tempestuous arena of the House.

From the first he has shown himself that *rara avis*, a born debater — aggressive and cautious, able to strike the nail right on the head at critical moments, to condense a whole argument with epigrammatic brevity. He has shown, to my judgment, better than any parliamentarian living, how the turbulent battlings of great legislative bodies, so chaotic in appearance, are not chaos at all to one who has the capacity to think with clearness and precision upon his feet. Such a man assimilates the substance of every speech and judges its relative bearing upon the question. At the beginning it is hard to tell where a discussion will hinge, but gradually, as the debate goes on, the two or three points which are the key of the situation become clear to the true *debater*. His art of *debate* may be understood as if logs were heaped in confusion before him, and the thing to do was to single out the one log which, when removed, starts all the others flying down stream — an easier thing to conceive than to accomplish, and which demands an alliance of widely diverse qualities. A correspondent told Mr. Reed once that it seemed to him as if there must be in the temperament of the debater something of the artist's nature — a little of the same instinct to inspire and guide him. And he added : "Don't you, like the artist, draw from material everywhere, from friend and foe alike, from things bearing directly upon your subject as well as from things that are apparently more removed from it? Don't you have something akin to inspiration?"

"Well, perhaps so," Mr. Reed answered, "and an anecdote occurs to my mind which you may think fits your theory. An obscure chap got up once and went for me in what was evidently a six months' laboriously prepared invective. I hardly realized what he was about, except that I had an impression of the man using words in the same frantic fashion a windmill uses its arms in a blow. All the same, when he had finished pitching into me, I could not but get up and return the compliment. I had no more idea of what I was going to say than he had, when, by a hazard, my eye caught in the sea of heads before me the face of another representative from his state—a man who was one of the leaders of his party—and instantly the answer flashed into my mind. I had begun with something like 'This is only another echo of the minority of the Fifty-first Congress, whose echoes are dying,

not musically, but dying. Gentlemen,' I continued, it is too much glory for a state to furnish us with two such eminent representatives, the one to lead the House, the other to bring up the rear.'

"But I want to tell you, while we are on this subject of the artist and the orator," Mr. Reed continued, "that I believe there is as much of a rhythm in prose as there is in poetry, and if a man has not the intuitive feeling of that subtle thing, rhythm, he can never amount to anything as an orator. Certain books of George William Curtis—'Prue and I,' especially—have helped me as much as anything to realize how delightful a quality rhythm is."

There is a side to Mr. Reed which few people suspect. He is a lover of good novels, especially such novels as those of Balzac and Thackeray, which present human nature in a rugged, truthful manner. Mr. Reed would have about as much respect for a namby-pamby novel as he has for a wishy-washy politician.

Of the English novelists he likes Thackeray by far the best. "Pendennis," "The Adventures of Philip," and "The Virginians" he esteems as his most interesting works, though Thackeray reached high-water mark, in Mr. Reed's opinion, in "Vanity Fair." Charles Reade, too, has found in him an assiduous reader. He thinks "The Cloister and the Hearth" the finest and truest picture that has been made of life in the fifteenth century, and that Charles Reade is the best story-teller that ever wrote English.

In poetry his preference is for Tennyson, but he is a constant reader of Browning, Holmes, Longfellow, and Whittier also. "Would you mind," said Mr. Reed, while talking of poets, "if I descend from the great names and say that I have a great liking for the rhymes of a Kansas lawyer, Eugene F. Ware, who writes over the *nom de plume* of 'Ironquill'? They are so direct; they present a moral in so few and so strikingly well chosen words; and then they have just enough of that quality of language which is always attractive because it is language in the making. How do you like this example of Mr. Ware's sturdy popular muse?

"'Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bull-pup played;

And that foolish canine bayed
At that zephyr in a gay,
Semi-idiotic way.
Then that zephyr in about
Half a jiffy took that pup,
Tipped him over wrong side up;
Then it turned him wrong side out.
Then it calmly journeyed thence
With a barn and string of fence.

MORAL.

" 'When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
The disorders of a gale,
Act upon a well-known law,
Face the breeze, but close your jaw;
It's a rule that will not fail.

If you bay it in a gay,
Self-sufficient sort of way,
It will land you, without doubt,
Upside down and wrong side out.' "

Mr. Reed, who learned French after he was forty years old, enjoys the masterpieces of French fiction and French verse in the original. He reads and rereads Horace, or, rather, certain parts of Horace which appeal strongly to him. But his one great admiration is Balzac. "Yes, I like to read Balzac," Mr. Reed often says. "His closeness to nature and life holds you in spite of yourself. There is hardly a book of his which is not sad beyond tears. 'Eugenie Grandet' is the most powerful delineation of the absorbing grasp which love of money has on a strong man, and the power which love has over an untutored spirit, but sadness permeates everything. That wonderful love story of the 'Duchess de Langais' is like no other love story ever written. Could anything be more sad than her life at the convent, and her lover's long search for her hiding place? unless it be that lover's discovery when he scaled the convent walls, that death had been stronger than love, and that, after a life of wasted devotion, nothing could be said of her beautiful form as it sank into the ocean except the mournful words, 'She was a

woman ; now she is nothing.' And what an extraordinary picture that is in the 'Peau de Chagrin' of the controlling power of society over a fashionable woman ! And again, in 'Père Goriot.' How sad they all are, and the sadness of a life that toils not nor spins ! Verily, to be happy, we must take no note of the flying hours, and live outside of ourselves. Is not the condition of joyous life to forget that we are living? Here most of the characters are so entirely selfish that one sometimes thinks there is not one single friendly heart in the entire story. All are so conscious of living — even those in the higher sphere — and so anxious to appear other than they are, that their entire lives are only ignoble struggles, with nothing of serene repose. When the strife is not for gold or position it is for love, which is thus degraded."

The late Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, speaking apropos of Tom Reed, as Butterworth affectionately called him, related the following : "The way Reed's constituents have stood by him is one of the most gratifying things to me in American politics. During one of his campaigns, in which I spoke for him, I met some Democrats in his district ; I said, 'Gentlemen, I do not know anything about your politics, but you have a man of sterling qualities to represent you.' 'Yes,' they replied, 'he is an intense Republican and has peculiarities, but we like him because he represents the best thought of the district, and we vote for him on the sly.'"

That plain-speaking man, whose chief characteristic is to be true to his own convictions, is a pretty good specimen of the Puritan. Had he been in Cromwell's army he either would not have prayed at all or he would have prayed just as long as Cromwell did. In either case he would have fought for what he believed to be the right, all the time, and given no quarter.

Touching what might be called his blunt frankness, I recall an incident told me by a member, of what was known as the Whisky Bill. Mr. Reed had baffled the attempts of the whisky men to get it up, but in his temporary absence, through the inadvertence or incapacity of a member, the bill was forced on the House. Reed ran down to the fellow, and vented his feelings in the remark, " You are too big a fool to lead, and have not got sense enough to follow."

If his bits of speeches flung about in the heat of debate,



EX-SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED.

either in retort or in attack, were gathered, they would make an unusually interesting book. No other man has like him the power to condense a whole argument into a few striking words. His epigrams are worthy of the literary artist in that they are perfect in form. Though struck out on the spur of the moment you cannot take a word from nor recast them. They have for solid basis a most profound knowledge of human nature, of life, and they exhibit to a luminous degree the possession in their author of that prime quality of a true man — horse sense. Such a fragment of a speech as the following is worthy to be perpetuated in any guise: "Gentlemen, everybody has an opinion about silver, except those who have talked so much about it that they have ceased to think."

Since his retirement from Congress, Mr. Reed's professional career in New York has been quite as remarkable, though less spectacular perhaps, as when he swayed parties and issues within the domain of public service.

MAKE, SAVE, GIVE ALL YOU CAN.

JOHN WESLEY put all that can be said truthfully about money into the following maxim: "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can." This rule is so brief, exhaustive, and scriptural, that it would not be out of place in the Bible. Wesley himself never made a happier statement of truth than this; he crowded the whole subject into a nutshell.

So far from wrong being attached to money-making, duty enjoins it. He who has the talent and opportunity to accumulate is under special obligation to make money. Some men and women are born money-makers; "they find a gold dollar under every stone they turn over." Their Midas-touch converts everything they handle into gold. They are called lucky, fortunate. But that is not it. It is simply their genius for making money. Matthews says of this class: "They have the instinct of accumulation. The talent and inclination to convert dollars into doubloons by bargains or shrewd investments are in them just as strongly marked and as uncontrollable as were the ability and the inclination of Shakespeare to produce a Hamlet and an Othello, of Raphael to paint the cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, or Morse to invent an electric telegraph. As it would have been

a gross dereliction of duty, a shameful perversion of gifts, had these latter disregarded the instincts of their genius and engaged in the scramble for wealth, so would a Rothschild, an Astor, or a Peabody have sinned had any one of them done violence to his nature, and thrown his energies into channels where they would have proved dwarfs, and not giants. The mission of a Lawrence, equally with that of an Agassiz, a Bierstadt, or a Cornell, is defined in the faculties God has given him ; and no one of them has a right to turn aside from the paths to which his finger so plainly points." Academies, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, railroads,— none of which could have been possible without their accumulation,— are the proofs of their usefulness, and though the millionaire too often converts his brain into a ledger, and his heart into a millstone, yet this starvation of his spiritual nature is no more necessary in his pursuit than in that of the doctor or the lawyer. The same law of duty that enjoins accumulation, also prescribes the rules under which it must be made. If millions are made, under a careful observation of these rules, no sin can attach to the fortune. It is just as right to acquire a million as a dollar, if it be honestly done. Dishonesty makes the acquisition wrong, whether it be much or little. The wrong does not lie in the amount accumulated, but in the method. Therefore we say, without hesitation, that it is the duty of men who can to make money.

Others are not born with a genius to grow rich, any more than to paint or orate. They must cultivate a talent in this direction, as opportunity offers, as they would cultivate a talent for any work of the artisan. In this way, and in this alone, can they improve their God-given faculties as duty requires. With strict integrity of character any person can safely make the venture. The late Amos Lawrence wrote to a younger brother: "As a first and leading principle, let every transaction be of that pure and honest character that you would not be ashamed to have it appear before the whole world as clearly as to yourself. It is of the highest consequence that you should not only cultivate correct principles, but that you should place your standard so high as to require great vigilance in living up to it." It was under the rule of principle as high as this that Lawrence amassed his own fortune. Duty requires that others should observe the same rule

in making money. There is no danger in the hardest struggle for riches under such a rule.

Wealth can do more good than learning, for it can purchase learning, and a thousand other things with it. For this reason, a man is justified in making all the money he can. A noble object justifies a hard struggle for the possession; according to the old adage, "The end justifies the means."

The attention of the country was directed some years ago to the career of a business man of large wealth,— Hon. Leland Stanford. The contribution of his entire fortune to the establishment of a grand university in California has awakened the interest and gratitude of the American people. Beginning life a poor boy; drifting through the Golden Gate in the infancy of the state, when a young man; devoting his energies to business with remarkable tact and persistence; and early becoming interested in public affairs,— his laudable ambition was rewarded by eminent success. He was one of the original five citizens of California who planned a railroad across the continent, and finally secured it, after great sacrifices and trials. Many times he could behold only disappointment and disaster before him; but hard work, courage, and indomitable perseverance overcame every obstacle, and his triumph was complete.

It was for the welfare of his adopted state, and the prosperity of his native land, that he toiled rather than for great riches. The latter was incidental to the achievements of a noble public spirit and Christian principle. In the exercise of Christian liberality he contributed to the support of every good cause, and finally showed the greatness of his benevolence by founding a university scarcely without a peer in the United States. Here young men and women can fit themselves for almost any pursuit that learning adorns. From its classic halls, thousands will go forth in future years to bless our land by their labors in the various professions and occupations of life. The home will feel the saving power of their cultured lives, and the state and nation become stronger and better by their labors, showing that wealth, honestly acquired and rightly used, is one of the greatest agencies for good on earth.

The acquisition of money becomes a valuable school of discipline when conducted upon Christian principles. It calls

into exercise the best qualities of mind and heart, thereby developing true manhood and womanhood. To prove this statement, we have only to call the roll of honor, as it stands recorded on the page of history,—Lawrence, Grant, Appleton, Spooner, McDonough, Allen, Peabody, Slater, Goodhue, Dodge, and others too numerous to mention. Their business did more for them than their schools. The wealth it brought them was the least important possession, the spotless characters coined in the process were more precious than gold. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." This alone justifies the effort to make all you can. The process is not necessarily demoralizing, but uplifting and inspiring.

When Goodhue, of New York city, was buried, the din of traffic was hushed in the street; and city officials, merchant princes, clergymen, lawyers, and scholars gathered to pay an honest tribute of respect to his memory. The character of the deceased drew them there, not his riches. The pastor said: "It is the recognized worth of private character which has extorted this homage. It is the man himself; the pure, high-minded, righteous man who adorned our nature, who dignified the mercantile profession, who was superior to his station, his riches, his exposures, and made the common virtues more respected and venerable than shining talents or public honors; who vindicated the dignity of common life, and carried a large, high, and noble spirit into ordinary affairs; who made men recognize something inviolable and awful in the private conscience, and thus gave sanctity and value to our common humanity. This was the power, this the attraction, this the value of Jonathan Goodhue's life. He has made men believe in virtue. He has made them honor character more than station or wealth. He has illustrated the possible purity, disinterestedness, and elevation of mercantile life. He has shown that a rich man can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. He stands up by acclamation as the model of a Christian merchant." And all this under the rule, "Make all you can."

The real value of money was never so great as now. The progress of civilization has largely multiplied opportunities and enjoyments, so that money can do more good now than ever. "With this talisman, a man can surround himself with richer means of enjoyment, secure a more varied and

harmonious culture, and set in motion grander schemes of philanthropy than at any previous period in the world's history." The proper use of money is better understood to-day than ever before ; and there is a more general disposition to use it well. If some know better how to waste it, others understand, as never before, how to dispense it for the highest welfare of mankind. Organizations to spend money for the public good are legion now, and every form of suffering humanity finds relief. Another strong reason for the counsel, "Make all you can."

Lord Bacon's remark about riches will add force to the foregoing : "I cannot call riches by a better name than the 'baggage' of virtue ; the Roman word is better, 'impediment,' for as the baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared or left behind, and yet it hindereth the march ; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution ; the rest is but conceit."

When Wesley gave this counsel — "Save all you can" — he did not mean to inculcate stinginess, but a wise economy. There is a kind of saving that amounts to meanness ; it ought to be avoided. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." If it fill the coffers, it empties the soul of all that is noble. Wesley was the sworn enemy of such saving as that. He meant what Dr. Franklin did when he wrote to a young man : "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality ; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies did not make Spain rich, because her outgoes were greater than her incomes." Again, Dr. Franklin wrote : "You may think that a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter. But, remember, many a a little makes a mickle." Still, again, "A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last."

Saving, in this sense, is certainly a duty. It is the only way to prevent going behindhand in finances and to become forehanded. The author knew a farmer who was wont to do

considerable business as a justice of the peace. A short time before his death, in old age, he told a neighbor that he was worth fifty thousand dollars. The neighbor was greatly surprised, and inquired : —

"How in the world have you done it ?"

"By saving what other people waste," was the old man's reply. Successful business men, whether merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, or farmers, claim that economy is absolutely necessary to success.

Richard Cobden, the noted English statesman, said to an audience of workingmen : "The world has always been divided into two classes ; those who have saved, and those who have spent ; the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy, have been done by the savers, — the thrifty ; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves."

A marketman in the country, who was selling a cartload of watermelons a week, was once asked : —

"Who buys your melons ?"

"Those who live from hand to mouth," he replied ; not the wealthy or the well-to-do men of the town,— the employers,— but the workingmen, many of whom complain of their burdens of poverty.

Budgett, the great English merchant, claimed that the want of economy doomed "hundreds of business men to failure." Economy was one of the cardinal lessons he taught his six hundred clerks. He rebuked them for using too much twine in tying packages and too much paper in wrapping them, and required them to pick up the old nails about the premises, that they might be straightened for use. Some of the clerks called him penurious, because they did not understand him. He required these things more for their sake than his own. It was his way of teaching economy. His numerous gifts to charitable objects proved that he was not penurious, but he was economical. One day he saw a lad who was following a load of hay to pick up the locks that fell therefrom. He stopped to commend the boy, and recommended him to practice economy as a duty and advantage, and then gave him a shilling. At another time, he was walking with

a female servant in the highway, when he found a potato. He picked it up and presented it to his servant, accompanied with a practical lecture on economy. He promised to furnish land to plant it with its product from year to year. The pledge was accepted, and the potato planted. The yield was thirteen potatoes the first year, ninety-three the second year, and a barrel full the third year, and had the experiment been continued for fifty years Budgett could not have found land enough in England on which to plant the last crop. Here Budgett taught, not only the practical advantage of economy, but furnished a capital illustration of the law of accumulation that follows.

Many youths say: "Of what use is it to lay up a few cents a day? If it were a dollar, it would be worth the while." The small amount saved, blinds them to the great value of the habit formed. Economy, as a habit of life, is of priceless worth. The amount saved, great or small, is nothing in comparison with the habit of economy.

The habit of economy enables men to live within their means. They pay as they go, and thus keep out of debt. Smiles says: "Debt makes everything a temptation. It lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesman and his servant, and renders him a slave in many respects, for he can no longer call himself his own master, nor boldly look the world in the face. It is also difficult for a man who is in debt to be truthful; hence, it is said that lying rides on debt's back. The debtor has to frame excuses to his creditor for postponing payment of the money he owes him, and probably, also, to contrive falsehoods."

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton wrote: "Some of the neediest men I ever knew had a nominal five thousand pounds a year. Every man is needy who spends more than he has; no man is needy who spends less. I may so ill manage my money that, with five thousand pounds a year, I purchase the worst evils of poverty, terror, and shame; I may so well manage my money that, with one hundred pounds a year, I purchase the blessings of wealth, safety, and respect."

Doctor Johnson claimed that debt was a "calamity." He said: "Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much

inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Let it be your first care, then, not to be in any man's debt, for this destroys liberty, and makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself ; we must have enough before we have to spare."

Nature is frugal. The wisest economy is practiced throughout the entire domain. Nothing is wasted. Not a particle of matter is lost. The leaves fall and decay, the flowers wither and die, the rains sink into the earth, the snowdrifts disappear before the breath of spring, wood burns to ashes,—but nothing is lost. In other forms all these contribute to the ongoing of the universe ; and without this economical arrangement we know not that the divine plan could succeed. Economy is one of the pillars on which the whole fabric rests.

"It is the savings of the world that have made the civilization of the world. Savings are the result of labors ; and it is only when laborers begin to save that the results of civilization accumulate. We have said that thrift began with civilization ; we might almost have said that thrift produced civilization. Thrift produces capital, and capital is the conserved result of labor. The capitalist is merely a man who does not spend all that is earned by work."

Saving to give is the highest and noblest motive. He who saves all he can is alone able to give as he should. There appears to be this natural connection between saving and giving, the secret of it being found in the disposition. Hence, too, the genuine satisfaction found in the act,—satisfaction not only from giving, but, also, satisfaction of saving in order to give. It is the only way to enjoy money, and men who have it ought certainly to enjoy it as they enjoy other blessings. One of the last thoughts expressed by Peter C. Brooks, near the close of his life, was, "Of all of the ways of disposing of money, giving it away is the most satisfactory." His experience confirmed the divine statement, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "The liberal soul shall be made fat ; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly ; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." We insist that these divine promises are fulfilled, both figura-

tively and literally, in the lives of such men as Brooks, Amos Lawrence, Appleton, and many others. Lawrence was wont to repeat the famous maxim, "Charity giveth itself rich; covetousness hoardeth itself poor;" and then he would add: "Here is the embodiment of a volume, and whoever wrote it deserves the thanks of good men. I would fain be rich, according as he defines riches; but possession,—'possession is the devil,' as the old Frenchman said to George Cabot."

He set apart two rooms in his residence for the storage of articles designed to bless the needy. Here was a pile of ready made clothing; there one pile of cloths to be manufactured into clothing; near by, a pile of groceries, in assorted packages, ready to deliver; and so on, the whole space being occupied by what he called "hay-cocks."

In these rooms Mr. Lawrence spent many of his happiest and most profitable hours in making up packages for the indigent; cloth for a suit of clothes for a student in college, or a minister in his small country parish; groceries for a very poor family just reported by a city missionary; even a package of toys, or something particularly useful and interesting for a family of children he knew. A professor in college is notified of a barrel and bundle of books forwarded, with broadcloth and pantaloon stuff, with odds and ends for "poor students when they go out to keep school in the winter." These were his "little deeds of kindness," when, at the same time, he was contributing his thousands to endow a college, or other literary institution, to educate young men for the ministry, to support missionaries and other philanthropic enterprises. He knew how to enjoy riches, and got more real satisfaction out of them than Girard or Astor ever dreamed of. He wrote to a son who was away at school, "I hope you will one day have the delightful consciousness of using a portion of your means in a way to give you as much pleasure as I now experience. Your wants may be brought within a very moderate compass; and I hope you will never feel yourself at liberty to waste on yourself such means as, by system and right principle, may be beneficially applied to the good of those around you." Saving to give he both preached and practiced.

Two men were conversing about the vast estate of John Jacob Astor, some years ago. One asked the other if he

would be willing to take care of the millionaire's property — fifteen or twenty millions of dollars — merely for his board and clothing. "No!" was the indignant reply. "Do you take me for a fool?" "Well," rejoined the other, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it; he 's found and that 's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation of others." "But then, he has the income, the rents of the large property,— five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum," responded the other. "True; but he can do nothing with that income except to build more houses, warehouses, and ships, or loan money on mortgages for the convenience of others. He 's found, and you can make nothing else out of it," was the triumphant answer of the first speaker.

Only those who observe Wesley's rule ever get anything but their board and clothing for taking care of their property. There is only one thing to be gotten out of it; and that is enjoyment; and the latter comes from giving, and not from hoarding. Rothschild, the great Jew banker of years ago, was only "found." He was not happy; his great wealth furnished him no real enjoyment. He once exclaimed to a friend who congratulated him upon his palatial residence and vast fortune as a reason for being happy, "Happy! Me happy!"— these three words told the story of his life — "one of the most devoted worshipers that ever laid a withered soul on the altar of Mammon."

Girard wrote to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value a fortune. The love of labor is my highest motive. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that, when night comes, I may be enabled to sleep sound." With all his wealth, he worked for his victuals and clothes. No wonder that he felt like a "galley slave." The introduction of giving all he could, would have enabled him to extract solid enjoyment from his riches. As it was, he was only "found."

A rich man was once heard to say, "I was happier getting my wealth than I am in spending it." We have heard of other rich men saying the same thing; but no man will say it

who observes Wesley's rule, "Give all you can." That is the heaven-ordained condition of enjoying the spending of a fortune more than accumulating it. Cooper, Lawrence, and all that class of men, enjoyed spending their money far more than they did getting it, because a benevolent spirit controlled them. It is the liberal soul that is made fat; the stingy soul is made lean. They could almost say with Mark Antony, "I have lost all except what I have given away." What is dispensed by well-directed benevolence is not lost, it is invested. It will yield a constant income. "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." It is good measure when we get that which is "pressed down, shaken together, and running over"; and that is what genuine benevolence receives every time. Therefore, our charities should be reckoned as investments. The remainder of our property may "take to itself wings and fly away"; but this, never. Money judiciously given away is safe.

Abbott Lawrence, brother of Amos, was another merchant prince of Boston who reduced Wesley's rule to practice. His pastor related the following: "As I was standing just beneath the pulpit at the close of the funeral, a gentleman, whom I saw at once was a clergyman, came, and, addressing me by name, asked if he might speak to me a moment. My reply was: 'Can you not choose some other time? I cannot attend to any business amid this scene, and with that body lying there.' His answer was as rapid as he could speak, as if his heart were bursting for utterance, and with tears streaming down his cheeks: 'I must leave the city at two o'clock, and must speak now. It is of him who has left that body that I would speak. Eighteen years ago I was a poor boy in this city, without means and without friends. I was a member of the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association. Mr. Lawrence came to one of our meetings, and heard me deliver an essay I had written. He spoke to me afterward, inquired into my circumstances and character. I made known to him my wants and wishes, and he furnished me with means to acquire an education. When prepared, he told me that Harvard College was best, but to go to what college I liked. I went to the Wesleyan University, and he supported me there. I am now a minister of the

gospel in the state of New York. Seeing his death in the paper, and a notice of the funeral to-day, I came on to attend it. He was my greatest benefactor. I owe it to him that I am a minister of the gospel of Christ, and I am not the only one he has thus helped. God will accept him. I felt that I must say this to some one ; to whom can I better say it than to his pastor ?' And with this he hurried away, leaving me only time to learn his name, and to receive from him a kind promise to write to me." There is only one way of making such men : apply Wesley's rule.

Opposers of the rule "Give all you can," plead "Charity begins at home," and it usually ends there with those who make this plea. It has been styled "a neat pocket edition of covetousness," and really means that selfishness begins at home ; and where selfishness begins, charity ends. Behind this maxim thousands have intrenched themselves against every appeal of benevolence, presenting a striking contrast with the noble-hearted man who was asked, "Have you not made yourself rich enough to retire from business ?" "By no means," he replied ; "I am not rich enough yet to give one leaf of the catechism to each member of my family." "How large is your family ?" his interrogator inquired. "About fourteen hundred million." This contrast presents the essential difference between selfishness and benevolence in practical life.

The spirit that gives all it can ennobles all other acts. In William Carey it manifested itself early toward companions and friends, and those who were poor like himself ; and later in life it stood forth grandly in his great missionary labors in the East, where he literally spared not himself in toiling for the good of others. It is an interesting fact that he was the son of a very humble shoemaker, and the two men who supported him in the foreign missionary field were extremely poor in their boyhood,— one of them was the son of a carpenter, and the other of a weaver,— all three growing into manhood with this noble attribute beautifying their lives. The money of the two, with the personal labors of the third, established a magnificent college at Serampore, planted sixteen missionary stations, translated the Bible into sixteen languages, and inaugurated a grand moral revolution in British India.

PART THREE.

LEADERS IN BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL LIFE.



IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

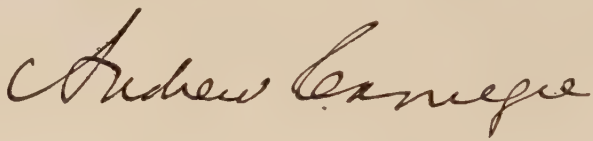
MR. CARNEGIE ON SUCCESS — HIS EARLY BOYHOOD IN THE UNITED STATES — HIS BIRTHPLACE — ANCESTRY — MESSENGER BOY — DEATH OF HIS FATHER — LEARNS TELEGRAPHY — BECOMES AN EMPLOYEE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — SECRETARY TO THOMAS A. SCOTT — A FIRST INVESTMENT — DURING THE CIVIL WAR — HOW HE BECAME CONNECTED WITH THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY — HIS ORGANIZING ABILITY — A MAGAZINE EPISODE — HIS CAREFUL METHOD — A GREAT TRAVELER — HIS DEVOTION TO GOLF — HIS BENEFACTIONS — CHARACTERISTICS AS A THINKER, WRITER, AND SPEAKER — HIS LITERARY WORK — A FEW EXTRACTS — HIS PERSONALITY — SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS. HOW TO START IN LIFE.

I congratulate poor young men upon being born to that ancient honorable degree that renders it necessary that they should devote themselves to hard work. A basket full of bonds is the heaviest basket a young man ever had to carry. He generally gets to staggering under it. There are credible instances of such young men who have pressed to the front rank of our best and most useful citizens. These deserve great credit, but the vast majority of the sons of rich men are unable to resist the temptations to which wealth subjects them and sink into unworthy lives.



I would almost as soon leave a young man a curse as burden him with the almighty dollar. It is not from this class that rivalry is to be feared. The partner's sons will not trouble you much, but look out that some boys poorer, much poorer, than yourself, whose parents cannot afford to give them like advantages—look out that such boys do not challenge you at the post and pass you at the grand stand. Look out for the boy who has had to plunge into work direct from the common school and who begins by sweeping out the offices. He is the probable dark horse that you had better watch.

To summarize the essential conditions necessary to success, I would say: Aim for the highest; never enter the bar-room; do not touch liquor, or, if at all, only at meals; never speculate; never endorse beyond your surplus cash fund; make the firm's interest yours; break orders always to save owners; concentrate; put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket; expenditure always within revenue; lastly, be not impatient, as Emerson says, "No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourself."



IN 1848 a young Scot of eleven, named Andrew Carnegie, whose family had just emigrated to America, got a job as a "bobbin boy" in a cotton factory of Allegheny City. His wages were one dollar and twenty cents a week. For a quarter of a century that boy — changed to a man — dominated the vast steel industry of the United States; the company which he created and controlled, employs an army of fifty thousand men, operates nineteen separate furnaces of the largest size, with seven distinct great steel works and a score of finishing mills, owns two complete railroads, gas and coke companies, iron mines, docks, fleets, and other ramifying interests difficult even to catalogue, and was the governing factor in the formation of the greatest corporation the world has ever known, the "billion dollar" United States steel corporation; he himself has presented libraries, elaborate museums and other public institutions to more than a hundred and twenty cities and towns in the United States, England, and Scotland.

Even such an inadequate statement calls aloud for details — unlike the case Mr. Carnegie himself tells of, where he was describing to his nephews the battle of Bannockburn: "'There were the English and there stood the Scotch.' 'Which whipped, uncle?' cried the three at once — details unnecessary!" Let us glance, then, at the salient facts of the fifty years that have wrought so magical a transformation.

The elder Carnegie was a master weaver of Dunfermline,

Scotland. When the newly invented steam machinery drove him and his four hand looms out of business, he and his wife with their two boys decided to follow some relatives across the ocean to America. They loved their native land as good Scots do ; but "it will be better for the boys," they agreed, and that settled it. There is a fine humor in the thought that steam machinery took away young Andrew Carnegie's livelihood and drove him over seas to Pittsburg ! It is like the man in the Eastern tale whose enemy sent a Jinn to destroy him, but who mastered the Jinn instead and made it give him dominion over the whole world.

His very first step was to become acquainted with this new force in the world of industry which was overthrowing the old order of things and had incidentally ruined his family. He started to work in a steam cotton factory, tending bobbins. In less than a year he had been taken from the factory by one who had noticed the boy, and, in the new works, he learned how to run the engine and was promoted to this work, his salary of twenty cents a day not being increased, until he did clerical work for his employer as well — for he had some knowledge of arithmetic and wrote a good hand.

Here is his own account of his next step, when he became a messenger boy in the Ohio Telegraph Company : —

"I awake from a dream that has carried me away back to the days of early boyhood, the day when the little white-haired Scotch laddie, dressed in a blue jacket, walked with his father into the telegraph office at Pittsburg to undergo examination as applicant for position of messenger boy. . . . . If you want an idea of heaven upon earth, imagine what it was to be taken from a dark cellar, where I fired the boiler from morning till night, and dropped into the office, where light shone from all sides, and around me books, papers, and pencils in profusion, and oh ! the tick of those mysterious brass instruments on the desk annihilating space and standing with throbbing spirits ready to convey the intelligence to the world. This was my first glimpse of Paradise."

Shortly after this his father died, and at the age of fourteen the boy became the sole support of his mother and younger brother. But the weight on his shoulders was merely a spur to his ambition. He had not been in the office a month when he began to learn telegraphy, and a little friendly instruction soon had him spending all his spare minutes at

the key. Characteristically, he was not content with the general custom of receiving by the tape, but doggedly mastered the clicking tongue of the instrument, until the supposed insecurity of taking messages by sound was found not to apply to him. He became an operator presently at a salary which seemed to him princely, though he augmented even this twenty-five dollars a month by copying telegraphic news for the daily papers.

There is almost a monotony about the story of such a man's career ; everything he worked at he did better than his older and more experienced companions,— and his success shot upward like Jack's beanstalk. When the Pennsylvania Railroad needed an operator, " Andy " was chosen as a matter of course ; and here his field of endeavor began to broaden rapidly. He relates graphically his first experience as a capitalist : —

" One day Mr. Scott (the superintendent of his division), who was the kindest of men and had taken a great fancy to me, asked if I had or could find five hundred dollars to invest. . . . I answered promptly : —

" ' Yes, sir, I think I can.'

" ' Very well,' he said, ' get it. A man has just died who owns ten shares in the Adams Express Company, which I want you to buy. It will cost you sixty dollars per share.'

. . . . .

" The matter was laid before the council of three that night, and the oracle spoke. 'Must be done. Mortgage our house. I will take the steamer in the morning for Ohio and see uncle, and ask him to arrange it. I am sure he can.' Of course her visit was successful — where did she ever fail ?

" The money was procured ; paid over ; ten shares of Adams Express Company stock was mine, but no one knew our little home had been mortgaged ' to give our boy a start.'

" Adams Express then paid monthly dividends of one per cent., and the first check arrived. . . .

" The next day being Sunday, we boys — myself and my ever-constant companions — took our usual Sunday afternoon stroll in the country, and sitting down in the woods I showed them this check, saying, ' Eureka ! we have found it.'

" Here was something new to all of us, for none of us had ever received anything but from toil. A return from capital was something strange and new."

As soon as he had learned all there was to know about train dispatching, he began to improve on the existing methods ; he became a picked man ; Colonel Scott selected him for his

secretary; and before long, when Colonel Scott advanced to the vice-presidency of the road, the young man found himself superintendent of the Pennsylvania's Western Division. Again his opportunities multiplied — and Andrew Carnegie always had the eye of a hawk for an opportunity.

One day as the young superintendent was examining the line from a rear car, a tall, thin man stepped up to him, introduced himself as T. T. Woodruff, an inventor, and asked if he might show him an idea he had for a car to accommodate passengers at night. Out came a model from a green baize bag.

"He had not spoken a minute, before, like a flash, the whole range of the discovery burst upon me. 'Yes,' I said, 'that is something which this continent must have.'

"Upon my return I laid it before Mr. Scott, declaring that it was one of the inventions of the age. He remarked: 'You are enthusiastic, young man, but you may ask the inventor to come and let me see it.' I did so, and arrangements were made to build two trial cars, and run them on the Pennsylvania Railroad. I was offered an interest in the venture, which, of course, I gladly accepted. . . .

"The notice came that my share of the first payment was $217.50 — as far beyond my means as if it had been millions. I was earning $50 per month, however, and had prospects, or at least I always felt that I had. I decided to call on the local banker and boldly ask him to advance the sum upon my interest in the affair. He put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Why, of course, Andy, you are all right. Go ahead! Here is the money.' . . . . The cars paid the subsequent payments from their earnings. I paid my first note from my savings, so much per month, and thus did I get my foot upon fortune's ladder. It is easy to climb after that. And thus came sleeping cars into the world."

Then came the Civil War, and Mr. Carnegie's constant friend, Colonel Scott, now became Assistant Secretary of War and placed him in charge of the military railroads and telegraph lines. His expert knowledge, indomitable courage, and energy made him invaluable. He is said to have been the third man wounded on the Union side (being injured while trying to free the track into Washington from obstructing wires); he did yeoman's service at Bull Run; and he over-

worked himself so pitilessly that his health broke down, and he was forced to go abroad for the winter.

But the man had not yet struck his true vocation. That came presently, when his attention was drawn to the wooden bridges universally used at that time. The Pennsylvania road was experimenting with a cast-iron bridge. Young Carnegie — he was still under twenty-five — grasped the situation with one of the sudden inspirations that characterize his forceful intellect. The day of the wooden bridge was past; the iron structure must supersede it. Some men might have stopped there. Andrew Carnegie went out and formed a company to build iron bridges.

He had to raise twelve hundred and fifty dollars, but he had behind him the confidence of a Pittsburg banker, and this proved easy. So the Keystone Bridge Works came into being.

From this time on, the name of Andrew Carnegie is inseparably associated with that astonishing development of American iron and steel, which is among the modern wonders of the world. The Keystone Company built the first great bridge over the Ohio river; and the Union Iron Mills appeared in a few years as the natural outgrowth of this ramifying industry. Then, in 1868, Mr. Carnegie went to England. The Bessemer process of making steel rails had lately been perfected. The English railways were replacing their iron rails with steel ones as rapidly as possible. The English manufacturers were beginning to whisper to each other that they had firm grip of a gigantic revolutionizing idea. The young Scotchman went back to Pittsburg, and before the Englishmen were well aware of his existence he laid the foundation of the steel works which have now finally beaten them at their own game.

The Ironmaster was now fairly launched on his life work. He bought up the Homestead Works, his most formidable rival; by 1888 he held in the hollow of his hand seven huge plants, all within five miles of Pittsburg, which he proceeded to forge and amalgamate into a steel-armored giant, called the Carnegie Steel Company, the like of which the world had not before seen. At the beck and call of this Titan are fifty thousand men, and great machines which dash down with the force of a hundred tons, or descend so gently as to rest upon an eggshell without cracking it. Other products of

man's ingenuity tear the ore from the bowels of the earth ; it goes to the company's furnaces and converters on the company's railroads ; out flow millions of tons of iron and steel ; electric cranes catch up great masses of two hundred tons each, carrying them hither and thither, arranging, assembling ; rails and bridges and armor-plate and all the other myriad manifestations of iron's utility are hurried forth in endless procession to every part of the globe ; vast coke and coal fields, mines, docks, ships, gas fields,— all these are merely incidental and casual stones in the rearing of this edifice ; and it gives one a new comprehension of the mental possibilities of one's fellows even to follow in the track of the mind which conceived and built up this overwhelming incarnation of modern industrialism.

Confronted with such a record of achievement as this, there is an instinctive demand for something which will help the hearer to grasp the personality of the genius behind it. One's mind cannot be satisfied until it has traced this lordly commerce-bearing river to its source. What was it in that Scotch boy which promised this mighty hive of industry as surely as the acorn promises the oak ? Here is what he says himself :—

"Take away all our factories, our trade, our avenues of transportation, our money ; leave me our organization, and in four years I shall have reëstablished myself."

There is something thrillingly dramatic about that. It voices the large poise and confidence of that type of genius which recognizes the limitations of any one human being, and consequently builds with men as the machinist builds with iron,— here a cog, a governor, a fly-wheel,— until he has solved the secret of perpetual motion, for he has brought into being a self-directing, self-supporting, self-renewing organization, attracting to itself other human atoms, and merely gaining force and irresistible impetus as the years roll on.

Mr. Carnegie is fond of telling how he was once asked by the editor of a popular magazine for an article on Organization in Business.

"Well," said he, "I think I could write that article. But I'm afraid the price I'd have to ask you would be too high."

"Oh ! no," said the delighted editor, with a vision of a magnificent "feature" in an early number ; "I'm sure we could arrange that satisfactorily. Name your own figure."

"Well," replied Mr. Carnegie, "I could hardly afford to do it for less than five million dollars." He smiled a little at the sight of the editor's face, and then went on: "No, I must withdraw that. What I should put into it has cost me much more than that, and of course you would not expect me to sell it to you at less than cost."

As the diplomatist puts it, "The negotiations fell through."

Probably in his case this faculty is even more fundamental than the cardinal qualities of concentration, industry, intelligence, and thrift which he enumerates as the requisites of success. He could not be a mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water" with his capacity for attracting, holding, and developing men of exceptional ability in every department of business. His partners in his famous company numbered forty odd, all young men — "My indispensable and clever partners," he calls them, "some of whom had been my boy companions, I am delighted to say, some of the very boys who had met in the grove to wonder at the ten-dollar check."

Charles M. Schwab, head of the new United States steel corporation, is a typical example of the sort of men whom he has developed. Almost every year new names are added to this list; for although Mr. Carnegie "never helps a man," he founded his whole business upon the principle of making the man help himself, and then giving him the fullest chance to use and develop his abilities. No favoritism, and a share of the business for those who make the business, have been his watchwords. "My partners," he says, "are not only partners, but a band of devoted friends who never have a difference. I have never had to exercise my power, and of this I am very proud. Nothing is done without a unanimous vote, and I am not even a manager or director. I throw the responsibility upon others and allow them full swing."

A recent writer says: —

"Although Mr. Carnegie is not even a manager or director, his judgment is largely depended upon for the solution of questions that require sagacity and foresight, and he is frequently consulted by his fellow partners, usually by telegraph, as he is no longer a resident of Pittsburg. Every day, in whatever part of the world he may be, a tabulated form carefully filled up, giving the product and details of every department of the works, is mailed to him, thus enabling him to keep thoroughly in touch with his business."

He shows the same admirable acumen, common sense, and

fairness in dealing with his great body of employees. They, too, have been partners in the business, for in 1890 he introduced a sliding scale of payment by which a minimum was guaranteed, and every worker, no matter how humble his capacity, shared in the profits of prosperous times which he helped to produce.

His *vade mecum* is a big chest of drawers, each one devoted to papers on some special subject ; for, like most men of his caliber, when he wants information he wants it at once. Says a writer who walked through his library and office at Skibo, speaking of this cabinet of papers : —

"Every drawer has its label — 'The Carnegie Steel Company Reports,' 'paid bills,' 'correspondence about libraries,' 'grants, etc.,' 'other donations,' 'applications for aid,' 'miscellaneous,' 'social,' 'autograph letters to keep,' 'publication articles,' 'correspondence about yachts, launches, etc.,' 'Skibo estate,' 'Pittsburg Institute,' and so on, and so on. We looked from the little labels that told of all things done in order and nothing forgotten, and then to the Remington typewriter on the big writing table and the sheets of 'shorthand' lying before it ; to the piles of books from 'The Gospel of Wealth' to 'An American Four-in-hand in Britain' ; to the maps hanging on the wall and door back, with little flag pins to mark where the interest of the moment was centered. We almost grasped the secret of the making of a millionaire."

But right here is manifested the quality which makes Andrew Carnegie much larger and more rounded than a mere steel magnate or business genius. He has never been contented to sink himself entirely even in these tremendous enterprises which would seem to demand any man's last ounce of energy and concentration. Long before he became a rich man he showed his admirable balance in this respect. We have seen that he was a hard worker, but he never "ground" his mind and spirit to the exclusion of sport and pleasure. A friend who knew him as superintendent of the Pennsylvania's Western Division tells how he would have the conductors and brakemen gather information for him about the best fishing places along their routes. His visits of inspection were then so arranged that he could disappear for half a day or more at a time, and industriously whip these streams in search of trout and bass. His fondness for this sport has stuck by him all his life, and to it among other things he owes his acquaintance with his great friend Herbert

Spencer. These two hardened anglers are accustomed, when they get together, to exchange "ideas about the sort of fly most desirable to use in complicated cases, and to try to reason out the fish's mental attitude when it sees the fisherman's bait."

Sixty trips across the ocean, a journey around the world, and expeditions to the North Cape, China, Japan, and Mexico, are a record eloquent in themselves that he does not "work hard" in the sense in which most American men of affairs understand that phrase. His mail now averages from three hundred to six hundred letters a day, and while a capable private secretary and a yawning waste-paper basket absorb by far the larger portion of this mass of correspondence, he is nevertheless called upon to transact a huge amount of business. But he never permits the load to become an Old Man of the Sea. In the library of his home he attends to the necessary things in less time than most business men expend in traveling to and from their offices, and like Napoleon realizes that a fortnight answers more letters than he does.

Often he will go away all day to play golf, which he jokingly declares to be the only "serious business of life." A correspondent once went to Cumberland Island, his sister's home, on the Georgia coast, to interview him on some event of tremendous importance in the world of steel. He found him on the golf links, and fired at him, point blank, a long list of carefully prepared questions concerning this matter. Mr. Carnegie listened with patience till the newspaper man had finished then he broke out: —

"Oh, I don't know anything about all that; but yesterday I broke my record. I just went around this course in five strokes less than ever before."

A fellow enthusiast at the game declares that Mr. Carnegie never tires of talking about it. He says: "I think it is a great pity that he had not begun golf in his earlier days,— a time when he was busy as a telegraph boy, doing the elemental things which have made him the man he is. Being a Scotchman, he has the keenest appreciation of anyone who can play the ancient and royal game with skill." He once said to a friend who was playing golf with him, and who happened to make a long stroke off the tee, that for the joy of making one such drive the payment of ten thousand dollars

would be cheap. At Skibo he has golf links of his own, and plays there with his friends, and in the long twilights the game lasts till dinner time, or even up to half-past eight o'clock. One day in the winter he had made up his mind to devote the day to playing golf, but when the morning came, although it was bright and sharp, the thermometer was at six above zero. He was not to be debarred, however, from his anticipated round, and spent the day at St. Andrew's, near Yonkers, on the links, though everything was frozen up tight. He came home bright and happy, saying it was one of the best golf days he ever had in his life!

Besides his golf and fishing, and his well known pastime of coaching, he walks and drives when in New York or at Skibo Castle, and he greatly enjoys steam yachting, calling a sea voyage his panacea for every ill. He tells a story on himself in this connection. Leaving for Scotland later than usual one spring, he met old Captain Jones, superintendent of one of the Edgar Thomson plants, and began to express his sympathy that the latter should have to stay there in the hot weather with his many thousands of workmen.

"I'm very sorry you can't all go away, too," he declared. "Captain, you don't know the complete relief I get when outside of Sandy Hook I begin to breast the salt breezes."

"And oh, Lord!" replied the quick-witted captain, "think of the relief we all get."

Next to his fame as the "Steel King," Mr. Carnegie is undoubtedly most widely known through his remarkable list of public benefactions in the shape of libraries and museums. These number over a hundred, ranging from a $15,000 free village library, to the magnificent Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, the enlargements of which alone are to cost $3,600,000. Half a million people every year benefit by this library, with its 116,000 volumes, the splendid orchestra and art gallery, and the museum, which is rapidly developing into an educational institution of the first rank. His latest and probably most noteworthy benefaction is a gift of $10,000,000 to found The Carnegie Institution in Washington.

Mr. Carnegie has strongly stated his principles in regard to the use of surplus wealth: —

"I have often said, and I now repeat, that the day is coming, and already we see its dawn, in which the man who dies

possessed of millions of available wealth which was free and in his hands ready to be distributed will die disgraced. Of course, I do not mean that the man in business may not be stricken down with his capital in the business which cannot be withdrawn, for capital is the tool with which he works his wonders and produces more wealth. I refer to the man who dies possessed of millions of securities which are held simply for the interest they produce, that he may add to his hoard of miserable dollars."

He is no hypocrite ; he believes that a man who makes a fortune has every right to enjoy its benefits to the fullest extent of which he is capable, but he has always asserted and lived up to the principle that "surplus wealth" is to be regarded "as a sacred trust, to be administered by its possessor, into whose hands it flows, for the highest good of the people." He is not a "philanthropist" in the accepted sense, for he holds that "of every thousand dollars indiscriminately given, nine hundred and fifty had better have been thrown into the sea," and as he says in "Wealth and its Uses":—

"There is no use whatever, gentlemen, trying to help people who do not help themselves. You cannot push anyone up a ladder unless he be willing to climb a little himself. When you stop boosting, he falls, to his injury."

So in the matter of giving libraries he follows a very definite rule. He never makes any stipulations that the library shall have a particular character ; all he insists on is that when he has founded it, *it shall be supported by the people* and shall be managed for the benefit of the whole community. His very first appearance in print was as a protestant against discrimination in reading facilities. A generous Colonel Anderson, of Allegheny, used to throw open his library to the working boys and men of the city. Young Carnegie was then telegraph operator, and upon finding himself debarred from the privileges through the donor's classification, he wrote such a burning and indignant appeal against the injustice of it that the restriction was removed and the library made free to all. He says somewhere :—

"He had only about four hundred volumes, but I doubt if ever so few books were put to better use. Only he who has longed, as I did, for Saturday to come that the spring of knowledge should be opened anew to him, can understand what Colonel Anderson did for me and others of the boys of Allegheny, several of whom have risen to eminence. Is it

any wonder that I resolved that if surplus wealth ever came to me, I should use it in imitating my benefactor ?"

Never has any resolve been carried to more complete fruition than this, and Mr. Carnegie has raised a memorial to his old benefactor in the library building which he has presented to Emporia College, Kansas, and is erecting a monument in his honor at Allegheny City park. A friend says :—

"The giving of libraries is his great pleasure and recreation. I have seen his eyes sparkle over a letter received from the people who have worked out the library problem in their town by his help and have got the institution running and doing much good. His pleasure in actually seeing the good that a library has accomplished through the efforts of others added to the original gift made by him, is only equaled by making a good drive on the golf links."

Of course, in the large daily mail already referred to, library letters are most numerous, and if people realized how many impracticable, indirect, and foolish letters on this subject were received, they would see the importance of telling in a clear and businesslike way what is needed and why the gift should be bestowed.

Mr. Carnegie is too good a business man simply to present money *en masse*. The usual procedure, after the money has been promised, is to have the plans made. The builders' estimates are prepared, and these having been approved by the town, are sent to Mr. Carnegie, who is very prompt in issuing instructions to honor the drafts of the town to pay for the building as it progresses. This does away with any confusion in connection with the funds and the successful completion of the enterprise.

Mr. Carnegie's great fondness for music has diverted a portion of this stream of benefaction ; he has quietly presented organs to one church after another, until now the number is perhaps three hundred. He often says he will be responsible for all the organs say, but would hesitate to indorse the preachers without limitations. Mr. Carnegie is fond of pointing out that theology and religion are different things — one being only the work of man.

One might reasonably fancy that the diverse activities already chronicled were sufficient even for an extraordinary man, but Mr. Carnegie has made himself in addition an enviable reputation as a clear thinker and a forceful writer and

speaker. His first volumes, "Notes of a Trip Round the World" (1879), and "Our Coaching Trip" (1882), were originally printed for private circulation only, but the demand for them proved so great that they were subsequently published regularly — after the author had been forced to give away fifteen hundred copies of the later work by the incessant requests for it. His "Triumphal Democracy" came out in 1886, reaching a circulation of forty thousand copies in the first two years, and this volume, with his many later pamphlets and magazine articles, has amply proved his wide reading, sound reasoning, and ability to hit hard. He is thoroughly democratic, and believes in the United States and its future with a fervor which has often inspired him to eloquence. Always an omnivorous reader and with a natural taste for the enduring literature of all ages, he is particularly devoted to Shakespeare. A reading of some part of a play of Shakespeare is almost a daily pleasure, and, like most Shakespeare enthusiasts, he is forever being reminded of some passage by the most casual incident; and again, like enthusiasts, he likes to quote the whole passage suggested with his own interpretation of the dramatist's meaning.

It is really wonderful to think of the energy and thirst for knowledge which could produce such general literary culture in so busy a man,— starting at fourteen with only a common school education and a mother and brother to provide for besides himself.

In looking over Mr. Carnegie's writings one cannot fail to be struck by the terseness, felicity, and "pith" of many of his phrases. It is not the studied elegance of the stylist, but the epigrammatic expression of a vigorous personality. Here are a few extracts taken at random: —

"If a man would eat, he must work. A life of elegant leisure is the life of an unworthy citizen. The Republic does not owe him a living; it is he who owes the Republic a life of usefulness. Such is the Republican idea."— Triumphant Democracy.

"In looking back you never feel that upon any occasion you have acted too generously, but you often regret that you did not give enough." — An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

"Among the saddest of all spectacles to me is that of an

elderly man occupying his last years grasping for more dollars."—An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

"The Monarchist boasts more bayonets, the Republican more books." — Triumphant Democracy.

"There are a thousand heroines in the world to-day for every one any preceding age has produced."— Triumphant Democracy.

"Immense power is acquired by assuring yourself in your secret reveries that you were born to control affairs." — Curry Commercial College, Pittsburg, June 23, 1885.

"A great thing this instantaneous photography ; one has not time to look his very worst." — An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

"But Eve was not used to kind treatment. Adam was by no means a modern model husband, and never gave Eve anything in excess except blame." — An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

"People never appreciate what is wholly given to them so highly as that to which they themselves contribute." — An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

"The instinct which led the slaveholder to keep his slave in ignorance was a true one. Educate man, his shackles fall." — Triumphant Democracy.

"There is no price too dear to pay for perfection." — Round the World.

"Without wealth there can be no Mæcenas."— The Gospel of Wealth.

"In my wildest and most vindictive moments I have never gone so far as to wish that the Irish landlords, as a class, had justice." — Speech at Glasgow, September 13, 1887.

"I hope Americans will find some day more time for play, like their wiser brethren upon the other side." — An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

"There is always peace at the end if we do our appointed work and leave the result with the Unknown." — An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

"Be king in one line, not a Jack at all trades."
"For Heaven our Home, substitute Home our Heaven."
"Break orders to save owners every time."
Curry Address.

"Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket."—Curry Institute Address, 1885.

Andrew Carnegie to-day is more active and vigorous than

most men of half his age both at his work and his recreations. He is rather small physically, but tireless in his sports. Though his hair is now white, there is a light in his eye, and a sense of power in his face, bearing, and erect carriage, which bear evidence to his splendid vitality of mind and body.

He has a profound admiration for the men who really *do* things, with an emphasis on the "do," which, as is his habit, he often illustrates by a good story. An old friend of his in Pittsburg, who kept his fast trotters and held the record, was beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would reëstablish his supremacy. He was being shown over a stud, and had already been past a long string of horses with their records on the stall, and the victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman wiping his forehead — for it was a hot day — suddenly turned to the dealer and said : —

"Look here, stranger, — you 've shown me 'have beens,' and you 've let me see your 'going to be's,' but I am here for an 'iser.'"

One who has known him says : "A friend is struck most strongly, in coming into association with Mr. Carnegie, by the force and tenacity of his own convictions. When he has thought out a thing, he knows that he is right, and he will fight to the bitter end. To say that he has the courage of his convictions is not more than half telling the story ; he has the courage of ten men for one conviction, and, one rather suspects, thoroughly enjoys defending his own side. In the case of the South African War and the Philippines he was most violently against many of his best friends. He was a friend of the Boer and a friend of the Filipino, and he collected a tremendous amount of printed matter on these subjects, from which he informed himself so minutely as to render him a formidable opponent on either question."

Unlike many men of large deeds, he is a great talker, and his well rounded mind, unusual versatility, quick interest, and fund of humorous stories make him the best of companions. He is never at a loss, and is equally at home "jolly-

ing" the dry goods men at an Arkwright Club dinner or giving sound advice to Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s Bible class.

With all his enormous wealth he takes pleasure in the simplest things, provided they are genuine. While a frequent visitor at the opera, he owns no box, but sits in the body of the house. He has traveled widely, yet he does not own a private car, adhering to the democratic principles that he has so forcibly laid down. He has the truly great physical ability of going to sleep at will, and in the intervals of important duties he will drop off in a short sleep, gaining refreshment denied to most men.

His sympathy is always with any man, particularly a young man, who is hammering away honestly to make his success. A friend says of him :—

"Andrew Carnegie has none of the arrogance of wealth, and his kindliness of spirit goes out most warmly to the people who are struggling to get ahead in the world, whether in business, in education, musical study, or, indeed, any direction. As an instance of this, I know of a case where a young man was leaving a position which he had filled successfully for a good many years, to start in business on his own account, sacrificing a large salary and risking all. Mr. Carnegie, hearing of this, and knowing the young man slightly, wrote him a letter out of pure kindliness, congratulating him on making the change, and prophesying a success. This letter was timed to arrive when it would do most good,— the moment when the difficulties of the struggle seemed most trying. The young man of this instance gained a confidence and a wholesome faith in himself, which has been of the utmost value to him."

One secret of Mr. Carnegie's success is his profound confidence in the people whom he has gathered about him. He does things which a stranger would pronounce unbusinesslike and careless ; but that stranger would be struck, upon investigation, by the fact that never once had this habit gotten him into trouble. He acts on the principle that to trust a man in itself goes a long way toward making him worthy of trust,— and his judgment of men is so keen that he trusts the right man.

Eminently broad-minded, Mr. Carnegie believes in all religions, but in no theologies. He has great sympathy, for instance, with a young Chinaman who came to him, heart-broken, because he had been told by the missionary that his fathers had been heathen for centuries, and that his children

were idolaters, and that they would surely be found in the place of everlasting punishment! He sees the good in the religion of Confucius, of Buddha, and, in fact, all the sects, Oriental and Western. He is not a contributor to foreign missions, and confines his giving to directions in which he is familiar, and of which he has knowledge.

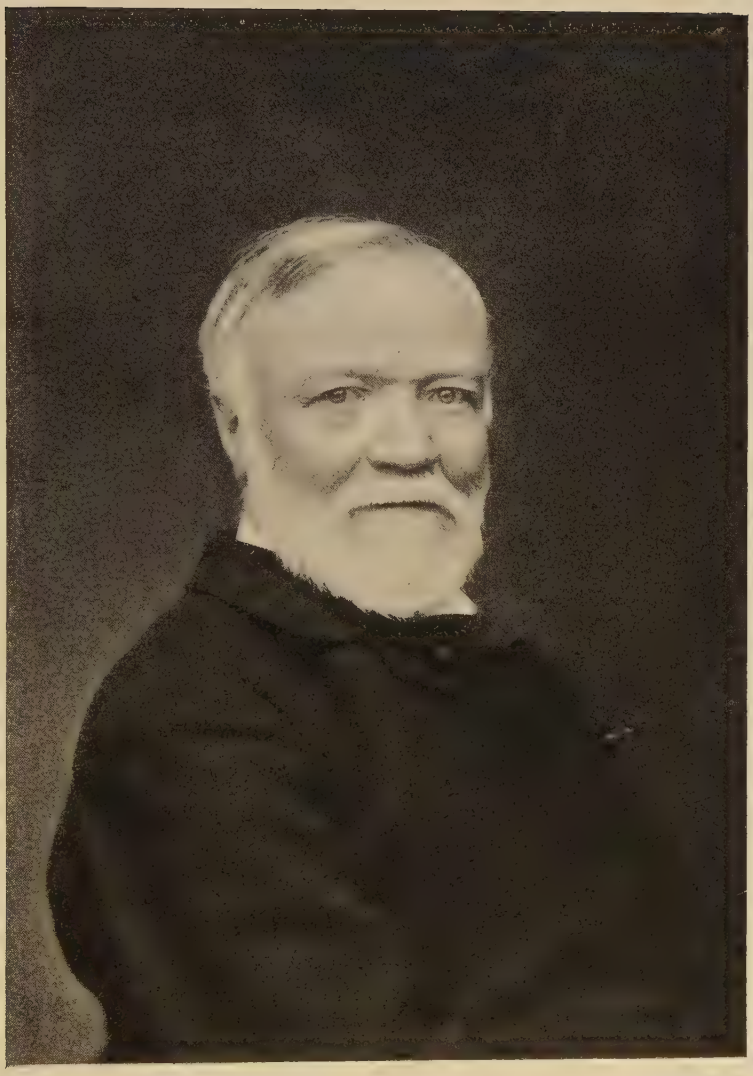
It is a pleasant picture this, of a sturdy, forceful, large-minded man, putting the whole energy of his nature into carrying out great enterprises, or playing golf, or writing books, or fishing, or coaching, or placing the means of self-education within the reach of millions of his fellow men. Surely he is a fine specimen of the modern Citizen of the Republic.

The first volume of his life is closed, and the poor bobbin factory boy retires from business, as Mr. Morgan says, "the richest man in the world," all made in legitimate manufacturing, never a share sold or bought on the stock exchange. This is a "record breaker"; but what if the last volume of this man's life is to render the other, marvelous though it be, comparatively unimportant? Others have made great fortunes, though less in amount; but it is often said of Mr. Carnegie that he never does things like other men: will he give the world a last volume more surprising than the first? There are those who so believe, but that is another story. We must await developments.

HOW TO START IN LIFE.

THE first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing; and the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind and success in life. A young man bred at home, and growing up in the light of parental admiration and parental pride, cannot readily understand how it is that every one else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If, bred in the country, he seeks the life of the town, he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance.

This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If, at this time, he thoroughly comprehends, and in his heart admits and accepts the fact, that he knows nothing and is nothing; if he bows to the conviction that his mind and his person are but ciphers among



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

the significant and cleanly-cut figures about him, and that whatever he is to be, and is to win, must be achieved by hard work, there is abundant hope of him. If, on the contrary, a huge self-conceit still holds possession of him, and he straightens up to the assertion of his cold and valueless self; or if he sink discouraged upon the threshold of a life of fierce competitions and more manly emulations, he may as well be a dead man. The world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire, or submit to be trodden upon.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that, intrinsically, he is of but little value, the next thing for him to learn is that the world cares nothing for him; that he is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration and esteem; that he must take care of himself. A letter of introduction may possibly procure him an invitation to tea, and nothing more. If he be a stranger, he will find every man busy with his own affairs, and none to look after him. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable, until he has done something to prove that he has an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this, or ought to give him this.

Society demands that a young man shall be not only somebody, but that he shall prove his right to the title; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust — at least not for a long time, for it has been deceived too often. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a man; then it will bow to him, and make room for him. A young man, not long since, made a place for himself by writing an article for a certain review. Few people read the article, but the fact that he wrote such an article, that it was very long, and that it was published, did the business for him. Everybody, however, cannot write articles for reviews, although every person at some period of his life thinks he can; but everybody, who is somebody, can do something. A man must enter society of his own free will, as an active element, or a valuable component, before he can receive the recognition that every true man longs for. A man who is willing to enter society as a beneficiary is mean, and does not deserve recognition.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit

than a vague desire for help; a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody, and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman, with a pocketful of money, a trunkful of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them money with which they will commence life and go on swimmingly. Perhaps his benevolence will take a different turn and he will educate them. Or, perhaps, with an eye to the sacred profession, they desire to become the beneficiaries of some benevolent institution.

One of the most disagreeable sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, looking and longing for help. Of course, there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—nay, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder. Do not misunderstand; that pride of personal independence should not be inculcated which repels in its sensitiveness the well-meant good offices and benefactions of friends, or that resorts to desperate shifts rather than incur an obligation. The thing to be condemned in a young man is the love of dependence, the willingness to be under obligation for that which his own effort may win.

Church societies and kindred organizations sometimes do much more harm than good, by inviting into the Christian ministry a class of young men who are willing to be helped. A man who willingly receives assistance, especially if he has applied for it, invariably sells himself to his benefactor, unless that benefactor happen to be a man of sense who is giving absolutely necessary assistance to one whom he knows to be sensitive and honorable. Any young man who will part with freedom and the self-respect that grows out of self-reliance

and self-support, is unmanly, neither deserving of assistance nor capable of making good use of it. Assistance will invariably be received by a young man of spirit as a dire necessity — as the chief evil of his poverty.

When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully realized the fact that he does not know anything; that the world does not care anything about him; that what he wins must be gained by his own brain and hands, and that while he holds in his own power the means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the shrewd, sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

Indeed, what many people consider a good start in the world may prove the poorest start of all. A capital of ten thousand dollars, inherited, or loaned by some rich friend, may prove less fortunate for a young man than poverty and a good character.

There can be no doubt that money capital that is earned before it is used, serves the business man a higher purpose than the same amount of capital inherited or borrowed. Earning the capital is a good start of itself. It booms the noblest qualities of manhood.

Principle alone is a good start, and will earn a good name more surely and quickly than money. "Good principles and good habits were all the capital I had to start with," said Amos Lawrence, and it was all the capital he needed, as his successful career proved. At one time he wrote to his son who was in France: —

"Good principles, good temper, and good manners will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is good principles. Without them, the best maners, although for a time very acceptable, cannot sustain a person in trying situations."

Admiral Farragut said to a gentleman at Long Branch, after the close of the late war: —

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country?"

"Of course I should," responded the person addressed. "I should enjoy it hugely."

"It was all owing to a resolution that I formed when I was ten years old," continued the admiral. "My father was sent to New Orleans with the little navy we had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as a cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and was fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me: —

"'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea,' I said.

"'Follow the sea!' exclaimed father; 'yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

"'No, father,' I replied, 'I will tread the quarter-deck, and command, as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father then left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital!' That 's my fate, is it? I'll change my life and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor, never gamble. And, as God is my witness, I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian, and that act settled my temporal, as it settled my moral, destiny."

It was a good beginning for Farragut when his father started him off in the direction of total abstinence and purity. But for his good resolve on that memorable day, he would have been a ruined sailor before the mast, instead of the famous admiral he was.

The late William B. Spooner, of Boston, was but seven years old when poverty forced him out of his home into a tanyard, where he drove the horse in the bark mill. A very poor outlook it was for the homesick boy! But it proved a good start, because it introduced him, after fifteen years, to the leather business in Boston. His early training in the tannery familiarized him with the details of the business, and his excellent principles won the confidence of all who knew him. At twenty-two he was serving a large and successful leather dealer, when a gentleman who had observed his tact, industry, and transparent honesty, invited him to become his partner in the same kind of business.

"I have no capital to put into the business," said Spooner.

"Yes, you have," responded the gentleman; "you have character and experience, and I have money. I will put my money into the firm, and that is all the money we want; and you put in your experience and principles."

The bargain was concluded on this basis, as Spooner knew the young man who had the money capital to be entirely reliable. The end of that new departure was that in forty-five years he was worth half a million dollars, and he had lost and given in charity another half million. At the same time, he had become one of the most influential and honored citizens of Boston. Poverty gave him a good start at seven years of age; and tact, integrity, and hard work supplemented it at twenty-two. Neither a favored ancestry nor money rendered him essential aid.

A father placed his son, sixteen years of age, in a large mercantile house in New York city. One day a lady was examining some silk dress goods, when the young clerk discovered a flaw in the silk, and called her attention to it. The result was that she did not purchase the silk. His employer witnessed the whole scene, and at once wrote to the boy's father to come and take him away, as he "would never make a merchant."

The father hastened to the city and asked: —

"Why will not my son make a merchant?"

"Because he has not the tact," answered the merchant. "He told a lady voluntarily that the silk she wanted to buy was damaged, and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves."

"Is that all?" inquired the father, greatly relieved.

"Yes."

"Then I think more of my son than ever, and I would not have him remain in your store for the world."

That merchant became a bankrupt, and the boy became an honored millionaire, as honest as he was rich. The employer never had a good start, with all his money; the boy got a good start when he was turned out of that warehouse for his uprightness.

The renowned Dr. Channing once wrote to a young man: —

"At your age I was poor, dependent, hardly able to buy my clothes; but the great idea of improvement had seized upon me — I wanted to make the most of myself. I was not satisfied with knowing things superficially, and by halves, but tried to get some comprehensive views of what I studied; I had an end, and, for a boy, a high end, in view. . . . . The idea of carrying myself forward did a great deal for me. . . . . I never had an anxious thought about my lot in life; when I was poor, ill, and compelled to work with little strength, I left the future to itself."

The good start which Dr. Channing had was when he resolved "to make the most of himself."

CHAPTER XXV.

MARSHALL FIELD.

MR. FIELD ON THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS AND FAILURE — HIS RANK AMONG MERCHANTS — AS AN INDIVIDUAL — HIS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUSINESS — GENERAL ESTIMATE OF HIS WEALTH — HIS BUSINESS METHODS — FOUNDATION STONE OF HIS SUCCESS — HOW HIS MERCANTILE BUSINESS GREW — A MAN OF MODEST AND RETIRING DISPOSITION — HIS ASSOCIATIONS RESTRICTED TO A FEW — PRIVATE BENEFACTIONS — RELIGIOUS LIFE — PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS — THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM — GIFTS TO CHICAGO UNIVERSITY — BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD — PRIVATE LIFE. THE YOUNG MAN IN MERCANTILE LIFE.



I would say first to a young man standing upon the threshold of a business career that he should carefully consider what his natural bent or inclination is, be it business or profession ; in other words, take stock of himself and ascertain, if possible, what he is best adapted for and endeavor to get into that vocation with as few changes as possible. Having entered upon it, then let him pursue the work in hand with diligence and determination to get it thoroughly, which can only be done by close and enthusiastic application of the powers at his command. He should strive to master the details and put into it an energy directed by strong common sense so as to make his services of value wherever he is ; be alert and ready to seize opportunities when they present themselves. The trouble with most young men is that they don't learn anything thoroughly and are apt to do work committed to them in a careless manner ; forgetting that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. They become mere drones and rely upon chance to bring them success. The business world is full of just such young men content in simply putting in their time somehow and drawing their salaries ; making no effort whatever to increase their efficiency and thereby enhance their own as well as their employers' interests. There are others who want to do what they are not fitted for and

waste their lives in what may be called misfit occupations. Far better be a good carpenter or mechanic of any kind than a poor business or professional man.

Next to the selection of occupation is that of companions. Particularly is this important in the case of young men beginning their career in strange cities and away from home influences, as too often is it the case that young men of excellent abilities are ruined by evil associates; a young man therefore cannot too early guard himself against forming friendships with those whose tendency is to lead him on the downward path. To every young man I would say, seek at the start to cultivate the acquaintance of those only whose contact and influence will kindle high purposes, as I regard the building up of the sterling character one of the fundamental principles of true success. The young man possessing a conscience that cannot brook the slightest experience of wrongdoing and which insists on steadfast, undeviating truthfulness, sturdy honesty, and strict devotion to duty under all circumstances, has a fortune to begin with. The ability to restrain habit, passions, tongue, and temper, to be their master and not their slave, in a word, absolute self-control, is also of first importance. One who cannot govern himself is unfitted to govern others.

Economy is one of the most essential elements of success, yet most wretchedly disregarded. The old adage, "Willful waste makes woeful want," never was more fully exemplified than in these days when much of the want that now prevails would not exist had care been taken in time of prosperity to lay up something for a "rainy day." The average young man of to-day when he begins to earn is soon inclined to habits of extravagance and wastefulness; gets somehow imbued with the idea that irrespective of what he earns he must indulge in habits corresponding to those of some other young man simply because he indulges or imagines he cannot be manly without. The five, ten, or fifteen cents a day that is acquired, while a mere trifle apparently, if saved, would in a few years amount to thousands of dollars and go far toward establishing the foundations of a future career. One must realize that, in order to acquire the dollars he must take care of the nickels. Careful saving and careful spending invariably promote success. It has been well said that, "It is not

what a man earns but what he saves, that makes him rich." John Jacob Astor said that the saving of the first thousand dollars cost him the hardest struggle. As a rule people do not know how to save. I deem it of the highest importance, therefore, to impress upon every young man the duty of beginning to save from the moment he commences to earn, be it ever so little; a habit so formed in early life will prove of incalculable benefit to him in after years; not only in the amount acquired but through the exercise of economy in small affairs he will grow in knowledge and fitness for larger duties that may devolve upon him.

A young man should aim to be manly and self-reliant; to make good use of all the spare moments; to read only wholesome books; and study to advance his own interests as well as those of his employer in every possible way. As a rule a young man of high principles and fair ability who saves his money and keeps his habits good becomes valuable in any concern.

I would not have young men believe, however, that success consists solely in acquisition of wealth; far from it, as that idea is much too prevalent already. The desire to become rich at the expense of character prevails to an alarming extent and cannot be too severely denounced. What is needed to-day more than anything else is to instill in the minds of our young the desire above all to build up a character that will win the respect of all with whom they come in contact, and which is vastly more important than a great fortune.

If the elements herein outlined promote success the logical conclusion would be that a disregard of them forebodes failure. The man who is characterized by want of forethought, idleness, carelessness, or general shiftlessness cannot expect to succeed. These, coupled with other causes, such as extravagance in living or living beyond one's means; outside speculations and gambling; want of proper judgment, overestimating capacity and undertaking more than capital would warrant; assuming too heavy liabilities; relying on chance to pull through; lack of progressiveness,—all are prolific causes of failure.



MARSHALL FIELD is the Sphinx of the mercantile world — colossal, awesome, and silent. In the long list of American multi-millionaires are a few names that have little or no significance to the average reader. Conspicuous among these is the name of Marshall Field. It is seldom heard outside of Chicago except in mercantile circles. Yet Marshall Field is the greatest merchant in the world, and, possibly, the third richest man in the United States.

As an individual, he exists only to a very limited number of business associates, friends, cronies, and relatives; to the masses of the people, even to those in his home city of Chicago, he is simply a gigantic business emporium.

To understand him better it is necessary to learn a few facts that have exerted the greatest influence upon his career.

The supreme achievement of Marshall Field's life has been the accumulation of an immense fortune.

When the variety and magnitude of his business operations are considered, it is marvelous that one man in his waking moments can exercise even a general supervision of them.

His wholesale and retail dry goods business is in excess of $50,000,000 a year. He manufactures a large percentage of the goods he sells, and the rattle of his looms is heard in the manufacturing centers of both hemispheres. He has factories in England, Ireland, and Scotland, in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, and Russia, in China, Japan, and India. His woolen mills furnish a local market for the Australian wool-grower, and the revolutions of his spindles in South America run races with the government of that part of the world.

When J. Pierpont Morgan organized the United Steel Corporation, commonly known as the Steel Trust, there was no public mention of the name of Marshall Field, although he is one of the largest stockholders in that corporation.

The extent of his holdings in the great lines of railroads is not definitely known. It has been stated with some color of authority that he has $10,000,000 invested in Baltimore and Ohio, and his holdings in Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Northwestern are known to be large. In the Pullman Car Company he is the largest individual stockholder and has controlled the affairs of that great corporation for a number of years.

In real estate alone his wealth exceeds that of many multi-millionaires who are more widely known than himself. A conservative estimate of the real estate owned by Marshall Field in Chicago alone, including land in the vicinity of the Calumet river peculiarly adapted for manufacturing purposes, places it at $30,000,000. In addition to this he has a great deal of valuable iron mining land in the northern peninsula of Michigan.

Although not known by the titles of banker or financier, his banking and purely financial interests are large.

Conservatively stated, Marshall Field's wealth exceeds a hundred millions of dollars ; how much in excess can only be surmised, and it is doubtful whether he himself knows.

In this age of enormous individual fortunes, it is not so marvelous that one man should have acquired this great sum, as it is that it is all clean money made honestly, in a legitimate business. To credit it solely to the ability and business methods of its owner would be an error, though Mr. Field takes pride in the belief that the basis of his business success is cash. His entire business is conducted upon a cash basis. There is no evidence that he ever owed a dollar, and it is certain that he never borrowed one. He never gave a note or a mortgage, never bought or sold a dollar's worth of stock on margins. His nearest approach to speculation has been in mining investments.

Although a heavy investor in stocks, Wall street methods are as obnoxious to him as those of any other game of chance.

The intoxication of the wheat pit is as unknown to him as any other form of drunkenness. In an indirect way the Titanic struggles on the Board of Trade have been of profit to him, for he has supplied the victims of wheat, ribs, and lard corners with the cash to settle their losses by buying their inside gilt-edged down-town real estate and adding it to his lucrative permanent investments.

Another foundation stone of his success has been business integrity. The house of Marshall Field & Co. is as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. The great merchant has escaped the sobriquet of "Honest" Marshall Field, but the adjective is indelibly stamped upon his business reputation. Although much of his success must be credited to the inherited Yankee instinct for barter and trade, and to sterling mercantile methods, the element of chance had much to do with it.

When Marshall Field came to Chicago, a strong-limbed, clear-headed Yankee farmer's son, the place had a population of 50,000. It was inevitable in the development of the Middle West that its metropolis should be on the shores of Lake Michigan, but there was a wide diversity of opinion concerning the exact spot. Conditions seemed to favor Milwaukee, eighty miles north; Saint Joseph, Michigan, on the opposite shore had its prophets, but the final choice fell to Chicago aided by the "I will" spirit of its pioneers.

In those days Marshall Field was a hard-working clerk. He had been born to work, though not to poverty, and was schooled in hard New England economy. He attended to his business and saved his money. In time he became a partner. Chance determined it as the right time, for in that year the Civil War began, and prices rose correspondingly with the enormous demand for commodities. The enduring foundation of the house of Marshall Field & Co. was laid and its future assured. The remainder of the story is found in the rapid booming of the West, in the progress of science and invention, and in the growth of Chicago to a population of nearly two millions.

It is the exceptional individual only who escapes from his environment. Other men may rise above it at times, but they never get away from it entirely. Marshall Field's environment since youth has been the store, the shop, the factory. He has lived continuously in an atmosphere of business and always within hearing of the clink of the coin as it fell into the till. If in his youth he had been what we call a sociable man with a disposition to mingle with his fellow men, sharing their troubles and dividing his own with them, the world might have heard of him in some other capacity, but never as its greatest merchant. It is not remarkable then that a youthful life absorbed in business should not be turned from the pursuit of its greatest purpose by the affairs of others, or lured from the hum of shoppers, the clatter of looms, the whirl of spindles, and the music of the ever-dropping coin by the frou-frou and chatter of modern society.

In small communities the volume of a merchant's business quite often depends as much upon his attitude towards his fellow townsmen as the quality and variety of his merchandise. He is personally known to all his customers and, if he

is an affable man, taking part in the small society of the place and displaying a proper public spirit, he has an advantage over competitors of less tact. Hence it becomes a part of his business to cultivate an agreeable personality and a liberal public spirit, and to participate in all the affairs of his community.

The personality of the great city merchant is swallowed up in his business. Few of his customers ever see him. They have no more interest in his personal traits than he has in theirs. In the great city emporium the homely cordiality of the country store is supplanted by cold business formality.

It may be argued, however, that the great merchant would identify himself with the public affairs of the community, if only for selfish reasons, inasmuch as the growth and material prosperity of the municipality mean a corresponding growth of his business. Ordinarily, this is the case, but Marshall Field is the exception and the logical one. The unaided growth of Chicago from a town to a city was so rapid that the business energy of its leading merchant was taxed to keep pace with it. Rapidly accumulating wealth imposes a degree of slavery upon its owner, however joyfully the victim may thrust his neck further and further into the golden yoke. The phenomenal growth of Marshall Field's business chained him to the counting room and to the till.

Whatever may be the secret pleasures of such a strenuous, exacting business life, it has its drawbacks ; for the outward evidence is that it narrows the sympathies and blunts the perception of man's duty to society. In the pride of his strength man is apt to forget that many are weak.

Marshall Field has lived the self-centered life of the strenuous business man. Publicity of any sort is distasteful to him, and he regards the interviewer as an intruder. His persistent refusal to talk for publication or to consent to pose as the subject of the biographer or character student is not chargeable to excessive modesty. He is modest enough, but it would be more accurate to say that his dislike to appearing in print is the natural resentment of a reclusive spirit to a seeming interference with its affairs. It may be charged in part to the sensitive pride that is so apparent in people who live much to themselves or are wholly absorbed in their own affairs.

Only of late years has it been possible to obtain his photo-

graph, but the best counterfeit presentment the photographer's art can produce does not do him justice. It is faithful only in showing his white hair and mustache, and the well-preserved features of a man who has lived an abstemious life. It can give no idea of his dynamic presence, suggestive of agressiveness as well as of unlimited reserve force. It shows the contour of general features, but not their animating keenness and shrewdness. It cannot put the rapier glances into the cold gray eyes, set far back in the head.

If Marshall Field were in the midst of a street crowd on bargain day any student of character would single him out of the thousands as a master of men. His erect military bearing might cause him to be mistaken for a retired admiral or major-general,but no one would ever mistake him for an ordinary man. No young blade of a soldier carries himself better than this man of sixty-six, as he walks to his place of business in the early morning. His commodious and old-fashioned residence is about a mile from his great retail store. It is not so large or imposing as the Pullman residence further down the street, yet George M. Pullman in the later years of his life was only a kind of head clerk of Marshall Field's car business.

There is a library in the house, but the master merchant does not rank as a book-lover ; there are pictures on the walls, — good ones, too,—but the owner can scarcely be called an art collector or a connoisseur.

In this home of his younger days the man of many millions dwells alone. His wife is dead, and his children, a son, who bears the same name as himself, and a daughter, are both married.

Within the gilded and expansive circle of society he has drawn a smaller circle, close to the nave, within which are included the few to whom he dispenses hospitality, and at whose homes he occasionally dines. They are for the most part old friends around whom cluster the memories and sentiments of early days in Chicago. The practical nature of Marshall Field is shown in his friendships as well as in his business, as many of his old friends could testify if they would. One conspicuous instance of this is found in the elevation of Robert T. Lincoln to the presidency of the Pullman Company. There are many other instances in which his

hand has been stretched forth in friendly help to preferment or to avert financial disaster.

What and how widespread are his private benefactions no man may know. With his church and its pastors he has dealt liberally. The old Second Presbyterian Church of which he is a member, and which was founded by a scholar and churchman of gentle memory in Chicago, the Reverend Robert Patterson, was recently destroyed by fire, but a substantial edifice will take its place.

Mr. Field is not publicly identified with church affairs, as are Rockefeller and Morgan, but whenever his religion is expressed in any act it reveals the old Puritan spirit of literal observance. He is the only big merchant in Chicago that does not advertise in the Sunday papers.

Thus it is seen that Marshall Field has a social, though not a society, part, and that his religion is as orthodox as his business principles. Although he takes no public part in politics, he has serious political convictions. Notwithstanding his exclusiveness and the natural tendency of great wealth toward aristocratic ideas, his democracy, which is of the soil, is too deep-rooted to permit him to be anything but a Democrat — a Democrat of the Cleveland school, with "Public office is a public trust" as his motto. His business as an importer, one of the largest in the country, naturally suggests his view of tariff reform, which is to abolish the tariff.

The lives of few men in this country are so suggestive of the opportunities for legitimate business success within the last half century. That Marshall Field has improved every business opportunity is shown by marvelous results; that much of his wealth is due to conditions and circumstances, in the creation of which he had no part, is a matter of historical record.

The community has done much for him. What has he done for the community? His public benefactions, so far, can be numbered on one hand, with fingers to spare. His most conspicuous public donation is the Field Columbian Museum, to which he gave a million dollars. This museum occupies the old Fine Arts building of the World's Fair, in Jackson park. Mr. Field is credited with a desire to make this the greatest museum of natural history in the world. A great

deal of the old junk left over from the World's Fair, which formed the nucleus of the museum, has already been disposed of, and its place supplied by exhibits more in keeping with the character of the institution.

There is reason to believe that the word "Columbian," in its title, is a present bar to the fulfillment of Mr. Field's desires in respect to the museum. As the name now stands, it perpetuates the achievements of the World's Fair. Such was the intention of its founders. The name of Field was prefixed as an acknowledgment of Mr. Field's million-dollar donation. Marshall Field is a proud man, though with none of the ostentatious pride that finds its gratification in palatial yachts, gorgeous equipages, and sybarite luxuries. His pride is of that old New England strain that finds expression in the protection of the good name and the preservation of the virtues of its possessor. Marshall Field is proud of his name, and, if it were bestowed exclusively upon the museum, it is believed that the prospects of that institution to be made the greatest of its kind in the world would be brighter than they are at present.

The University of Chicago has received large gifts from Mr. Field, but all the gifts to this institution shrink into insignificance beside Rockefeller's donation of $10,000,000.

In the town of Conway, Massachusetts, Mr. Field has built a memorial library at a cost of $200,000. This seems like a small sum in these days, when one woman gives $30,000,000 to a university, and Carnegie tosses out libraries like a man throwing handbills at a circus. But it is munificent for a town the size of Conway and ample for its needs.

On a farm near this town Marshall Field was born and passed his boyhood days. It was here he went to the district school and got the elementary education which he has supplemented by experience in a world-wide business. His ancestors were of the soil, and he was a hardy product of generations of hardy men.

He is now approaching the "threescore years and ten" allotted to man, and is still physically rugged.

His former partners, Levi Z. Leiter and Potter Palmer, have retired from business, but with him the struggle goes on as of yore. He is still the central figure of a world of his own making — a humming, buzzing world of busy people, creat-



MARSHALL FIELD.

ing, buying, selling, packing, and shipping. How shall a man who has made such a world for himself and lived nearly a half century in its very vortex find his way out of it and be content in the quiet corners of a house? Carnegie did it, but under the hard exterior of the ironmaster was a warm sympathy for art, letters, and science of government. He had a knowledge born of contact with men of all classes outside of his business, and a deep-seated love for the homely, quiet life of his native Scotland.

In the twilight of Marshall Field's life the retrospect reveals nothing that a man of his ambition may not count a virtue. Years ago he reached the goal he set out for. Success within the limitations of a life devoted exclusively to trade is stamped upon every page of his history. His private life is unblemished. Thousands of skilled hands and trained minds perform services for him. They are well paid, and all the avenues of promotion are open to such as master their line of work.

The test of years has confirmed his judgment in the selection of his chief assistants, and the faithful have reaped rich rewards.

He has amassed a colossal fortune without having created the antagonism of any class. The element of discord and discontent has no grievance against him.

And now, as the twilight shadows fall — what?

The museum, the university, and the library are proof that he does not lack the spirit of giving, and this is an age of public benefactions. He has millions upon millions. They are his own. He made them, under favorable conditions, to be sure, but he made them. They were not wrung from underpaid labor, nor gained by the chicanery of stock jobbing. They represent no man's loss. What he will do with them none but himself can say — and the Sphinx, colossal and awesome, guarding the great pyramids of trade, is silent.

THE YOUNG MAN IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

BEFORE a young man attempts to make a success he should convince himself that he is in a congenial business, whether it be a trade or profession; both are honorable and productive. Let him satisfy himself before everything else that it enlists his personal interest. If a man

shows that he has his work at heart, his success can be relied on. Personal interest in any work will bring other things, but all the other essentials combined cannot create personal interest. That must exist first ; then two thirds of the battle is won. Fully satisfied that he is in that particular line of business for which he feels stronger, warmer interests than for any other, then he should remain.

First, whatever else he may strive to be, he must, above all, be absolutely honest. From honorable principles he can never swerve. A temporary success is often possible on what are not exactly dishonest, but precarious lines ; such success, however, is only temporary with a certainty of permanent loss. The surest business successes — yes, the only successes worth the making — are built on honest foundations. There can be no blinking at the truth or at honesty, no halfway compromise. There is but one way to be successful, and that is to be absolutely honest, and there is but one way of being honest. Honesty is not only the foundation, but the capstone, as well, of business success.

If the case in point be that of a merchant, he must be scrupulously just and upright in all his transactions ; integrity, good faith, exactness in fulfilling his engagements, must be permanent and distinctive features in his character. He must be a high-minded and honorable man. He must feel a stain upon his good name like a wound, and regard with utter abhorrence everything that wears the appearance of meanness or duplicity. Knowing that credit is the soul of business, he is anxious to sustain the integrity of the mercantile character ; accordingly, his word is good as his bond ; he stands to his bargain and is faithful to his contract. He would rather at any time relinquish something of his lawful rights than engage in an irritating dispute. He would rather be the object than the agent in a dishonorable or fraudulent transaction. When one told old Bishop Latimer than the cutler had cozened him in making him pay twopence for a knife not worth a penny, "No," said Latimer, "he cozened not me but his own conscience."

Second : He must be alert and alive to every opportunity. He cannot afford to lose a single point, for that single point might prove the very link that would make complete the whole chain of business success. Though an enterprising

man and willing to run some risks, knowing this to be essential to success in commercial adventure, yet he is not willing to risk everything nor put all on the hazard of a single throw. He feels that he has no right to do this, that it is morally wrong thus to put in jeopardy his own peace and the comfort and prospects of his family. Of course, he engages in no wild and visionary schemes the results of which are altogether uncertain, being based upon unreasonable expectations and improbable suppositions. He is particularly careful to embark in no speculation out of his regular line of business and with the details of which he is not familiar. He is aware, although he knows all about the cost of the ship and can determine the quality and estimate the value of a bale of cotton, that he is not a good judge of the worth of wild lands because his experience has not been with them. Accordingly he will have nothing to do with any bargains of this sort, however promising they may appear. He will not take a leap in the dark nor purchase upon representations of others who may be interested in the sale. He deems it safest for him to keep clear of grand speculations and to attend quietly and regularly to his own business. Above all he makes it a matter of conscience not to risk in hazardous enterprises the property of others intrusted to his keeping.

Third: He must be willing to learn, never overlooking the fact that others have long ago forgotten what he has still to learn. Firmness of decision is an admirable trait in business. The young man whose opinion can be tossed from one side to another is poor material, but youth is full of errors and caution is a strong trait. At the outset he is careful to indulge in no extravagance and to live within his means — the neglect of which precaution he finds involves so many in failure and ruin. Simple in his manners and unostentatious in his habits of life he abstains from all frivolous and foolish expenditure. At the same time he is not niggardly or mean. Whatever will contribute to the improvement or welfare of his family or whatever will gratify their innocent tastes, be it books or pictures, he obtains, if within his means though it cost much, knowing that at the same time he may foster the genius and reward the labors of an inestimable class of men whose work reflects honor upon their country and who consequently merit the patronage of the community. But whatever is

intended for mere parade and vain show he will have none of it though it cost nothing. He thinks it wise and good economy to spend a great deal of money, if he can afford it, to render home attractive and to make his children wise and virtuous and happy. Above all he never grudges what is paid to the schools and other mediums of education for their intellectual and moral training; for a good education he deems above all price.

Fourth: The young business man if he be wise will entirely avoid the use of liquors. If the question of harm done by intoxicating liquors is an open one the question of the actual good derived from it is not.

Fifth: Let him remember that a young man's strongest recommendation is his respectability. Some young men apparently successful may be flashy in dress, loud in manner, and disrespectful of women and sacred things, but the young man who is respectful always wears best. The way a young man carries himself in his private life oftentimes means much to him in his business career. No matter where he is or in whose company, respectability, and all that it implies, will always command respect.

Sixth: The successful man of business feels that he has duties not only to his immediate relatives and friends, but to a larger family — the community in which he lives. He is deeply interested in its virtue and happiness and feels bound to contribute his full share to the establishment and support of all good institutions, particularly the institutions of learning, humanity, and religion. He is led to this by the extensive liberalizing spirit of his calling. It is unfortunately the tendency of some occupations to narrow the mind and contract the heart. The mere division of labor incident to and inseparable from many mechanical and manufacturing pursuits, though important and beneficial in other respects, yet serves to dwarf and cramp the intellect. The man who spends all his days in making the heads of pins thinks of nothing else and is fit for nothing else. Commercial pursuits, on the other hand, being so various, extensive, and complicated, tend to enlarge the mind and banish narrow and selfish feelings. The merchant, for instance, looks abroad over the world, puts a girdle around the earth, has communication with all climes and nations and is thus ready to take large and liberal views

of all things. The wealth which he has acquired easily and rapidly he is consequently disposed to spend freely and magnificently. It has been splendidly said of Roscoe, a distinguished Liverpool merchant: "Wherever you go you perceive traces of his footsteps in all that is elegant and liberal. He found the tide of wealth flowing merely in the channels of traffic; he has diverted from it invigorating rills to refresh the gardens of literature. The noble institutions of literary and scientific purposes which reflect such credit on that city have mostly been originated and they all have been effectually promoted by him." In like manner the successful business man encourages learning and patronizes learned men.

Seventh: The virtue of patience cannot be too strongly emphasized. The electric atmosphere of the American business world is all too apt to make young men impatient. They want to fly before they can even walk well. Ambition is a splendid thing in any young man, but getting along too fast is just as injurious as getting along too slowly. Men between twenty and twenty-five must be patient. Patience is, it is true, a difficult thing to cultivate, but it is among the first lessons one must learn in business. A good stock of patience acquired in early life will stand a man in good stead in later years. It is a handy thing to have to draw upon, and makes a splendid safety valve. Rome was not built in a day and a business man is not made in a night; as experience comes, the judgment will become mature, and by the time the young man reaches thirty he will begin to realize that he did not know as much at twenty-five as he thought he did. When he is ready to learn from others he will begin to grow wise, and when he reaches that state when he is willing to consider that he has not a "corner" in knowledge, he will be stepping out of the chrysalis of the immature business man.

If a young man wishes a set of concise rules to govern his undertakings, here it is:—

Get into a business you like.

Devote yourself to it.

Be honest in everything.

Employ caution; think out a thing well before you enter upon it.

Sleep eight hours every night.

Do everything that means keeping in good health.

School yourself not to worry ; worry kills, work does not.
Avoid liquors of all kinds.
If you smoke, smoke moderately.
Shun discussion on two points,— religion and politics.
And last, but not least, marry a true woman and have your own home.

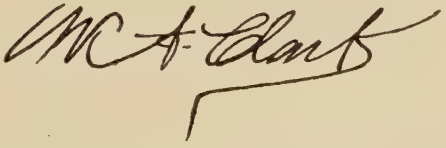
CHAPTER XXVI.

WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK.

ON PARAMOUNT ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS — TYPE OF THE SUCCESSFUL WESTERN PIONEER — BIRTHPLACE — LINEAGE — EARLY EDUCATION — REMOVAL TO THE WEST — A TEACHER IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS — FURTHER EDUCATION — STUDIES LAW — A CHANGE OF PURPOSE — FIRST MINING EXPERIENCES — BECOMES A TRADER AND MERCHANT — ORGANIZES A BANKING HOUSE — SUCCESSFUL MINING PROJECTS — A HARD WORKER — AN EPISODE — EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF MONTANA — HIS POLITICAL CAREER — A MEMORABLE CONTEST — ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR — HIS HOME AND HOME-LIFE — MAN OF CULTURE AND PATRON OF ART — PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS. METHOD.

The question of success in America to-day is one of large importance, and is susceptible of various answers, any or all of which may be true when taken in connection with the particular conditions specially pertaining to each. There are many elements, however, that must be relied upon as potent factors in any large success. There are some, of course, that are paramount. Among these that are purely personal, I would state the essential ones to be, in my opinion, the following: sobriety, regular and temperate habits of living, continuity and tenacity of purpose, absolute courage and determination to surmount obstacles, unflinching veracity and integrity, complete system and method, and reasonable economy.





WESTERN pluck, enterprise, and intelligence are rightly accounted for on the theory that it was the strongest of mind and heart as well as body that pushed out from the older communities to the western frontier, especially

into the wilds of the Rocky mountain region, in the early sixties, some 2,000 miles beyond the border line of civilization. The weak and timid and vacillating are not apt to undertake the rôle of pathfinder under the circumstances and conditions which brought the pioneer to Bannock, Virginia City, and Last Chance Gulch. It was another race of men that came at that period to lay the foundation of this young commonwealth, fitting exactly the poet's ideal of those who "constitute a state," and who have given to Montana a pioneer history and achievements in commerce and enterprise and government alike honorable and glorious. Among the pioneers of this stamp none has achieved greater success or distinction than Senator William A. Clark. The material benefits which the state has derived from his energy, enterprise, and ability, cannot be better presented or illustrated than by the recital of the story of his busy and eventful career.

William Andrews Clark, pioneer, miner, merchant, banker, and United States senator, was born on a farm near Connellsville, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of January, 1839. His parents were John and Mary (Andrews) Clark, both natives of that county. His grandfather, whose name was also John, was a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, who emigrated to this country and settled in Pennsylvania soon after the Revolutionary War. The latter was married to Miss Reed of Chester county, Pennsylvania, who was of Irish parentage. Mr. Clark's maternal grandparents were also from County Tyrone, Ireland, and settled in western Pennsylvania about the beginning of the last century. They were William and Sarah Andrews. Mrs. Andrews' maiden name was Kithcart, and she was a descendant of the Cathcart family, who were originally Huguenots, the name having been changed to Kithcart through an error made by a registrar in the transfer of a tract of land. The Cathcart family emigrated from France into Scotland at an early period, and later moved to the north of Ireland. Subsequently they emigrated to the United States, and different branches of the family settled in New York and Pennsylvania. Mr. Clark's parents were married in Pennsylvania, and continued to reside there until 1856, when they moved to Van Buren county, Iowa, where his father died in 1873. In his religious affilia-

tions he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he served as an elder for forty years prior to his death.

Senator Clark's father being a farmer, the former's boyhood days were spent on the homestead, where he enjoyed the advantages of three months' winter schooling and nine months of such farm work as the boy could turn his hand to. At the age of fourteen he entered Laurel Hill Academy, where he prepared for college and acquired a good English education. After the removal of his father to Iowa, William assisted the first year in improving and tilling the new prairie farm and taught school the succeeding winter. He attended an academy in Birmingham one term and then afterwards entered Iowa Wesleyan University at Mt. Pleasant, and later became a disciple of Blackstone. He prosecuted his legal studies for two years but did not afterwards engage in the profession ; so that the broad and masterful career of a man of affairs in the Western world was not cut short by his installment in the lawyer's office.

Young Clark now started toward the setting sun. In 1859–60 he was teaching school in Missouri. In 1862 he crossed the great plain, driving a team to the South Park and Colorado and that winter worked in the quartz mines in Central City, gaining knowledge and enterprise that afterward served him to good purpose and perhaps in no small degree helped to shape his destiny as the future "quartz king" of Montana.

In 1863 the news of the gold discoveries at Bannock reached Colorado and Mr. Clark was among the first to start for this new El Dorado. After sixty-five days traveling with an ox team he arrived at Bannock just in time to join a stampede to Horse Prairie. Here he secured a claim, which he worked during this and the following season, clearing up a net profit of $1500 the first summer. This formed the basis of his future operations in Montana and the beginning of the immense fortune he has since accumulated.

In the ensuing five years Mr. Clark's career was one of push and enterprise characteristic of the man. Instead of working in the "placers" he took advantage of the opportunities offered for trade and business and in less than half a decade was at the head of one of the largest wholesale mercantile establishments in the territory, built up from the

smallest beginnings. His first venture was to bring in a load of provision from Salt Lake City in the winter of 1863–4, which he at once sold at amazing profits. The next winter this experiment was repeated on a larger scale and Virginia City was his market. In the spring of 1865 he opened a general merchandise store at Blackfoot City, then a new and hustling mining camp. In the fall of the same year he sold his stock and, being apprised that tobacco was a scarce article in the mining camps, went on horseback to Boisé City, Idaho, where he purchased several thousand pounds at a cost of $1.50 a pound. Securing a team he drove to Helena with his precious cargo, closing it out at $5.00 and $6.00 a pound to ready purchasers. In February, 1866, Mr. Clark joined a stampede to Elk Creek, where he established another store and sold goods to the miners during the season. He closed out in the fall and took a trip to the Pacific coast, going as far as San Francisco, and making a goodly portion of the journey on horseback. He then returned to Montana with a stock of goods which he had selected to meet the wants of the miners and which he disposed of at large profits.

In October, 1866, Mr. Clark went East by way of Fort Benton and the "Mackinaw route," being thirty-five days in making the voyage from Fort Benton to Sioux City. After visiting the principal cities of the Union, including a sojourn in the South, he returned to Montana the following year. We next hear of him as a mail carrier on the Star route between Missoula and Walla Walla, a distance of four hundred miles, where his energy and administrative qualities had ample scope to display themselves; but he made a success of mail carrying and staging, as he did of every other undertaking. His next move was in the direction of a wider sphere of business activity.

In the autumn of 1868, Mr. Clark made a trip to New York city and there formed a co-partnership with Mr. R. W. Donnell for the purpose of engaging in a wholesale mercantile and banking business in Montana — a connection that resulted in one of the strongest business firms of that period in the territory. They shipped in a large stock of general merchandise over the Missouri river in the spring of 1869 and established an extensive wholesale business at Helena. In 1870 the business was transferred to Deer Lodge and consolidated

with that of Mr. Donnell on the west side city. At this time Mr. S. E. Larabie was admitted into the business and the firm of Donnell, Clark & Larabie entered upon a successful career. The mercantile branch of the business was shortly closed out and they then gave exclusive attention to banking, first at Deer Lodge, and at a later date at both that place and Butte City. In May, 1884, Messrs. Clark and Larabie purchased the interests of Mr. Donnell in their Montana business and subsequently Mr. Clark and his brother James Ross Clark came into full ownership of the Butte bank. The banking house of W. A. Clark & Brother of Butte City, Montana, has since that time grown into one of the strongest banking institutions of the West.

But it is in mining investments and in the operations of vast ore mills and smelters for the treatment of base ores that Mr. Clark has made the great financial success of his life, and contributed so largely to the development and prosperity of his state. No other single individual has played so conspicuous a part in this direction. In 1877, Mr. Clark first began to give attention to the quartz prospects of Butte, purchasing in this year in whole or in part the original Colusa, Mountain Chief, Gambetta, and other mines, nearly all of which proved afterward to be fabulously rich.

In order to fit himself for a successful mining career Mr. Clark spent the winter of 1872-3 at the School of Mines, Columbia College, taking a course in practical assaying and analysis, with a general outline of mineralogy, where he gained a knowledge that afterwards served him excellent part in his extensive mining, milling, and smelting operations.

The first stamp mill of Butte, "The Old Dexter," was finished in 1876 through the financial help of Mr. Clark. The first smelter of consequence in the same city was erected by a company organized by him. This was the Colorado and Montana Company, which still continues as one of the leading enterprises of the "copper city." Mr. Clark is one of the principal stockholders and vice-president of the company. In 1880 he organized the Moulton Company, which at once proceeded to the erection of the Moulton Mill and the development of the mine. The company built a complete, dry-crushing and chloridizing, forty-stamp mill, sunk a three compart-

ment shaft 800 feet, put in modern pumping and hoisting works and thoroughly explored the property at the cost of about $500,000. This mine has been in successful operation ever since. Even through the period of financial depression, when nearly every other silver mine in the West closed down, the stamps of the Moulton never ceased to drop. Mr. Clark, in connection with his brother James Ross, is also the owner of the Butte Reduction Works, and the Colusa Parrot, and several other copper and silver mines in connection therewith. Besides his interests in these companies he has large individual holdings in the mines of Butte, many of which are in successful operation, affording employment to a small army of men. He also owns valuable mining properties in Idaho and Arizona. The United Verde Copper Company's property in Arizona owned by him is one of the mining wonders of the world. It is probably the richest and most extensive of all the mines, not excepting the Anaconda, Mountain View, or any of the big properties of Butte. Mr. Clark completed and equipped a railroad to the United Verde mine, connecting with the Santa Fé system, which is a marvel of engineering and, considering its length, which is 26 miles, it is one of the most expensive east of the Mississippi river. He has built immense smelting and refining plants at this mine and the future output from it will probably only be limited by the demands of the world's markets.

Mr. Clark established the first water system in Butte and also the first electric light plant. He is the owner of the Butte *Miner*, one of the leading daily papers of the city, and also president and principal owner of the cable and electric railways of that city, and largely interested in many other industrial enterprises besides the mining and smelting of ores. No man gives closer attention to his extensive business affairs than does Mr. Clark, and consequently he is one of the busiest men imaginable. As illustrative of his characteristics in this respect the following incident is related: —

Several years ago a Washington man visited Montana with a letter of introduction to Mr. Clark. He found the millionaire seated in a plain, poorly furnished office working as if his life depended upon it. He was pleasant enough — for politeness is an invariable rule with him — but it could be

plainly seen that he had no time to devote to unimportant matters. Noting this, Mr. X—— retired, not, however, before he had received an invitation to return in an hour and lunch with him. The meal was of the plainest description and hurriedly disposed of. Again there was no time for unnecessary talk, but Mr. X—— managed to make the senator consent to meet him the following morning.

"What time will you come around?" asked Mr. Clark.

"Any time that will suit you," responded Mr. X——.

"Seven o'clock then," responded Mr. Clark, explaining the earliness of the hour by saying, "I am rather of an early riser. It is a habit I have got into. I do not ask my employees to get around any earlier than I do myself. I am always at my office at seven o'clock every morning when I am in town."

Subsequently Mr. X—— ascertained that the office hours of the senator were from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., with a brief interval of half an hour in the middle of the day for refreshments.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Clark's time is always in demand in connection with his vast business interests, still he has always taken time to respond to any call of public duty either from his state or his party and the services rendered have invariably been of the highest order. Whatever he does, he does well. Taking a deep interest in public and political affairs he has prepared himself by study and observation to fulfill the highest functions of citizenship. During the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, Governor Potts appointed him State Orator to represent Montana, and his oration on that occasion was a brilliant effort and did good service in making known the wonderful resources of his state. In 1884 he was elected a delegate from Silver Bow county to the first constitutional convention of Montana and was chosen president of that body. In this position he won new laurels as presiding officer and showed himself a master of parliamentary law and tactics. In the same year he was commissioned by President Arthur to act as one of the commissioners of the World's Industrial and Cotton Exhibition at New Orleans, where he spent several months in the interests of Montana.

In 1888 Mr. Clark received the Democratic nomination for delegate to Congress and made a brilliant canvass of the

territory, but his defeat was compassed by reason of treachery within the party camp. When Montana was admitted to the Union in 1889 and a second constitutional convention was necessary he was again elected a member of that body and, as before, was chosen its presiding officer. Upon the first Legislative assembly, which convened in Helena in January, 1890, devolved the duty of electing two United States senators. The political muddle growing out of Precinct No. 34 troubles resulted in the organization of two Houses of representatives and of the election of two sets of United States senators. The Democrats elected Mr. Clark and Mr. Maginnis, and the Republicans Mr. Sanders and Mr. T. C. Power. Mr. Clark received the unanimous vote of his party in caucus and in joint session, the claims of which were presented to the United States Senate and as that body was largely Republican at the time the issue did not remain long in doubt. Messrs. Sanders and Power were declared elected; but Mr. Clark received from his party in the state the highest honor within its gift and is as proud of it as if he had enjoyed the full fruition of what he regards as a just and legal election.

Again a senator was to be elected to succeed Colonel Sanders by the Legislature that convened in Helena in January, 1893. In this body the Populists with three members held the balance of power. Mr. Clark again received a Democratic caucus nomination but a small contingent of Democrats under the avowed leadership of Mr. Marcus Daly refused to go into the caucus or abide by the decision of the majority. As a consequence the contest was protracted through the entire session of sixty days and the gavel fell the last joint session with no election as United States senator.

It was a memorable contest in which party and factional strife ran high. On the last ballot and one or two preceding ones, Mr. Clark lacked but two votes of election, receiving the support of one Populist and several Republicans in addition to that of the faithful band of twenty-six Democrats that stood true to him from start to finish. Mr. Clark headed the delegation to the Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892 and was justly recognized by the administration in the distribution of federal patronage in the state.

In reference to his entire public life it may be safely said that no man in Montana has been more highly honored by

his party or has more readily deserved the confidence and leadership, with one accord, awarded to him. At all times and under all circumstances he has been faithful to his party, as constant and as true-fixed as the North star.

In 1894 the permanent seat of government of Montana was located. In 1892 the first capital contest, in which several towns were entered, resulted in leaving Helena and Anaconda in the field as the only candidates which could lay claim to the suffrage of the people. Helena was the temporary capital. Anaconda being the Anaconda Company's candidate had an immense financial backing and enjoyed the advantage of a powerful political alliance. For a time it seemed that this town, owned and controlled by one corporation, would win the day. People who feared the consequences of such an outcome were without leadership on which they could lean with confidence. Helena forces were without organization. At this juncture, Mr. Clark, whose home is within plain view of the Anaconda mines, in Butte, and who was, therefore, surrounded by the strongest Anaconda influences in the state, cast aside all personal and political ambitions and entered the fight for the people. From the day that he made his decision known through the columns of his newspaper, the Butte *Miner*, until election day, he was the recognized leader of the Helena forces. Not only did he contribute liberally of his time and means but he took the stump and addressed the people in the principal cities of the state, making a powerful and eloquent appeal to their pride and patriotism.

Never in the history of this or any other state was a battle more intense or exciting. Never did the people more keenly feel that their rights and liberty were at stake and never did a citizen receive a greater or more spontaneous ovation than that which Mr. Clark enjoyed, when, after having unquestionably snatched victory from defeat, the people of that state gathered in thousands at Helena to do him honor. The citizens bore him on their shoulders from his train, placed him in the carriage, and then detached the horses, took their places at the poles and triumphantly hauled it to the city as a victor's chariot. It was a battle never to be forgotten and the unprecedented expressions of gratitude which were showered upon Mr. Clark form a climax of triumph such as

rarely crowns the efforts of any American citizen. It was a victory which easily gives Mr. Clark rank as the first citizen of his state and one of the most commanding figures of the West.

In 1895, the Legislature was largely Republican, but a few Democrats who were in the House and Senate again made Mr. Clark their nominee for the United States Senate. In 1898-9 the Democrats again secured control of the state by a large majority and Mr. Clark was the chief figure in the contest. This was much embittered by the war waged against him by Marcus Daly, of the Anaconda Copper Company, of which Mr. Daly was president and general manager. The Daly forces, by combining with a man by the name of Conrad, secured control of the House of Representatives and elected the speaker, a pronounced Daly man. Prior to the meeting of the Legislature the Anaconda *Standard*, Daly's personal organ, made a bitter fight against Mr. Clark, predicting that bribery would be resorted to to secure his election, and making the broad statement that any member of the Legislature who voted for Mr. Clark would be branded as a bribe-taker upon the day appointed by law to vote for United States senator. A resolution was introduced into the House of Representatives charging that bribery had been resorted to in order to secure the election of Mr. Clark, suggesting that a committee be appointed to investigate these charges. The speaker appointed a committee all of whom were avowed enemies of Mr. Clark.

A resolution was also introduced into the Senate which named a committee from that body, all of whom were opposed to Mr. Clark. The committee held several secret sessions and when the hour arrived to vote, a man, by the name of Whiteside, appeared at the bar of the House exhibiting $30,000 which he claimed that he and others had received for agreeing to support Mr. Clark for the United States Senate. Immediately following this incident Mr. Clark branded it as a conspiracy and demanded a rigid investigation by the local authorities. The judge of the district court ordered a grand jury impaneled, which consumed upwards of two weeks in investigating the charges preferred by Mr. Daly and his friends, and finally reported that there was no foundation for the charges made nor evidence to be had sustaining them.

In the meantime the vote for senator continued. Each day Mr. Clark gained votes, and immediately upon the adjournment of the grand jury, he received fifty-five votes, seven more than the required number to elect.

On the eventful morning of the day of election the Republican members, of whom there were sixteen all told, in both Houses, held a secret caucus to determine whom they should support that day for senator. Previous to this they had cast their vote for different candidates for the high office day by day, and out of the sixteen, twelve agreed to and did support Mr. Clark, insuring his election. Later, the twelve Republicans who voted for Mr. Clark assigned as their reason for doing so, in effect, that Mr. Daly and the Anaconda Copper Company had dominated the politics of the state of Montana too long, that their growing power and arrogant methods had become a menace to all political parties, and that the interests of the state would be best subserved by the election of Mr. Clark and the defeat of the Daly faction. It has developed that the very large majority of the people of the state of Montana, regardless of politics, acquiesce in and are rejoiced at the election of Mr. Clark, and are entirely satisfied with the result of the great contest.

The subsequent continuation of this contest in the United States Senate and its outcome, as well as the triumphal vindication of Senator Clark by the Legislature of his state in 1901, has now become a part of our contemporary history. That the conspiracy itself was the result of ignoble motives, as it was groundless in point of legal evidence, cannot at this date be denied ; and far from besmirching the personal integrity and reputation of Mr. Clark, the apparent insincerity of the whole course of proceedings have only tended to put him in a place of higher regard and public esteem.

In March, 1869, Mr. Clark was married to Kate L. Stauffer of Connellsville, Pa. Almost immediately the couple started for their distant home in the mountains, where they resided at Helena, later at Deer Lodge and still later in Butte City. In 1879 Mr. Clark took his family to Paris, where they remained three years, all of them, including himself, having acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language. He then sent them to Dresden, Germany, for two years to acquire a knowledge of the German language. During these years,

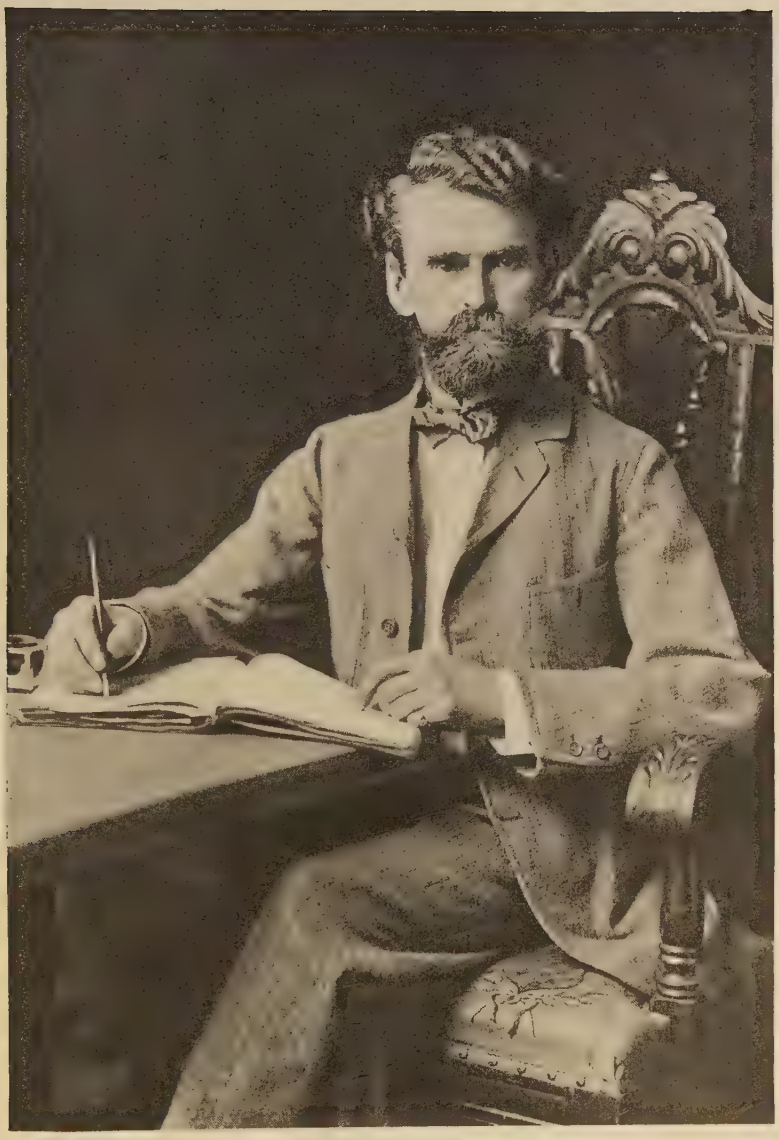
Mr. Clark spent the winters in Europe and he and Mrs. Clark and the eldest children traveled extensively through the Continent and in parts of Asia and Africa. In late years, besides their beautiful home in Butte, they have maintained a residence in the fashionable district of New York city, where a portion of each year is spent. Mr. Clark's home in New York is one of the most notable in that city of splendid palaces and has been furnished and decorated with rare specimens of art, to the collection of which he has devoted much time and a large amount of money. His art collection is one of the utmost value and embraces works by Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, Zeim, Casin, Delacroix, Fortuny, L'Hermite, and La Font. Personally Mr. Clark impresses one as a man of extensive and varied culture. He is a lover of literature and patron of art, while in point of attainment as a public speaker and an administrator he has shown eminent capabilities.

This sketch of Mr. Clark is necessarily general in character; to go into the interesting details of his life, of the struggles of his early manhood, successes of later days, would require a volume in itself and one that would not be lacking in intense interest. Enough has been submitted, however, to prove that he is entitled to a place in the first ranks of the brave, determined, energetic, and self-made men of the West who have builded a new empire in the last quarter of a century.

Mr. Clark is yet in the prime of life and is pushing on to greater and grander achievements. Though a man of large wealth, he is still the same warm and steadfast friend, the same genial companion as in the years of his tensest struggles and greatest difficulties. He has accumulated riches without arrogance, a rare case indeed. Above all, he is a good citizen, public spirited and patriotic, proud of his state and of the greatest mining camp on earth, which is indebted in so large a measure to him for its present prosperity.

METHOD.

"ORDER is heaven's first law," it is said; also, "Method consists in the right choice of means to an end." Here is a distinction, though the two words cover the line of thought we wish to express.



SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK.

We select "method" because it is the term used in speaking of all kinds of business. "Without method, little can be done to any good purpose."

We say of one person, referring to business, he is methodical or systematic; of another, he is orderly, meaning what the proverb does, "A place for everything and everything in its place." This is the ground our subject covers, including, perhaps, the thought embraced in another maxim, "A time for everything and everything in its time."

The benefits of method are dispatch, larger achievements, better quality, and greater ease and comfort in work. There is attraction, even beauty, also, in a business that moves, like the works of a clock, without friction. The systematic division of time and labor in our day, in all great manufactories, is to secure large and quicker results, as well as better goods. In an armory, thirty men, each producing his particular part of the musket, will make more and better muskets in a given time. In a store where each employee knows his time, place, and work, and is true thereto, more is done, and better done, and done at less cost, than can be possible otherwise. In the home where time and labor are adjusted with reference to the best results, the orderly housewife, rising at an appointed time, regular as the sun, doing her work as methodically as the state department is run, more is accomplished, all is better done, and that home is more attractive. In the schoolroom, the pupil who yields cheerfully to the method of the teacher, observing the precise time for studying this, that, and the other lesson, with books, papers, slate, pencil, and other helps arranged in order on his or her desk, will do far better work, and contribute more to the success of the school, than the pupil who is restive under rigid method, and whose desk is suggestive of chaos.

Method has industry, punctuality, observation, perseverance, self-control, and other indispensable virtues in its train. It cannot exist without them, and carries them along up into manhood and womanhood to bless the whole life. Method in early life assures method in later life.

John Kitto, a poor boy who lost his hearing by an accident, had so great a thirst for knowledge that a benevolent gentleman took him out of the poorhouse and sent him to school. His strong desire to make the most of his time and opportu-

nities led him into very methodical ways. After a little, he wrote to his benefactor that he had reduced his labors to a system, so that he might be able to tell where he was and what he was doing at any time of the day or week, at the same time sending to his benefactor a copy of the following diagram. The spaces in the original diagram were distinguished by the colors of which here only the names are given.

	Morn.	A. M.	P. M.	Evening	Night
Sunday	Red, 1	Brown, 2	Brown	Brown	Pink, 3
Monday	Yellow, 4	Yellow	Pink	Pink	Pink
Tuesday	Red	Yellow	Pink	Pink	Pink
Wednesday	Green, 5	Yellow	Green	Green	Pink
Thursday	Yellow	Yellow	Pink	Pink	Pink
Friday	Red	Yellow	Blue, 6	Blue	Pink
Saturday	Red	Scarlet, 7	Red	Red	Pink

1. Optional. 2. Writing to Mr. Woolcombe. 3. Reading. 4. Grammar. 5. Writing to Mr. Harvey. 6. Extracting. 7. Church.

He added: "Those portions of time which I have used optionally, will be occupied in reading, writing, or walking, as circumstances may dictate or permit. I shall spend all the time I possibly can in the library rather than at my lodgings; but when not at the library, I shall be at Mr. Barnard's, unless I take a walk during one of the optional periods."

With this diagram and explanation, Mr. Harvey could tell where his protégé was at any given time, and what he was doing. Indeed, he might have regulated his watch by this rigid method.

Kitto carried this method into the exhausting labors of manhood, when he prepared his "Bible Illustrations," and other great works. He claimed that it would have been impossible for him to have produced these works without systematic labor. He was such a thorough believer in method to assure dispatch that, in manhood, he required his daughter to clean his study by the following rules: —

1. Make one pile of religious books.
2. Another of books not religious.
3. Another of letters.

4. Another of written papers other than that of letters.
5. Another of printed papers.
6. Put these piles upon the floor.
7. The table being now clear, dust and scour it.

The celebrated Nathaniel Emmons claimed that he could not work at all, unless order reigned about him. For more than fifty years the same chairs stood in the same places in his study, his hat hung on the same hook, the shovel stood on the north side of the open fireplace, and the tongs on the south side. During all these years he sat in the same chair to write his sermons, and the chair occupied the same place ; he wore a hole through the floor where he sat, so that a new floor for that spot was necessary. One of his students of theology, who resided in the family, says of his orderly habits : —

" One day I was sitting by the fire with him, when a brand fell upon the hearth. I arose and put the brand in its place, but put the tongs on the north side of the fireplace. The doctor immediately removed the tongs to the south side, but said nothing. In a few minutes another brand fell, which I replaced with the tongs, then setting the tongs again on the north side with the shovel. The doctor arose again and changed the tongs from the north to the south side. Soon the brand fell a third time, and, as the doctor's movements appeared to me very singular, I determined to find out what they meant. Having adjusted the brands, therefore, I placed the tongs designedly along with the shovel on the north. The doctor arose, put the tongs in their place on the south side, and said : —

" ' My young friend, as you are going to stay with me, I wish to tell you now that I keep the shovel on the north side of my fire and the tongs on the south.' "

Students, like business men, can accomplish much more by a methodical way of doing than could be possible otherwise.

Cecil, who was a prodigious worker, said : —

" Method is like packing things in a box ; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one."

That quaint old divine, Fuller, was wont to advise : " Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders."

Noah Webster never could have prepared his dictionary in thirty-six years, unless the most exacting method had come to the rescue. That saved him from ten to twenty years and a vast amount of anxiety and trouble.

The biographer of Gideon Lee says of him: "He was so systematic that he kept all accounts posted up to each night, and all correspondence answered, so that up to the evening preceding his last illness everything was in its place. Without this system and regularity, he could not have accomplished a tithe of his projects." It was equally true of Amos Lawrence in keeping his business accounts; and he gave as a reason for his method, "I may not be here to-morrow."

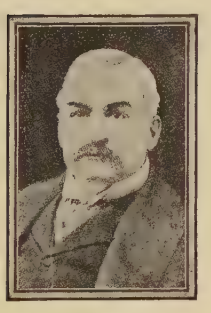
The Bible says, "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." That certainly includes human plans; and there is no way of adjusting one's life to this fact of Providence except by method.

CHAPTER XXVII.

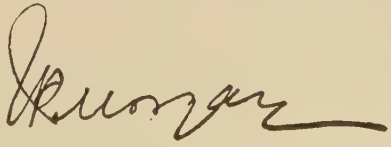
JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

ON AIDS TO SUCCESS — BIRTHPLACE — DESCENDED FROM AN OLD AMERICAN FAMILY — HOW EDUCATED — BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER AS A BANKER — INHERITED ADVANTAGES — J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY — WHAT MR. MORGAN DOES — SECRET OF HIS POWER IN FINANCIAL CIRCLES — AN INCESSANT WORKER — PERSONAL APPEARANCE — METHOD OF TRANSACTING BUSINESS — HIS WONDERFUL KNOWLEDGE OF MEN — REORGANIZER AND CONSTRUCTER — HIS NOTEWORTHY ACHIEVEMENTS ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT — ART COLLECTOR — HIS FONDNESS FOR YACHTING — GIFTS TO PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS — CHARACTERISTICS. HOW GREAT THINGS ARE DONE.

No general formula for the successful accomplishment of all things by all persons can, in my judgment, be made. Men differ; so do conditions.



In all large permanent successes, however, certain elements are plainly discernible. Foremost among these I should place honesty of purpose, energy, confident judgment, knowledge of men and values, and the ability to construct and harmonize. But above and beyond these is the man himself — a force that oftentimes outweighs any mere catalogue of qualifications. Energy may fail, judgment may fail, or any other of the special qualities referred to may fail, but the *man* himself comes to the rescue.



A FEW months ago an American citizen without title or office landed in England, and so apprehensive was Threadneedle street of his power in the financial world, and of the effect which his sudden death might have

on the markets, that certain brokers, to protect themselves in their American investments, immediately took the extraordinary measure of applying to Lloyd's for insurance on his life, paying premiums at the rate of thirty pounds on the thousand for three months.

This citizen was J. Pierpont Morgan, who had just organized the most powerful industrial and financial institution the world has ever known. It matters not whether he was a large owner in the United States Steel Corporation; as its recognized and actual dictator he controlled a yearly income and expenditure nearly as great as that of imperial Germany, paid taxes on a debt greater than that of many of the lesser nations of Europe, and, by employing two hundred and fifty thousand men, supported a population of over one million souls, almost a nation in itself. Iron and steel making has long been known as the basic industry. England's greatness and Germany's recent progress were due largely to their ability to produce iron and steel cheaply and in large quantities. Mr. Morgan, as ironmaster, controlling the world's greatest and cheapest sources of iron supply, threatened the trade and profits of England and Germany, both of which had already felt the sharp tooth of American competition. It is no wonder, therefore, that he was regarded at the moment as the American peril incarnate.

While in England Mr. Morgan bought — whether for himself or for American clients, it matters not — one of the greatest of English steamship companies, the Leyland line, operating thirty-eight vessels between Europe and America. This move, following so closely upon the organization of the Steel Trust, was interpreted at first as a blow to England's supremacy on the seas. It was natural and inevitable that Europe should anxiously inquire as to the further intentions of this man, to whom the purchase of a great steamship line seemed only the incident of a holiday.

About the same time still another episode brought into high relief Mr. Morgan's power. A panic occurred in the London Stock Exchange, resulting from the great financial struggle between Mr. Morgan and certain opposing interests for the control of the Northern Pacific Railway. A number of English traders must have faced ruin, with serious subsequent effects to the whole market, if Mr. Morgan had not stepped in

and relieved the situation by accepting small payments from the distressed traders where he might have exacted his pound of flesh.

No one could follow the accounts of his doings in England, and of the deep concern which his presence caused, without realizing the meaning of power. Mr. Morgan, no doubt, controls and influences more money and money interests to-day than any other man in the world. Perhaps no one, not even Mr. Morgan himself, fully realizes the responsibility and gravity of that power. Certain it is that the death to-day of Mr. Morgan would disturb more capital and shake more settled business institutions than the death of almost any sovereign in Europe.

If Mr. Morgan were merely rich, he would not be worth thoughtful attention except as a social problem, but his own riches constitute the least of his claims to distinction. Nowadays a rich man has little more opportunity to reach a commanding place in the world than a poor man, and often his riches hamper his advancement. Native force and genius, sustained with hard work, govern progress among men of wealth as in any other class. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Morgan was practically unknown even in Wall street, and he could hardly be called wealthy as wealth is now measured. By deep thinking and hard work he has reached at the age of sixty-four years, the foremost place in American finance. He is the most advanced expression of a new world movement, that of "community of interest," of consolidation ; he saw that great combinations were to constitute the next step in the development of industry and commerce, and he took early advantage of his sagacity.

Mr. Morgan, therefore, is to be considered not as a millionaire, but as a man of original force. Whether or not he has used his unquestioned genius to the highest purpose, whether or not he deserves all the credit or all the abuse that he has received, are questions the future alone will be able to answer.

Americans of great wealth may be divided into two classes : those who are self-made and those who inherit their riches. The self-made millionaire, although by no means unknown in old Europe, is peculiarly an American product, and there is no story which bites more keenly on our popular

imagination than that of the poor farmer lad — never a plain "boy"— who hoed potatoes at twenty-five cents a day, and grew to be worth twenty-five millions. To this class belong such men as Huntington, Armour, the first Astor, the first Vanderbilt, Peter Cooper, Jay Gould, Hill, and Pullman. They have all been bold, active, fearless men, sometimes rough and unpolished, sometimes unprincipled, always forceful and original. To their sons and successors these men left their money, but rarely their force and daring. Passiveness, polish, and conservatism naturally succeed creative activity, and the later Astors, Vanderbilts, and Goulds have been conservators rather than creators. J. Pierpont Morgan possesses the somewhat rare distinction, in America, of belonging to both of these classes. Born to considerable wealth, surrounded in his youth by evidences of culture, and carefully educated, he could have led a life of leisure if it had so pleased him. It was of his own motion that he chose a business career.

It is a significant fact that much of the great wealth of our country belongs to men who sprung from very old American families. The Morgan family dates back to 1636, when Miles Morgan, first of the name, landed on the soil of New England, and became one of the company which founded the town of Springfield, Massachusetts. Joseph Morgan, grandfather of J. Pierpont, was a farmer and tavern-keeper in Hartford, Connecticut, with a Revolutionary War record. Joseph left his son Junius Spencer, the present Morgan's father, a good property on what is now Asylum Hill, Hartford. Junius Spencer, full of energy and business acumen, was a bank clerk while hardly more than a boy, then a partner in the dry goods business with Levi P. Morton (afterwards Vice-President of the United States), and later an associate of the millionaire philanthropist, George Peabody. He made money rapidly, established a successful banking house in London, with branches in America and Australia, and laid the foundation upon which his son rose to preëminence. At the age of twenty-three he married Juliet Pierpont, the daughter of the Rev. John Pierpont, poet and preacher, an original thinker, and a combative reformer, though not particularly endowed with practical wisdom. Pierpont was the author of the ringing old poem beginning: —

"Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves."

Mr. Morgan was born April 17, 1837, in Hartford, Connecticut, where he continued to live until he was fourteen years old, attending a neighboring country school for several years. In 1851 his father moved to Boston, and J. Pierpont became a student in the famous English High School, graduating at the age of eighteen. He is described as being a boy of sturdiness and independence, not talkative, taking small part in the social side of his school life and not at all distinguished in his studies, except possibly in mathematics. At one time in his youth, an old friend of the family told me, young Morgan had a decided inclination toward poetry writing. For two years after he left Boston he was a student at the University of Göttingen, Germany. At the age of twenty-one he embarked on his career as a banker, receiving his first experience with the house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York city.

One of the most complicated departments of banking is that of foreign exchange; it is also the department which has had the greatest growth in America in recent years. Through his father's world-wide connections, as well as in his own business relationships, Mr. Morgan attained a thorough knowledge of every intricacy of the foreign business. He acquired a mastery of the delicate relationships between the business transactions of nation and nation and he saw the world's credit system in its broader aspects. Many an able banker is limited by the lack of such a breadth of view, the possession of which must have counted high in many of Mr. Morgan's achievements. It is significant of the elder Morgan's idea of a banker's education that he appointed his son, J. Pierpont, to a position in the foreign exchange department of the bank at the very beginning of his career, and when he had mastered the American end of the business he was sent to London.

All who knew Mr. Morgan in early life agree that from the very beginning he exhibited the cardinal feature of his character, the capacity for pursuing his own way without advice, and that, independent of his father, he worked with him rather as man with man than as son with father. In 1860, at the age of twenty-three, he became the American agent for George Peabody & Company, of London, and with that firm his experience began in the handling of large funds, and he acquired familiarity with the risks and responsibilities of great

business transactions. At the age of twenty-seven he helped organize the firm of Dabney, Morgan & Company, and seven years later, in 1871, he formed a combination with the wealthy Drexels of Philadelphia, the firm being known as Drexel, Morgan & Company. In 1895 Drexel, Morgan & Company became J. P. Morgan & Company, and, Mr. Morgan's father having died in 1890, the London house of J. S. Morgan & Company, and the Paris branch of Morgan, Harjes & Company, with all their connections the world over, fell under the sole dictatorship of J. P. Morgan, and to-day J. P. Morgan is the supreme director of all this great financial machine.

Significant of the changing centers of the world's money power is the fact that J. S. Morgan, the father, directed his banks from London, while J. Pierpont Morgan, the son, directs the larger system from New York. It was characteristic also that Morgan should have finally dominated every man and every firm with whom he came in contact; he must, by nature, be absolute dictator or nothing. It is for this reason, no doubt, that his house has remained a private bank — a private bank giving larger scope and freedom of action than a national bank, or any institution limited by fixed rules and subject to the divided mind of a board of directors. J. P. Morgan & Company is not a corporation. It is a partnership. There are many partners — in all eleven besides Mr. Morgan — and most of them men of the first rank, though wholly under the influence of the vital personality of the senior member.

Comparatively few people possess any very clear conception of what Mr. Morgan is or does in Wall street. He is vaguely compared with Mr. Keene, who is a speculator; with Jay Gould, who was a wrecker; with Hill and Harriman, who are strictly railroad men; with the Astors, who are primarily real-estate owners; with Carnegie, who was an ironmaster. But Mr. Morgan's business is purely that of a banker — a worker with money. As such he acts as an agent for rich clients in the investment of money; he loans, borrows, transmits money abroad, issues letters of credit, and buys and sells securities which are the evidences of money. The extensive foreign connections of J. P. Morgan & Company enable the firm to do a large business in foreign exchange. The interchange of merchandise commodities between the United States and the

rest of the world now amounts to the vast sum of seventy-seven million dollars for every business day of the year. The banker who issues the drafts or the credits makes a profit on every dollar conveyed. J. P. Morgan & Company transact a large share of this business.

Mr. Morgan is not a practical railroad man, nor a steel manufacturer, nor a coal dealer, although he is interested in all these things, because he is constantly buying and selling railroad and steel and coal stocks. Sometimes for some specific purpose he buys so much of a railroad company's stock that he and his clients practically own the railroad, and he takes a strong position in directing its policy. Not long ago I heard an apparently intelligent speaker who conveyed the impression that Morgan bought a railroad out of his surplus cash as a farmer buys a cow. Nothing could be farther from the truth. While Mr. Morgan must make use of his own large means, it no doubt forms but a small part in his vast deals. The essence of successful banking is connections, otherwise, friends. While coveting large earnings capital is proverbially shrinking and timid, fearing to strike out boldly for itself, and yet ever ready to trust itself with confidence to the leader whose skill, foresight, and cautious daring have been steadily fruitful of success. Such a money-master is J. Pierpont Morgan. The millionaire Peabody trusted him first, then the Drexels with their vast fortunes, then the Vanderbilts, for whom he made a profitable sale of bonds early in his career. All through these years he has thus built up an army of powerful connections, not only in America, but in England, France, and Germany, so that more and more millions of capital follow the dictates of his judgment.

A number of men in Wall street who knew Mr. Morgan and his methods intimately — and some were his friends and some his enemies — were asked how he attained the leading position in the world of finance. The answers were: "He does exactly as he agrees to do." "He keeps his word." "He is an honest man." And one said: "He is a gentleman in his business dealings." It is plain that Mr. Morgan would not have the handling of such important interests unless men of money trusted him. But a leader must not only be honest; he must justify his leadership by success. The value of his judgment must be vindicated in good times and bad, else his

splendid following will surely fall apart. His followers must continue to regard him as strong and wise. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Morgan has been working doggedly at his profession for forty-four years, and that his prestige and pre-eminence are of no sudden growth. With these facts in mind it is plain why Mr. Morgan's life is now so precious to the markets. When he drops out there is a possibility that some of the warring interests which he now holds together with an iron hand, as he holds the rival coal railroads of Pennsylvania, for example, may clash; the aggregation of capital which he now leads to swift successes may be unable to find at once another master in whose judgment it reposes such confidence, and it may begin to withdraw from the great activities to which Mr. Morgan has spurred it, and withdrawal of capital means stringency and falling prices.

Besides his own private banking house here and its branches abroad, Mr. Morgan largely controls a powerful national bank in New York city — the National Bank of Commerce, of which he is the vice-president. It is known in Wall street as "Morgan's Bank." He is a dominating influence in other banks and financial institutions and a director never without much influence in twenty-one railroad companies, great and small, including the New York Central and Lake Shore systems. He is a director in the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Pullman Palace Car Company, the Ætna Fire Insurance Company, the General Electric Company, the greatest electric company in the world, and in other less important corporations. And through his partners, who are directors in other railroad and steel corporations, his influence reaches far and wide. He is a potent, and in times of trouble the controlling, factor in several of what are known as the "coal roads" of Pennsylvania — the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, the Central of New Jersey, and the Reading, together with their tributary coal fields. He is the predominating influence in the Southern railway and in three of its connections, the foremost railroad system of the Southern states, with over eight thousand miles of track, a system which he has created, and of which an associate and friend is president. He is also a power in many other railroads, as witness his recent appointment of the directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and his evident influence through J. J. Hill in the

Burlington and Great Northern management. And, as I have already said, he is at present practically dictator of the vast steel interests of the country, through the United States Steel Corporation, and he controls at least one Atlantic steamship line.

It is impossible, of course, for any outsider to know Mr. Morgan's exact influence in any one of these vast business concerns. It may be set down for a fact that if Mr. Morgan's interests reach into any corporation even slightly, and Mr. Morgan chooses to dictate, his word is going a long way. "Why," exclaimed a somewhat enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Morgan's, "if he owned one share in a railroad company and wanted to boss, he'd boss." Indeed, he has something to do with so many widely diverse interests, that he occasionally finds one of his companies fighting another, as when, the other day, the General Electric Company began suit against the Lorain Steel Company, one of the components of the Steel Trust. If anything dim and big in the way of business is impending in Wall street, brokers tell with bated breath that Mr. Morgan, or, as it is usually expressed, "The old man," is behind it. He is the bogy of the street. Indeed, it is amusing to behold in what awe Mr. Morgan is everywhere held. Every one who speaks of him or about him must first be assured that the disclosures will go no further, as if he were committing a sort of treason.

And Mr. Morgan himself sits in his office and works prodigiously, apparently paying no attention to what is said about him, whether good or evil. Mr. Morgan's office occupies the first floor of a large, somewhat old-fashioned building, standing at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, New York city, the financial center of our country and of the world. On one side in Wall street rises grimly the columned portals of the United States Sub-Treasury building, with George Washington standing in bronze dignity in front. On the other side, in Broad street, facing Mr. Morgan's window, the new Stock Exchange is building. Within a radius of a quarter of a mile are gathered some of the richest banks in America, and the office whence most of the great railroad and other corporations of the country are controlled. Uncounted millions of dollars' worth of business — American, European, Australian, Chinese, African — is there transacted every hour. But in

the crook of the steps of Mr. Morgan's office a man makes a good living selling lemonade and chewing gum, and he looks contented, too.

To Mr. Morgan's office come railroad presidents, bank presidents, and the heads of great corporations, to consult with him, and once the Secretary of the United States Treasury came to seek his aid in preserving the solvency of the United States Government. He rarely goes to them ; they all come to him. Until recently any man might walk up to his desk, which stands in plain view from the outer office, without the formality of presenting a card ; but while approachable, it would be an intrepid man indeed who would call upon him without definite business in hand.

Mr. Morgan impresses one as a large man, thick of chest, with a big head set close down on burly shoulders, features large, an extraordinarily prominent nose, keen gray eyes, deep set under heavy brows, a high, fine forehead, a square, bulldog chin. His hair is iron-gray and thin, and his mustache is close cropped. For a man of his age and size he seems unusually active, moving about with almost nervous alertness. He is a man of few words, always sharply and shortly spoken. When a man comes to him Mr. Morgan looks at him keenly, waiting for him to speak first, and his decision follows quickly.

A young broker, who had never met Mr. Morgan before, went to him not long ago to borrow nearly a million dollars for a client. He told Mr. Morgan what he wanted in half a dozen words, and handed him the list of securities to be deposited as collateral. Mr. Morgan looked sharply at his visitor, "looked at me as if he saw clear through me," as the broker expressed it, then glanced swiftly down the list. "I 'll take the loan," he said, and passed the borrower on to one of his partners. That was all. The whole transaction, involving a loan larger than the yearly business of many a small bank, had not taken a minute and a half, and Mr. Morgan's side of the conversation had consumed not more than a dozen words.

Mr. Morgan knows to the last degree the psychology of meeting and dealing with men. The man who sits in his office, a citadel of silence and reserve force, and makes his visitor uncover his batteries is impregnable. That is Mr.

Morgan's way — the way he dealt with a certain owner of coal lands in Pennsylvania who knew that Mr. Morgan must have his property, and so had come down prepared to exact a good price, to "thresh it out with Morgan." Mr. Morgan kept him waiting a long time, and then he came out bulky, cold, impressive, looked the coal man in the eye, and only broke the silence to say, "I 'll give you $——— for your property." And there the bargain was closed. His way is to deal brusquely in ultimatums; he says: "I 'll do this," or, "I 'll do that," and that settles it.

All who know say that Mr. Morgan does not ask advice, not even of his partners, and that when he makes up his mind nothing short of a cataclysm will divert him. No doubt his confidence in himself inspires confidence in others. He may make and must have made mistakes, but he goes tramping forward as though nothing had happened, and even his partners may be more than half convinced that nothing has happened or else that it is all a skillful feint in some unsuspected manœuver.

Mr. Morgan has the surety of judgment and the broadness of mind which enable him to work with large numbers of men — a strong man with eyes on a clearly defined though distant purpose, which he alone perceives, marching ruthlessly forward until his goal is reached. It was Bismarck's way. We may not like such men, and the cries of those who are trampled upon may ring ugly in our ears, but this is the method of the men who accomplish things.

Without what has been so well called the "leaping mind," Mr. Morgan never could have accomplished what he has. Mr. Morgan does not spend many hours at his office, and when he is there he rarely remains long at one desk. A man who was long associated with him told me how he "leaped" through his correspondence, how he was often complete master of a proposition before the explanations were half finished, and the lawyers who drew up the papers for the Steel Corporation could hardly keep pace with his swiftly enunciated plans. Indeed, Mr. Morgan is given credit in Wall street, not so much for his skill in organizing the Steel Trust as he is for the speed with which the enormous task was accomplished. On December 12, 1900, he attended a dinner given at the University Club by J. Edward Simmons, of the Fourth National Bank.

Charles M. Schwab was there and gave an illuminative address on the steel and iron industry. Mr. Morgan, though already a dominant factor in three steel combinations, had never before met Mr. Schwab, but he was so impressed with his address, that he conceived the idea of a gigantic combination of the steel interests in America. Three months later the largest corporation in the world was organized, with Mr. Schwab as its president, and the stock was on sale.

As yet no account has been given except incidentally, of what Mr. Morgan has actually done to make him a great figure in finance. There is not space here to mention even briefly half of the great money maneuvers which he has planned and carried to success. First of all it is evident that Mr. Morgan has never been a wrecker, like Jay Gould ; he has always been an up-builder, or a creator. Most of his achievements have had for their object the saving of money waste. Economy in production, economy in management, economy in interest charges, are what he has always sought. That is why he never misses an opportunity to strike a blow at competition in whatever form it may appear. Rival companies compete and lose money ; Mr. Morgan steps in and combines them, thus saving not only the losses due to the competition, but economizing also in administrative expenses. In times of great excitement in Wall street, when panic and loss threatened the entire country, Mr. Morgan has been the first to come to the rescue with his money and credit, knowing that panic and uncertainty are among the most fruitful sources of loss to capital. In the panic of December, 1899, for instance, when call money reached one hundred and eighty-six per cent., Mr. Morgan at once poured several million dollars into the market, and instantly quieted the panic. For many years he has acted as a sort of balance-wheel to the country's finance, wielding his immense power and credit so as to steady the market when panic threatened.

Mr. Morgan has been such a reorganizer and reconstructer of bankrupt corporations, especially railroad companies, that Wall street has come to call the process re-Morganizing. He acts, sometimes, as a sort of expert financial doctor, called in to treat financial illness for a few — and he knows as well how to charge as the best specialist in surgery. At other times he buys up a railroad, as a second-hand furniture dealer buys

a dilapidated settee, refurbishes it with new upholstery, stiffens the legs, polishes up the varnish, and sells it for new at a big profit. One might also liken Mr. Morgan to a shrewd retail merchant, for he knows so well how to make his goods attractive that, when he places a fine new line of stocks and bonds in his window, they are recognized as the latest fashion, and find a ready market.

But this reorganizing is a tremendously difficult business. For instance, in 1893, Mr. Morgan's firm took hold of what was then the Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse System, a loose, confused combination of some thirty jealous companies, all involved in bankruptcy, with some two hundred and fifty million dollars in securities outstanding. It required months merely to learn the nature of the business, and then Mr. Morgan took up the almost hopeless task of getting the consent of all the warring interests to his plan of reorganization. He had to persuade, frighten, or force crowds of creditors to bow to his will, besides providing the vast sums of money necessary to buy up claims and to support the railroad while the work of reorganization was going forward. It is impossible to give more than a hint of the complications involved in such an achievement; in this case there were not fewer than twenty-six foreclosures. And at the last, in this as in every reorganization, Mr. Morgan was confronted with the great task of convincing the public that the new company could so operate the railroad, which had gone bankrupt before, that it would pay a profit, else the stocks and bonds would not sell. To-day the Southern Railway, which sprung from this feat of reorganization, is one of the best railroads in the country, doing a large part of the transportation business of the Southern states. In a similar manner Morgan's firm reorganized the West Shore Railroad in 1885, and sold it to the New York Central, thereby stopping the fierce competition which was injuring both roads; the Reading Railroad in 1886, the Chesapeake and Ohio in 1888, the Erie Railroad in 1895, the Lehigh Valley Railroad in 1897. As far back as 1880 Mr. Morgan's firm furnished the money, forty million dollars, which enabled the Northern Pacific Railroad to build to the Pacific coast, and in 1887 it saved the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from insolvency by forming a syndicate to provide that company with ten million dollars.

However, many of Mr. Morgan's reorganizations are criticised in Wall street for being slow in paying profits, and he is accused in some quarters of over-capitalizing his corporations, basing the stock issue on the most favorable and promising aspects of the business, rather than on an average accomplishment. Many Wall street men assert that the new Steel Corporation has thus been over-capitalized, and that it can never earn the expected dividends on so large a capital. This view, however, is as strenuously combated in other quarters.

Mr. Morgan's most noteworthy achievements have been the part he played at least three times in relieving the United States Government from serious financial embarrassment. As early as 1876, Drexel, Morgan & Company were the chief instruments in furnishing the cash for refunding the government debt, and placing the United States once more on a gold basis after the years of stress and paper money following the Civil War. The part that J. P. Morgan & Company played in 1895, when, after the panic of 1893, gold began to flow out of the country until it threatened the stability of the treasury, is familiar history. At that time Morgan and Belmont, with other bankers whom they had interested, agreed to buy two hundred million dollars' worth of government bonds, to pay for them in gold, and to prevent gold, as nearly as possible, from leaving the country. It was one of the greatest financial undertakings ever attempted. In effect it placed all the credit of the private money interest of the country behind the government, and it saved the day. For this service J. P. Morgan & Company and associates exacted very large pay, and when roundly abused for it by the public and in Congress, they answered that their profits were not large considering the magnitude and risk of the undertaking. In the threatened panic of the next year, 1896, Mr. Morgan offered again to provide gold for the government, but when the people demanded a popular loan, he immediately wrote to President Cleveland pledging him his support.

In 1899 J. P. Morgan & Company took the lead in a significant departure in American finance. Until then London was the world money center, and the United States had, therefore, been a borrower, not a lender. But in 1899 Mr. Morgan's firm financed the first foreign loan ever negotiated here. With the assistance of its connections in Europe the entire foreign

debt of Mexico, amounting to one hundred and ten million dollars, was converted. In 1900 the firm took the lead in helping to supply Great Britain with war money, placing twelve million dollars of bonds in this country, and since then it has taken part of several other foreign loans.

These are only a few of the achievements of Mr. Morgan and his firm. A history of J. P. Morgan & Company for the last six years would constitute a fairly complete history of Wall street, and, indeed, of finance in the United States.

Business by no means absorbs all of Mr. Morgan's energy. Perhaps his first interest outside of his work is his enthusiasm as a collector of works of art. He is the possessor of many famous paintings and is interested in rare china, Limoges ware particularly. As evidences of his taste he has gathered and presented a collection of fabrics to Cooper Union, of rare gems to the American Museum of Natural History, of Greek ornaments to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yachting is his diversion, and he superintended the building of his steam yacht *Corsair* in every detail. For a long time he was commodore of the New York Yacht Club, to which he recently presented the land for a new club house. After a hard siege at business Mr. Morgan goes for a cruise, and it is related that he often takes with him a mass of papers, and that when his friends look for him he is to be found below deck buried deep in figures, utterly oblivious to his surroundings. Fond of a fine dinner, a connoisseur in wines, and a judge of cigars, he is temperate in all these. Caring little for society, he occasionally enjoys a quiet party, and may warm into talkativeness, though never on business subjects. Anyone who has seen him at the dinners of the New England Society knows that he enjoys them. There he will sometimes join in the singing, but it is very rarely that he makes a speech. None of his few intimate friends are among his business associates. The outward mark of esteem which Mr. Morgan bestows upon a man is to present him with a collie dog from the kennels of his country home. A member of many clubs, he is too busy to be much of a club man, but he has always been a churchgoer, and what is more, a church worker, being a vestryman of St. George's Church in Stuyvesant square, and the unfailing friend and helper of its rector, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford. He has taken especial inter-

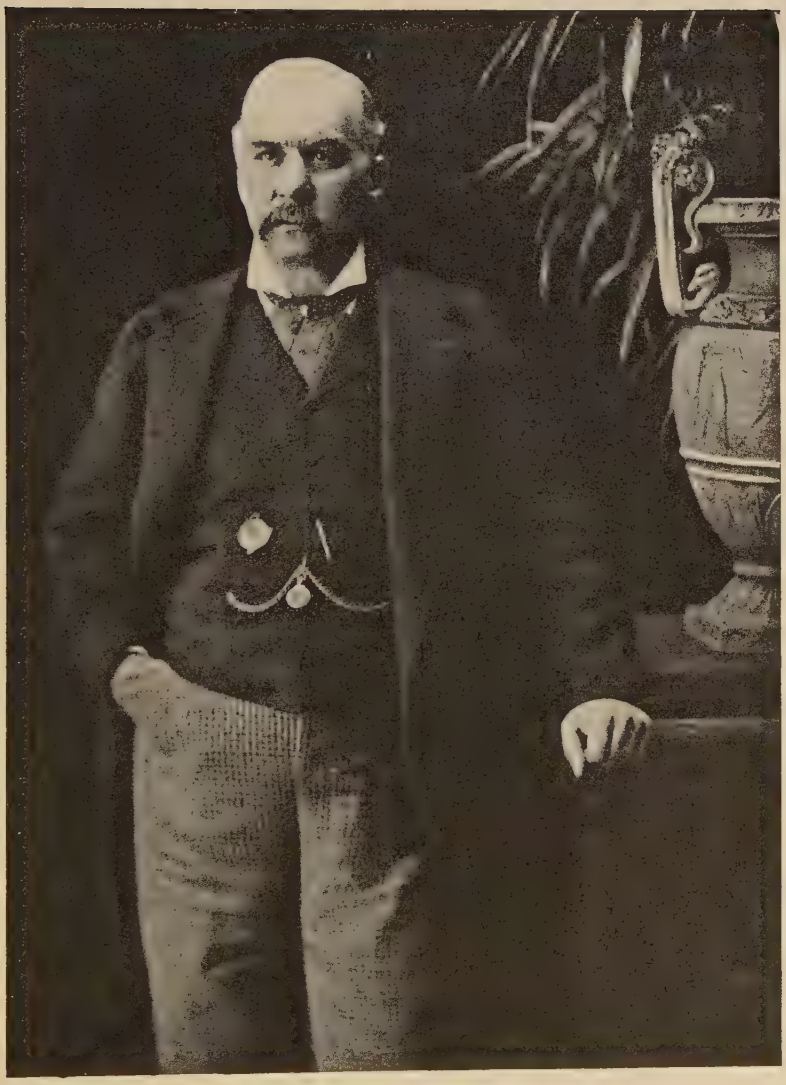
est in the boys of the church, has helped devise means to keep them off the street and to teach them trades, and sometimes he attends the evening sessions of their club and talks to them. Two of his known philanthropies have been the establishment, at a cost of over five hundred thousand dollars, of the now well known New York Trade School in the upper east side of New York, and the founding of a smaller trade school in connection with St. George's Church.

Mr. Morgan has also given to Harvard University for the Medical School one million dollars; for a great lying-in hospital near St. George's Church, one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; for St. John's Cathedral, five hundred thousand dollars; for help toward paying the debts of the Young Men's Christian Association, one hundred thousand dollars; for the Loomis Hospital for Consumptives, some five hundred thousand dollars; for a library in Holyoke, Massachusetts (his father's birthplace), one hundred thousand dollars; for preserving the Palisades along the Hudson river, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; for a new parish house and rectory for St. George's Church, three hundred thousand dollars. He also contributed largely to the Queen Victoria memorial fund and to the Galveston relief fund; he presented St. Paul's Cathedral in London with a complete electric plant, and built a hospital at Aix-les-Bains, France.

And this is J. Pierpont Morgan, a powerful factor in one of the greatest departments of human activity, a man endowed with extraordinary energy and capacity, who has trampled forward in his own rough way, asking neither sympathy nor advice; who has been widely trusted and feared, little liked and much abused; who has attained great wealth, which he neither needed nor desired, except as a tool to carve a way to greater achievements; who has worked prodigiously — in short, a man who has lived his life and fought his fight to the limit of his power.

HOW GREAT THINGS ARE DONE.

A CERTAIN French preacher, whenever he appears in the pulpit of Notre Dame, draws all the élite of Paris to hear him; so fascinating, eloquent, and polished are his discourses. How comes he to acquire this power? He



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

delivers but five or six sermons in the year, generally in the season of Lent, and then retires to his convent, to spend the rest of the year in reading and study, and in preparing his half dozen sermons for the next season.

A preacher may compose fifty sermons in the year; but then there will not be a masterpiece among them. Dr. Wayland took two years to compose his famous sermon on foreign missions; but then it is a masterpiece, worth a ton of ordinary sermons. An eminent lawyer who, without any uncommon oratorical gifts, won nearly every case in which he was engaged, upon being asked how he did it, replied: "I learn all that can be learned of each case before it comes into court."

After dictating an argument to Boswell, who was preparing to speak before a committee of the House of Commons, Dr. Johnson said very wisely to him: "This you must enlarge on, when speaking to the committee. You must not argue there as if you were arguing in the schools; close reasoning will not fix their attention; you must say the same thing over and over again in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it, in a moment of inattention. It is unjust, sir, to censure lawyers for multiplying words when they argue; it is often necessary for them to multiply words."

Perhaps the success of the great lawyers is largely owing to the same practice as that of the great preachers. The great aim of the latter is to make their point clear, and impress it on the minds of their hearers by every means in their power. "All great preachers," says Professor Tucker, "succeed by ceaseless reiteration, under constantly varying forms, of a few conceptions that have become supreme in their experience."

If one should be asked to give an example of a man of genius who, from want of steady application to work, failed to produce what might reasonably be expected of him, he would probably be at a loss, for a moment, which among many examples to choose. The name of Coleridge would probably come first to mind; but disease and opium had much to do with his sad inactivity. He was a man of uncommon genius; everything he has written bears the stamp of genius; but his will — aye, that had nothing of the character of genius in it; his will was wretchedly weak, and this was the cause of all his trouble. He planned many things, but accomplished few. He would

seldom even attempt to perform what he planned; yet in planning he was inexhaustible—boundless projects with very little performance. He was not, however, lacking in the will to talk, and his famous talks at Highgate had their effect on the crowds of young men who flocked to hear him, many of whom subsequently attained distinction. How often it thus happens that a man of the finest intellectual qualities has some fatal defect in his character which ruins him!

Perhaps no better example can be cited than that of a contemporary of his, Sir James Mackintosh, a man of brilliant talents, famous for one or two splendid speeches, one or two finished essays, and one or two masterly philosophic dissertations. How came this man to produce so little? The answer is given in his own words, merely premising that in his youth he had been allowed to do as he pleased, and had acquired an indolent habit of straying aimlessly from one subject to another. "No subsequent circumstance," he says, "could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry which the indulgence and irregularity of my school life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life." Sir James lived till near threescore and ten; and yet, though a man of rare gifts, with a profound knowledge of art and literature, philosophy and politics, he left little more than a few "precious fragments," which simply prove what he might have done, had he possessed that "invaluable habit," the want of which he so touchingly deplores.

A dozen such examples might be given, but it is not necessary; it has already been shown that the finest genius in the world has done what it has done mainly by industry and patient thought: and the fact now only remains to be emphasized that no habit is so valuable, no love of anything in the world so precious, as the love of labor, of constantly and regularly producing something useful. Not only does it conduce to success in life, but it is the purifier of character, the producer of sane thoughts and of a sweet, wholesome, contented life. For "success is no success at all if it makes not a happy mind." A diligent workman, let him be ever so ignorant, is a far better man than the most cultivated idler. This is something that is never considered by those fathers and mothers who want their sons to be bank clerks and Wall

street merchants. Such positions, with little to do and much to get, are the very express roads to perdition. The one great mistake that General Grant made was getting in among the Wall street sharks.

No man who values his character, no man who values the true welfare of his children, should engage or cause his children to engage in a business whose main object is to *make* money, not to *earn* it; to grow rich without labor; to rise on the ruin of others, and to steep the senses in the enjoyment of material wealth. "Wealth," says some one, "can never be conjured out of the crucible of political or commercial gambling. It must be hewed out of the forest, dug out of the earth, blasted out of the mine, pounded out on the anvil, wrought out of the machine shop, or worked out of the loom." That is why Austria is such a wretchedly poor, bankrupt country; one of its chief sources of revenue (and chief corruptions of the people) is its state lotteries, by which, though nothing is produced, everybody expects to get rich.

"Of all the work that produces results," says the Bishop of Exeter, "*nine tenths must be drudgery.*" There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, that can be done by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that he is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed in any walk of life without a good deal of what in ordinary English is called pluck.

"Ah!" said a brave painter to Mr. Emerson, "if a man has failed, you will find he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success in our art but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad, all day and every day."

This is the secret of the success of the Germans in this country; they are never afraid of drudgery; they will study and learn anything to succeed. While French merchants, for instance, never think of learning any language but their own, the Germans learn, when required, nearly every language of Europe. When the French do business with any foreign country, they write to that country in the language of France; but the Germans write in the language of the country with which they trade. The young merchants of Germany learn

their business so thoroughly well that they get into superior positions wherever they go. After a four years' course in a commercial school, they serve three years longer in business houses without pay. The Germans strive, in fact, after thorough equipment in all the professions. There are no quacks or halflings in Germany. Such people are not tolerated. The leading merchants of France have found this out by experience. When the writer was in Paris, in 1862, he found that most of the responsible positions in mercantile houses were filled by young Germans. For a young Frenchman has five hundred thoughts on *amour* for one on any other subject.

When the Parisians, at the outbreak of the late Franco-Prussian war, lost their heads and banished the Germans from their city, they sent away their most skillful workmen in all those fine and fancy articles for which they had become famous; and, after the war, the Parisians found that most of their trade had gone with the workmen to Vienna. They had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The law of progress is by gradual steps. A great invention is usually the result of the labors of three or four men living at different periods; and had not the first done his part, the second would not have done his, nor the third completed it. Galvani gave the first intimation of the science which bears his name, galvanism; Volta showed that it was a source of power of incalculable importance; and Humphry Davy, from the application of the galvanic energy to the composition and decomposition of various chemical substances, showed that the power called chemical affinity is identical with that called electricity, thus creating a new science called electro-chemistry; and thence he proceeded, in the same line of experiments, until he made his grand invention, the Safety Lamp. Torricelli invented the barometer; but he had no idea of the various uses to which it was to be applied. It was Pascal who showed that it might be used for measuring the height of any place to which it could be carried; and it was, I think, Priestley, who showed its various uses in physical and mechanical researches. Napoleon sent Jacquard to study the models of machines in the Paris Museum of Inventions, and Jacquard found there the model of a machine which gave him the idea for constructing his wonderful carpet pattern-weaving loom. The Marquis of

Worcester made, in 1655, a machine which, by the expansive power of steam, raised water to the height of forty feet; then Thomas Newcomen, an ingenious mechanic, constructed, about half a century later, a kind of steam and atmospheric engine, which was used for working pumps; and a half century after this, James Watt, while still working as a mathematical instrument maker, hit upon the ingenious expedient, the missing link, which practically made the steam engine what it is, the greatest invention ever made. Thus the great inventors and discoverers had predecessors who indicated or attempted something such as they achieved; thus they were, as Dr. Hodge calls them, a succession of great bridge builders — men who spanned the chasm between the beginning and the ending of great inventions and discoveries.

The same is doubtless true of the great creators in literature and art. There were epic poets, no doubt, before Homer, just as there were dramatists before Shakespeare; and certainly neither Homer nor Shakespeare could have achieved anything such as they did achieve, had they had no predecessors. We know, in fact, that Shakespeare first essayed his marvelous power of dramatic composition by retouching and reviving old plays — literary corpses into which he breathed the breath of life — and I have no doubt that Homer did some inferior work before he rose to the Iliad. We do not know that the Iliad and the Odyssey *are* the greatest epics of antiquity; we know only that they are the greatest that have come down to us.

Thus it is that the studies and labors of one man help on the studies and labors of another; thus it is that thoughts produce thoughts; inventions produce inventions; poems produce poems; pictures produce pictures; laws produce laws; and thus the arts and the sciences are carried forward, link after link, by one mind after another, till the chain be complete. "No man," says Garfield, "can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes from a thousand minds; this acts upon him and makes the speech." Think of that, young man, when you are reading Burke's or Webster's masterpieces of oratory; think of that, young woman, when you are reading Walter Scott's or George Eliot's masterpieces of fiction. You may not make such speeches or write such stories · but they have their influence

upon you ; you carry away something from them ; and they will help you to make good speeches or to write good stories of your own. Any other kind you should never attempt to make or to write. "A man who writes well," says Montesquieu, "writes not as others write, but as he himself writes ; it is often in speaking badly that he speaks well." Chatham's speeches, for instance, consisted of a series of rugged, broken sentences ; but they were his own, full of significance, characteristic, and true, and they carried ten times as much weight as the smooth, fluent, and well-worded speeches of his opponents.

A brawny-armed quarryman strikes forty blows with a big hammer on a huge block of granite, all apparently in vain. "If you can't break that block in ten blows," remarked a bystander, "you can't do it in a hundred." "Oh, yes," said he, "every blow tells." This is a good illustration of all successful work. It may not be apparent, but every conversation, every speech, every sermon, every story, every experience in life, *tells* in making up the man. And when a man, in some supreme moment, produces, without any apparent effort, and without any previous preparation, a masterpiece of oratory, a grand blaze of eloquence like Chatham's answer to Lord Suffolk, or Webster's reply to Hayne, it is simply the outcome of years of study and reflection, the product of a mind stored with the wit and wisdom of past ages, and trained to successful effort in the moment of necessity. "What though the fire bursts forth at length," says Dr. Dewey, "like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force ? It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud ? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

ON HOW TO SUCCEED — DATE AND PLACE OF HIS BIRTH — PARENTAGE — A COUNTRY BOY — AT SCHOOL — EARLY INDUSTRY — "EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL" — SECRETARY OF Y. M. C. A. — BEGINS HIS MERCANTILE CAREER — STEADY EXPANSION OF HIS BUSINESS — NEW YORK STORE — IN POLITICS — POSTMASTER GENERAL UNDER HARRISON — AS A CITIZEN — HIS RELIGIOUS WORK — OTHER ENTERPRISES — KEYNOTE OF HIS SUCCESS — AS AN EXEMPLAR. HOW TO FAIL.

It is an undeniable fact that the boy in the country possesses advantages not open to the youth growing up in our great cities. The lad whose introduction to the busy world about him occurs amid rural surroundings, finds his horizon not limited by the countless structures of God's goodness to man as exemplified in his works through bounteous nature. The country boy has abundant evidence that, among the honored men of the nation, many have had the advantages of a youth spent amid the green fields and pleasant surroundings of a country life.

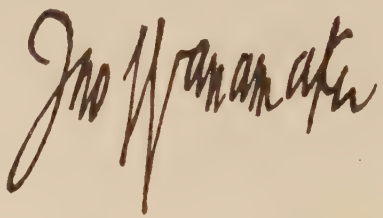


The many benefits of a health-giving atmosphere and wholesome food are advantages the country boy possesses in excess of the boy in the city. Combined with these, regular hours of sleep and rest serve to perpetuate the "sound mind in a sound body," so necessary for those who would attain the highest measure of usefulness in this busy world.

Free from the temptations which beset the city youth on every side, luring him on to dissipation and ruin, the country boy finds his joy and recreation in rational amusements, which leave no aftermath of regret. Thus he prepares the foundation of a vigorous constitution and good health on which to build his life.

I would say to the young fellows who have succeeded in opening the window that looks out into the world, that in

order to keep the shutters open and fastened back to the wall, the chief danger in almost every case, whether a professional or business life is chosen,—is debt.



JOHN WANAMAKER was born July 11, 1838, in a rural district in the southwestern section of the county (now city) of Philadelphia.

His grandfather was John Wanamaker of Hunterdon county, New Jersey, who, in 1815, removed to Dayton, Ohio, and shortly afterward to Kosciusko county, Indiana, where he died. He left three sons, one of whom, John Nelson Wanamaker, married Elizabeth D. Kochersperger, who was of Huguenot lineage.

John, the oldest of their seven children, was a country boy. The first money he ever earned was given him for turning bricks in his father's brickyard. His opportunities for education were exceedingly limited, as the public school system of instruction of those days was very defective. The boys were often detained after school hours to perform some unfinished task. It is said of John that when all the rest of the class had been dismissed, "he would keep the master in, being unwilling to leave until the knotty problem had been solved." He published a little paper entitled *Everybody's Journal*, in which he was greatly interested. In 1852 he obtained employment in a publishing house on Market street near Fifth at $1.25 per week. He soon found a better situation in the clothing store of Barclay Lippincott, where he received $1.50 per week. From there he went to Bennett's Tower Hall. Men who worked with him say he was bright, willing, accommodating, and very seldom out of temper. The people liked him, Mr. Bennett liked him, and when he began to sell clothing the customers liked him. He was considerate of their interests; he treated them in such a manner that when they came again, they would ask: "Where is John?"

An ambitious young man like John Wanamaker was not content to sell goods all his days for other people. He became the first paid Secretary of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association at a salary of $1,000 a year. He was very saving even while a boy, denying himself many a comfort, that he might take as much as possible of his pay to his mother at the end of the week. Colonel Bennett said of him: "John was certainly the most ambitious boy I ever saw. I used to take him to lunch with me and he would tell me how he was going to be a great merchant. He was greatly interested in the temperance cause and had not been with me long before he had persuaded most of the employees to join a temperance society. He was always organizing something; he seemed to be a natural born organizer." Up to the year 1861 he had laid by $1,900, when he began business with his friend Nathan Brown under the firm name of Wanamaker & Brown in a small store on the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets. The partners had a capital of only $3,500. The total amount of the sales of the first day (April 15, 1861) was $24.67; the business for the first year amounting to $24,367.

In November, 1868, Mr. Brown died, and in December a special sale was inaugurated, which was unprecedentedly successful, enabling Mr. Wanamaker to purchase his partner's interest, continuing the use of the firm name. In 1869 a store was added on Chestnut street, and soon afterwards a store on Market street above Sixth was purchased. Mr. Wanamaker prosecuted his business with energy and close application, not taking a single day's recreation until the summer of 1869. In 1870 he purchased the adjoining buildings at Sixth and Market streets; and, in June, 1871, altered into one large establishment what had until then given room for no less than forty-five tenants.

In 1875 Mr. Wanamaker purchased the Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot at Market and Thirteenth streets, which was used for several months during the fall and winter by the great evangelist, D. L. Moody. During the early days of the Centennial year the old depot was remodeled into a men's and boys' clothing store, and again enlarged in 1877, when, on the 12th of March of that year, dry goods, notions, and ladies' and misses' wear departments were added to the lines already established. Additions from time to time have been

made, until a floor space of fifteen acres is utilized under the one immense roof, exclusive of warerooms, stables, etc., covering equally as great an area.

Mr. A. T. Stewart once remarked to Mr. George W. Childs: "You have a great business man in your city. I refer to Mr. Wanamaker. He will be a greater merchant than I ever have been or ever will be."

September 26, 1896, New York read a new sign in front of the beautiful palace, Broadway and Ninth to Tenth streets — "John Wanamaker, successor to A. T. Stewart."

And now at the beginning of the new century this great business, managed and operated as one establishment, with one store in Philadelphia and the other in New York, gives employment to more than 10,000 persons, the sales of a single month occasionally reaching over a million dollars.

Mr. Wanamaker was for several years the President of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association, and it was during his presidency that the beautiful building at 15th and Chestnut streets was erected at a cost of nearly $500,000, one hundred thousand dollars of which was contributed by himself.

In 1865 he took an active part in the great Sanitary Fair held in Logan square for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers of the Civil War. He was a member of the Christian Commission, which did such splendid service during the war. He was a member of the Citizens' Relief Committee and assisted in raising funds for the yellow fever sufferers in the South. He rendered efficient service at the time of the Irish famine, also later on assisting in securing help for the Ohio and Mississippi flood sufferers and acting as chairman of committee for the relief of several towns that had been visited by fire. Mr. Wanamaker held a responsible position on the Finance Committee of the great Centennial Exposition in 1876, and gave considerable attention to the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the landing of William Penn.

In 1882 he was offered the Republican nomination for congressman at large, but declined it, and in 1886 he declined to be an independent candidate for mayor. He was very active in the Presidential campaign of 1888, and served as an elector, devoting much time and energy to the Republican National Executive Committee, of which he was a member.

Mr. Wanamaker's interest in politics was always keen, but

his view was from the standpoint of the citizen whose duty it was to work for the good of the government. He is an "anti-machinist" in politics, and does not train well under the direction of bosses. And yet he has done an enormous amount of strenuous political duty in accord and co-operation with the regular Republican organization. If all citizens of our large cities would give the same personal attention to city affairs that Mr. Wanamaker has given to the affairs of Philadelphia, our towns would be better governed and our city scandals fewer. He gave a great amount of personal attention to the problem of a satisfactory water supply in Philadelphia. On one occasion he offered to purchase the gas plant of the city at a higher price than the city was about to accept for it, and not long ago he offered a large amount in excess of the price paid for the city's street railway franchise.

Mr. Harrison, on his election, recognized Mr. Wanamaker's ability and worth, and appointed him Postmaster General, which office he filled so effectively during all of Mr. Harrison's administration. He carried with him into his new sphere the business methods which brought him success in mercantile life and the nation reaped the benefit of his magnificent experience.

As Postmaster General he provided quicker transmission of the mails by pushing the railway companies to new achievements in rapid transportation. He established Sea Post Offices, whereby foreign mail is made up aboard ship and is ready for immediate transmission to inland cities on arrival at port.

Mr. Wanamaker has been no less active in his religious than in his secular work. During the great revival times of 1857 he labored diligently among the volunteer firemen, holding meetings in the engine and hose houses, which resulted in many hopeful conversions. He was an earnest worker in the long-to-be-remembered noon-day meeting held in Jayne's Hall in 1857 and 1858.

On the 14th of February, 1858, Mr. Wanamaker began the famous Bethany Mission Sabbath School in the rooms of a cobbler at 2135 South street, the attendance on that Sunday being two teachers and twenty-seven scholars. The increase in members soon demanded more room and a tent was set up on a vacant lot in the same block, which was replaced by a

substantial chapel in the fall of that year. In 1864 these quarters having become entirely too small for the growing school a fine stone structure was erected on the corner of Twenty-second and Bainbridge streets, which has been remodeled and enlarged from time to time until it now has a seating capacity of something over 3,000, and a roll of about 2,700 in the main and junior departments, with a Bible Union comprising a membership of 2,300 adults which assembles at the same hour, 2.30 o'clock, in the church auditorium.

During Mr. Wanamaker's administration of the Post Office Department he attended this Sabbath School punctually every Sunday (with very few exceptions) during his four years' incumbency, traveling over 60,000 miles for this purpose.

Mr. Wanamaker is president of the first penny savings bank, an institution incorporated under special laws of the state of Pennsylvania and organized July, 1888, in one of the rooms of the Bethany Sabbath School Hall by members of the Bible Union for the purpose of assisting the poor of the community to save something for a "rainy day," three and a half per cent. being allowed on deposits; the depositors numbering January 1, 1901, over 10,000 and the amount deposited being $328,000.

A flourishing night school (or "college"), for young people engaged in various occupations during the day, who have not had the opportunity of securing an education or have neglected the advantages of earlier youth, is now in course of successful progress.

Almost every good enterprise of a Christian character in Philadelphia in the past forty years has had Mr. Wanamaker's assistance. He has also been connected with a very large proportion of the worthy business enterprises. These relations have caused him to be better known to the people of the country generally than any other citizen of the Quaker City. His theory of life and business is well described in Peter Cooper's statement about himself made at the complimentary banquet given to him once in New York. Mr. Cooper said: "While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good. Hence I have been ready to engage in all new enter-



JOHN WANAMAKER.

prises and, without incurring debt, to risk the means which I have acquired in their promotion, provided they seemed to me calculated to advance the general good."

Mr. Wanamaker's terse telegram to the Bridgeton, N. J., Young Men's Christian Association Anniversary in response to its secretary's request for a brief sketch of his life, "Thinking, trying, toiling, and trusting in God is all of my biography," gives the keynote of all his wonderful success. As a merchant he has brought the people of all the world in closer touch with each other. As a philanthropist he has been a blessing, especially to the young men of many lands; as a Christian worker he has inspired thousands to lead consistent and beautiful lives. Mr. Wanamaker is not only a true citizen of a great nation, but he is a statesman and a patriot.

Then: —

> Closer bind the sympathetic cord
> 'Twixt man and man! The blessing of the Lord
> Ever rests on such as willing share
> With those who through affliction sadly fare.
> Wait then not the coffin lid to close
> O'er those we love when in their last repose;
> Garlands bring of flowers while life is warm,
> 'T will help our brother brave the fiercest storm.

HOW TO FAIL.

THERE is inborn in every man an earnest wish to succeed; to reach the goal at which he will find power and influence; to be honored by the world and looked up to by men. There are people in the world who fear assignment, business failure, more than they fear eternal perdition; who guard their dollars with infinitely more pains than they care for their souls.

Not long since, a well-known minister prepared a lecture on this subject, derived from the testimony of forty men of large successes. The evidence deduced is exceedingly valuable, and is herewith produced in connection with the commentaries made upon it for the benefit of every young man who is interested in the general subject of success. It will be evident that in a general line of argument the obverse of the general causes of success will prove to be the general causes

of failure. Every mainspring of success is a mainspring of failure when wound around the other way, but, in addition to that general line of argument, a large number of definite, clear-cut, undeniable reasons are set forth by these correspondents, telling with cogency and power just how a young man can start out in the world and make the least of himself.

These correspondents are not old ladies; they are not superannuated ministers; they are not dealing with social goody-goodies; they are not theoretical college professors more familiar with the silver question at Washington than with the silver dollars in their own pockets, but they are men who stand in the front rank of the men of action in the United States to-day; most of them are quoted with large figures in Bradstreet. It is not assumed that they may never make an assignment, for the Lord only knows what a day may bring forth; but they are not making assignments now, and even if some of them ever should it would in no wise vitiate the strength of their words, for they all have made at least one assured success in their lives — a success which the future can never gainsay.

The question propounded was: "What in your observation are the chief causes of the failure in the life of the business or professional men, barring, of course, periods of national and financial depression?" In the first place it may be well to give the collection of reasons that are assigned in brief. Many of the correspondents give reasons that are expressed in very few words. These have all been gathered together in one long list; some of them may be and doubtless are repetitions, in other words, of other statements, but they are put down just as they appeared in the replies of the men. As they are canvassed, look at them, as simply a list of symptoms of a socially sick man. So here are the causes of failure expressed briefly: —

Bad habits; bad judgment; bad luck; bad associates; carelessness of details; constant assuming of unjustifiable risks — desire to become rich too fast; drinking; dishonest dealings; dislike of retrenchment; dislike to say "No" at the proper time; disregard of the Golden Rule; drifting with the tide; expensive habits of life; extravagance; envy; failure to appreciate one's surroundings; failure to grasp one's opportunities; frequent changes from one business to another;

fooling away time in pursuit of the so-called good time; gambling; inattention; incompetent assistants; incompetency; indulgence; jealousy.

Then comes a long list of "lacks"; study them carefully.

Lack of attention to business; of application; of adaptation; of ambition; of business methods; of capital; of conservatism; of close attention to business; of confidence in self; of careful accounting; of careful observation; of definite purpose; of discipline in early life; of discernment of character; of enterprise; of energy; of economy; of faithfulness; of faith in one's calling; of industry; of integrity; of judgment; of knowledge of business requirements; of manly character; of natural ability; of perseverance; of pure principles; of proper courtesy toward people; of purpose; of promptness in meeting business engagements; of system.

Then, too, other reasons besides lack of things were mentioned; such as: —

Late hours; living beyond one's income; leaving too much to one's employees; neglect of details; no inborn love for one's calling; over-confidence in the stability of existing conditions; procrastination; speculative mania; selfishness; self-indulgence in small vices; studying ease rather than vigilance; social demoralization; thoughtless marriages; trusting your own work to others; undesirable location; unwillingness to pay the price of success; unwillingness to bear early privations; waste; yielding too easily to discouragement.

Young men, this is a highly significant list of reasons for failure; who is there among us who can look into this list and say, "I answer up to none of these things?" If there is such a one he is too perfect for earth; he "is not of the earth earthy." When we take up the great mass of testimony furnished by these forty correspondents in respect to reasons for failure, we not only find in this foregoing long list the specific reasons, but when we sit down to analyze and dissect this testimony we find that there are certain things which seem to weigh with special burden upon the hearts and minds of a great many of these correspondents.

A statesman, whose name is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, says, "Young men fail by reason of associations

which distract men's thoughts from what should be the main purpose of each particular life." The president of a prominent bank puts the same thing in different words when he says: "Too many irons in the fire,—the one-thing-I-do sort of a man is the one that surely gets there." A leading merchant puts the matter in this wise: "Taking up the business of which one knows nothing and changing from one business to another because of slight reverses." In almost identical words a man of great social prominence and wealth says: "In many cases I think failure comes from not sticking to one thing; too many changes are made."

It it easily observed from what these men tell us that concentration means collection into a central point; compression into a narrow space; it means a state of being brought to a point; when the divine Man tells us that we cannot serve God and mammon, he means concentration.

These are days of keen competition; days when "forty winks" may mean failure. Too many arrows in the quiver may mean the blunting of the edges of them all; too many irons in the fire may mean a cold side to every one of them. During business hours where are all your thoughts? There is only one business wherein they can afford to go wool-gathering and that is the wool business.

The best endeavors are killed by too much diversion of thought, trying to do one thing faithfully and yet thinking of another thing. It has been written that "a young man's personal letters have no right to come to his office address," and it may be added that a young man is treading dangerous territory who is afraid to have his mail delivered at any other place; but apart from this a man's business office is no proper place for social visiting. By it there will come weakness to the integrity of calm business thought. This is common sense; and a senator of the United States writes that "lack of common sense is far more disastrous than lack of book learning." The treasurer of one of the largest corporations in the country strikes a magnificent note when he says, "Failure often comes from the desire to become rich too fast," and a leading Eastern capitalist gives a significant commentary on this thought when he says, "Also the very ambitious man who risks too much, extends his time of credit too far, neglects to pay cash or at any rate to pay as first agreed." There are

some things that this will lead to as surely as day will lead to night; and one of them is speculation. Speculation is, simply, who is going to get the wool, you or the other fellow; it often happens that it is the other fellow.

It is not only a moral and spiritual virtue not to gamble; not to speculate; but it is a safe thing. Everybody knows this, but the trouble is that so many think that they will be the hundredth lucky fellow. The Athenians had their altar to the "Unknown God" and so has America. He is a treacherous deity to worship. Keep at it long enough and you will fail. You may be fond of indulging in "flyers," but many a man's "flyer" has had waxen wings that melt too soon and the thing becomes a "tumbler" instead.

Our country is flooded with schemes for quickly getting rich. How many things there are that promise to give a man riches for a few dollars! And the thing held out as a bait is a dividend at a large rate per cent. But they all like to be humbugged, especially if the bug is a gold one. A writer puts it very tersely when he says: "Note this; that no man will give you a dollar for fifty cents unless it is counterfeit. Gold mines never go begging for stockholders; nor anything else that is gold. A fine spring chicken on your plate is worth a whole flock of geese on the wing. Leave speculation to the man who can afford to lose money." But there are hundreds of young men who for years to come will have no temptation to speculate in railroad securities, Western mortgages, grain, cotton futures, or silver holes in the earth, for the simple reason that they will not have money enough for the manipulators to "let them in."

Many a young man tries to add to his income by the pool room, and there is no better way of coaxing failure to come and sit on your rooftree than to frequent the pool rooms of our great cities. Many young men and not a few professional men have lived blighted lives by frequenting the pool room. It is true, not much money is required; you are not obliged to be a millionaire to speculate in the pool room. Off somewhere a few fast horses will be trotting a race and the fast horses there mean fast men in the pool room; for fast horses make fast men, though it is a shame that they should. Nearly every prison cell has had an occupant who was brought there by trying to get rich too fast in the pool room.

If you want to surely fail, just stick to that sort of thing, just forget that little poem of James Whitcomb Riley, which runs like this :—

"WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

"Who bides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be,—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty — the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

"Who bides his time -- he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

"Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who bides his time."

We see a man who is in too much of a hurry to get rich, things come too slow for him; as some correspondent says, "They are unwilling to pay the price of success, which price is to bear early privation." So what next? The next natural step is failure; as one of our most prominent and upright judges says, "Ambition to show for greater force, moneyed or mental, whatever they actually have." In other words it is a case of the peacock's feathers in the jackdaw's tail. Many other correspondents speak of the same thing, living beyond one's means, or, as a prominent merchant puts it, "spreading out too much and spending more than one's income." Nothing under Heaven save a miracle can prevent this sort of

thing from ending in a total smash-up; to spend $2.00 when you only have $1.00 legitimately, means either a business credit that will some day be lost, or gambling to make up for things,or else downright theft and embezzlement.

Over-display is not only risky, but it is in bad taste. There are too many plush curtains downstairs, and corn husk mattresses upstairs, in this world of ours; too many dollars spent for club fees, and shillings for the laundry; too many men trying to pass for wise, who in reality are only half wise: over-display means under-concealment some day. It is far better to sail with ballast and center board than to leave them behind and crowd on too much sail; you may not go so fast, or cut so much of a dash, but you are more likely to get there dry.

A good many correspondents speak of drink as a prolific cause of failure. Some call it alcohol, some call it whisky, some rum,— but they all mean the same thing; they mean the occasional or the frequent befuddling of the brain with liquor.

We speak of this now, not as a moral issue, nor as a religious issue, but simply as a common sense issue, since successful men say that it leads to failure. One would be a fool to spend his time at any certain place if he knew that by remaining there long enough he would contract smallpox; he would be a fool to indulge in any sport that would in due time tend to make him blind or deaf. Why do young men who want to get on in the world fool with whisky? Why do they think they can dissipate one night and not fall under the average the next day? It is a rough but true saying that "a man cannot drink whisky and be in business."

Then, too, another great enemy of business success is so-called "society"; the society that thinks with its heels, and takes its nourishment out of a bottle. One hour of that thing at night breathes mildew over every three hours of work the next day; and those three hours are either squinting toward success or failure. Sleep is one of the most important ingredients in the prescription for success; "Sleep is only nature's banking system of principal and interest." Squander it unworthily, and every time you do, you lessen your bank deposit, and have less to draw on for success. Do you want a great lever in your hand for success? Then find it in a fresh and clear brain. Do you want to spike down a tie

across the rails for a smash-up? Then come to your daily work with an aching brain, a muddled judgment, and trembling nerves. It will only be a question of time.

Now let us turn again to our great budget of correspondence, to see what else our forty men had to say concerning the matter of failure.

A man who sat for a generation in the House of Representatives wrote that it often came "from an unwise or unfortunate confidence in others." A man is to be despised who goes through the world holding every man in suspicion; who thinks with the old cynic that "every man has his price." To trust nobody is to prove yourself eminently unworthy of trust; but a man does not need to be a simpleton in order to be trustful; we simply have to use our judgment. And a leading dry goods man remarks that failure often comes from poor judgment; from an inability to discern the character of others.

Some have spoken upon the matter of thrift; as a certain millionaire puts it: "Unwillingness to economize on the start, hoping that some fortunate turn in affairs will bring fortune and fame."

Others, realizing that this lesson may be over-learned, see a peculiar but a true reason for failure, as a certain prominent man puts it, "in a lack of ability to steer between the Scylla of spendthriftness and the Charybdis of miserliness." In other words, not to be too stingy or too generous.

This is a hard path to steer; no man is so despicable as the man who sponges; who gets all he can and yields up nothing; who saves and hoards, and says with the leech, "Give, give," but gives nothing himself. That man may not financially fail, but he will fail in every other way. And, after all, it is not all of life to "have."

But, on the other hand, there is the over-generous man; the kind man that will take the shirt off his back to give to the poor; but what is the use of it, after all, if he catches pneumonia by it and dies? There is the safe middle course, into which we all ought to try to steer.

Yet one correspondent seems to think that city boys are in no danger of steering upon the rock of miserliness. This gentleman, the proprietor of a large iron industry, says: "Much failure comes from non-attention to habits of saving,

habits that are usually of necessity instilled into the minds of boys brought up in the country; and from my experience," he says, "such habits are almost impossible to teach the city-bred boys."

Possibly that is put too strongly; there is a great deal of heroism in a fellow's being thrifty when he has to be, but there is more virtue in a fellow's being thrifty when he thinks it is best to be. Rusticity almost invariably enforces thrift; but in a city, a fellow can more often choose for himself whether he will be prodigal or miserly.

Don't let us think, however, that it is impossible to teach thrift to a city boy. Hundreds of young men are learning and practicing this lesson.

But there is one thing sure, and a leading capitalist hits the nail on the head when he says: "Men fail when they are not adapted to the work in which they are occupied. The truth is, every man should be called to his work, as was Paul; though comparatively few are called to the same work as was Paul." True enough; and yet there is a certain luxurious sound to that, is there not? As if all young men could wait around until just the thing for which they think themselves adapted turns up. Yet there is nothing more important to you than to try to find out the thing for which you are the best adapted. Find out the thing you can best do, and make that thing the order of your life.

But this may take some time; it may perhaps take you clean up to your majority; what then? Shall you be in the meantime idle, earning nothing, just hanging round living on your father, waiting for the revelation of an adaptation? By no means; work at something, study at something, redeem the time; be constantly reading along some given and instructive line, and in due time you will see a vision and hear a voice; and that vision and voice will guide you on, and there will be success rather than failure for you.

But the above presupposes some mental ability and shrewdness on the part of the young man; and we are reminded that a correspondent gives as one reason for failure, the fact of one's being "born without ability, or brain to acquire it."

It looks as though that were rather a polite definition of a fool; one born without ability, or brain to acquire it. But

there are very few young men these days who cannot do a great deal toward making up for early deficiencies if they want to do so.

But you may put the conundrum: "Can a natural born fool ever become anything else?" And to give an honest and candid answer, we are compelled to say, no; but you may press further than that: you may ask how a natural born fool would act; what he would do in order to insure failure to himself and his business career.

If he will persist in being foolish, if he will insist on inviting failure, then here is the way for him to go about it: Form bad habits, and keep bad associates; let him drink and be dishonest, and forget the Golden Rule; let him fear to say "No," and drift with the tide; let him gamble and indulge himself in laziness; let him have a lordly disdain for application and correct business methods; let him think himself to be feeble, incompetent, worthless; if he does, everybody else will,— the world largely takes a man at his own valuation; let him sneer at early discipline, laugh at holding a definite purpose, and think that economy is good for only poor people; let him think that there is no especial value in possessing a manly character, and in having everybody think well of him; let him go through the world careless of people's feelings,— a boor in society,— a trial to his own best friends; let him think that it makes no difference if he keeps his engagements ten minutes late; let him procrastinate,— never doing to-day what he can put off until to-morrow, and never doing to-morrow what he can get some one else to do; let him drink and swear and break the Sabbath; let him forget or trample on the laws of virtue and purity; let him become a prodigal son, and live in open sin, trusting that somewhere and sometime there is a stable with a fattening calf in it waiting for him. Let him lead that kind of a life, and follow that kind of a program! What are these things? The brand of Cain? No; they are the marks of a fool; yes, of a fool, because not a single one of them is necessary. All can choose just the opposite things if they want to do so. It is merely a question of choice; merely a question of "looking diligently lest any man fail."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

WHAT BRINGS SUCCESS — BOYHOOD OF A GENIUS — NEWSBOY, EDITOR, AND CHEMIST AT FIFTEEN — HEROIC TUITION FEE — NOT A PRIG — AMONG TRAMP TELEGRAPHERS — IN LOUISVILLE — ASTONISHES EASTERN OPERATORS — FIRST PATENT — IN NEW YORK — CAPACITY FOR WORK — PERSONAL APPEARANCE — HIS ESTIMATE OF THE PATENT PIRATE — A CLOSER VIEW OF EDISON — INDIFFERENCE TO PLAUDITS — AS A BUSINESS MAN — A SENSITIVE NATURE — PLACE AMONG SCIENTISTS — AT WORK — THE PHONOGRAPH — ECONOMIC FEATURES OF HIS INVENTIONS — NON-ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS — HIS PRINCIPAL INVENTIONS — ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY — EDISON THE MAN. THE VALUE OF AN IDEA.

I never did anything worth doing, by accident, nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. When I have fully decided that a result is worth getting, I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes. Well directed ambition and perseverance will accomplish almost everything.



I like work. Some people like to collect postage stamps. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished.

I have always kept strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders, valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy.

Thomas A Edison

IF one were to ask what person best symbolized the industrial regeneration for which we, as a nation, will stand, it would be marvelously easy to answer, Thomas Alva Edison. The precocious self-reliance and the restless energy of the New World; its brilliant defiance of traditions; the immediate adaptation of means to ends; and, above all, the distinctive inventive faculty have reached in him their apogee.

The mere mass of this extraordinary man's work gives in itself a striking idea of the force which he exerts in our material progress. Up to a few days ago the government had granted Edison no less than seven hundred and sixty-five patents, while he had in addition one hundred and fifty applications on file. And this during a working period that has not yet brought him within many years of the grand climacteric, and much of it accomplished in the face of discouraging financial obstacles.

Mr. Edison is fifty-five years of age and was born in Milan, Erie county, Ohio. He comes of Dutch parentage, the family having emigrated to America in 1730. His great grandfather was a banker of high standing in New York. When Mr. Edison was but a child of seven the family fortunes suffered reverses so serious as to make it necessary that he should become a wage-earner at an unusually early age, and that the family should move from his birthplace to Michigan.

Only four years later the boy was reading Newton's "Principia" with the entirely logical result of becoming deeply and permanently disgusted with pure mathematics. Indeed, he seems to have displayed all the due precocity of genius, one of his notable feats about this time being an attempt to read through the entire free library of Detroit!

Nor was he by any means a youthful bookworm and dreamer. The distinctly practical bent of his character was shown in his operations as newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway — especially in the brilliant *coup* by which in 1869 he bought up on "futures" a thousand copies of the Detroit *Free Press* containing important war news, and, gaining a little time on his rivals, sold the entire batch like hot cakes, so that the price reached twenty-five cents a paper before the end of his route. It was at this period, too, that he was posing as

editor of the Grand Trunk *Herald*, a weekly periodical of very modest proportions issued from the train on which he traveled.

He had also begun to dabble in chemistry and fitted up to that end a small itinerant laboratory. During the progress of some occult experiments in this workshop certain complications ensued in which a jolted and broken bottle of sulphuric acid attracted the attention of the conductor. He, who had been long suffering in the matter of unearthly odors, promptly ejected the young devotee and all his works. His incident would have been only amusing had it not been rendered deplorable from the lasting deafness which resulted from a box on the ear, administered by the irate conductor in the course of the young scientist's hegira.

Edison transferred the laboratory to his father's cellar, and diligently studied telegraphy, establishing a line between his home and a boy partner's with the help of an old river cable, sundry lengths of stovepipe, and glass bottle insulators.

Dramatic situations appear at every turn of this man's life, though temperamentally he would be the last to seek them. He seems to be continually arriving on the scene at critical moments to take the conduct of affairs into his own hands. It was on one of these occasions, when he snatched a station-master's child from before an approaching train, that he earned his first lessons in telegraphy from the father. So apt a pupil was he that the railroad company soon gave him regular employment, and at seventeen he had become one of the most expert operators on the road.

There was a saving human quality of error in the boy to amply redeem him from the colorless perfection of the story-book model. One is almost glad to hear that he was not by any means a paragon as an operator, and that he played tricks on the company by inventing a device which would automatically send in the signal to show he was awake at his post, what time he comfortably snored in the corner. Some such boyish mischief soon sent him in disgrace over the line to Canada. The heavy winter had cut off telegraphic connections and all other means of communications between the place in which he was sojourning and the American town of Sarnia. With characteristic promptness and originality Edison mounted a locomotive and tooted a telegraphic mes-

sage, again and again, across the river until the American understood and answered in kind.

For the next few years Edison was successively in charge of important wires in Memphis, Cincinnati, New Orleans and Louisville. He lived in the free and easy atmosphere of the tramp operators — a boon companion with them, yet absolutely refusing to join in the dissipations to which they were professionally addicted. He has always been a total abstainer and a singularly moderate man in everything but work, for which he is a perfect glutton. Many are the stories current of the timely aid given his rollicking colleagues when their potations had led them into trouble. It was their custom when a spree was on the tapis, to make him the custodian of those funds which they felt obliged to save. On a more than usually hilarious occasion one of them returned rather the worse for wear and knocked the treasurer down on his refusal to deliver the trust money ; the other depositors, we are glad to say, gave the ungentlemanly tippler a sound thrashing. But, though Edison could be trusted with his colleagues' money, he was himself in a chronic state of penury, since he devoted every cent, regardless of future needs, to scientific books and materials for experiments. Nor was he in any great favor with his employers ; they wanted operators, not inventors, so they — not unreasonably — said.

At one time he was in such straits that a necessary journey from Memphis to Louisville had to be performed on foot. At the Louisville station he was offered excellent chances to put his extraordinary skill to use. He had perfected a style of handwriting which would allow him to take from the wire in very legible long hand forty-seven and even fifty-four words a minute. As he was but a moderately rapid sender, he invented an automatic help which enabled him to record the matter at leisure and send it off as fast as was needed. Of this Louisville stay, one of his biographers says : —

"True to his dominant instincts, he was not long in gathering around him a laboratory, printing office, and machine shop. He took press reports during his whole stay, including on one occasion the presidential message and veto of the District of Columbia by Andrew Johnson, and this at one sitting, from 3.30 P.M. to 4.30 A.M. He then paragraphed the matter received over the wires so that each printer had exactly three

lines, thus enabling a column to be set up in two or three minutes' time. For this he was allowed all the exchanges he desired, and the Louisville press gave him a state dinner."

In 1868, Edison attracted much attention by a device utilizing one submarine cable for two circuits. It won him a position in the Franklin telegraph office of Boston. He came East with no ready money, and in a rather dilapidated condition. His colleagues were tempted by his "hayseed" appearance to "salt" him, as professional slang terms the process of giving a receiver matter faster than he can record it. For this purpose the new man was assigned to a wire manipulated by a New York operator famous for his speed. But there was no fun at all. Notwithstanding the fact that the New Yorker was "in the game" and was doing his most speedy "clip," Edison wrote out the long message accurately, and, when he realized the situation, was soon firing taunts over the wire at the sender's slowness.

A year later Edison received his first patent — a machine for recording votes, and designed to be used in the state Legislature. It was an ingenious device, by which the votes were clearly printed and shown on a roll of paper by a small machine attached to the desk of each member. The invention was never used, and Mr. Edison tells with a comical twinkle in his eyes how amazed he was to hear, on presenting it to the authorities, that such an invention was out of the question ; that the better it worked the more impossible it would be, for its use would destroy the most precious right of the minority — that of filibustering. The inventor thinks, however, that he received quite the worth of his trouble in the lesson taught him to make sure of the practical need of and demand for a machine before spending his energies on it.

In this same year, Edison came to New York friendless and in debt on account of the expense of his experiments. For several weeks he wandered about the town with actual hunger staring him in the face. It was a time of great financial excitement, and with that strange quality of opportunism which one would think had been woven into his destiny, he entered the establishment of the Law Gold Reporting Company just as their entire plant had shut down on account of an accident in the machinery that could not be located. The heads of the firm were anxious and excited to the last degree,

and a crowd of the Wall street fraternity waited about for the news which came not. The shabby stranger put his finger on the difficulty at once, and was given lucrative employment. In the rush of the metropolis a man finds his true level without delay, especially when his talents are of so practical and brilliant a nature as were this young telegrapher's. It would be an absurdity to imagine an Edison hidden in New York. Within a short time he was presented with a check for $40,000, as his share of a single invention — an improved stock printer. From this time a national reputation was assured him. He was, too, now engaged on the duplex and quadruplex systems, which were almost to inaugurate a new era in telegraphy.

"Do you have regular hours, Mr. Edison?" was asked not long ago. "Oh," he said, "I do not work hard now. I come to the laboratory about eight o'clock every day, and go home to tea at six, and then I study or work on some problem until eleven, which is my hour for bed."

"Fourteen or fifteen hours a day can scarcely be called loafing," was suggested.

"Well," he replied, "for fifteen years I have worked on an average twenty hours a day."

That astonishing brain has been known to puzzle for sixty successive hours over a refractory problem, its owner dropping quietly off into a long sleep when the job was done, to awake perfectly refreshed and ready for another siege. Mr. Dickson, a neighbor and familiar, gives an anecdote told by Edison which well illustrates his untiring energy and phenomenal endurance. In describing his Boston experience Edison said he bought Faraday's works on electricity, commenced to read them at three o'clock in the morning, and continued until his roommate arose, when they started on their long walk to get breakfast. That end, however, was entirely subordinated in Edison's mind to Faraday, and he suddenly remarked to his friend: "Adams, I have got so much to do, and life is so short, that I have got to hustle," and with that he started off on a dead run for his breakfast."

Mr. Edison's fine gray eye is the clearest ever looked into, and his fresh, wholesome complexion and substantial, though not by any means corpulent, figure, are not better described than by the stock phrase, "the picture of health." There is none of the lean and hungry look of the overworked student

about him. His face, though strongly, even magnificently chiseled, is almost boyish in its smoothness, and in his manner there is that flavor of perfect simplicity and cheery good will given only to the very great. He is one of the most accessible of men, and only reluctantly allows himself to be hedged in from certain interviewers of the baser sort. "Mr. Edison is always glad to see any visitor," said a gentleman who is continually with him, "except when he is hot on the trail for something he has been working for, and then it is as much as a man's head is worth to come in on him."

The inventor describes himself as possessing only a fair amount of manual dexterity in the manipulation of machinery. Yet he generally controls with his own fingers the mechanism of his experiments. There have been associated with him during his working history two or three gentlemen who have materially aided him, where a second brain and hand are needed. These coöperative experiments have been carried on in a very pleasant atmosphere of *camaraderie*.

Mr. Edison waxes eloquent and righteously indignant over the treatment which the inventor is only too apt to receive. He thinks that it is flying in the face of Providence to patent an important discovery; for a race of professional sharks has arisen to dispute, with absolute disregard of facts, priority of claim to valuable patents. The better known the patentee, the more liable are they to swarm about with suborned witnesses. Mr. Edison has no fault to find with the patent law in this matter, but condemns strongly the practice of the United States circuit court in issuing injunctions forbidding an inventor to use his discovery until the case is decided — a period often covering years. He maintains that this works great injustice to the honest parties to a suit, and that there is "no protection in patents at all."

Those who have been associated with Mr. Edison add that he has been fleeced by unscrupulous lawyers and patent sharks so unmercifully that it is only to be wondered he has any faith left in mankind. This is surely a national shame when one remembers that his earnings have always been valued by him only as a means of furnishing laboratories to give the world newer and more wonderful mechanical servants. And there is partial comfort in the thought that the great inventor has finally been able to surround himself — first at Newark,

then at Menlo Park, and now at Orange — with all the most elaborate paraphernalia of his magic, with the most delicate and powerful instruments alike.

Since Mr. Edison has begun to pose as a capitalist he has broadened the borders of his phylacteries by considerable investments in the New Jersey lands containing magnetic iron ore, and has now quite a mining property not far from his workshop. He will practically found a new industry if his experiments in ore separating succeed — an attempt for new methods that will so reduce the work of extracting the ore from the dirt and stones as to bring on a paying basis numbers of mines that are now on the wrong side of the margin of profit.

Perhaps no one is in a position to give a truer estimate of the inventor as he appears beyond the threshold of his laboratory than Mr. Edward H. Johnson, who was associated with him in the disillusionizing atmosphere of business for twenty years. He characterizes Edison as genial and even frolicsome, with a temperament which might even be called boyish. "In the whole course of our connection," says Mr. Johnson, "and notwithstanding the many strains on his temper and the injustices which he suffered from unscrupulous business antagonists, we have never had but one 'difference.' That was based on a pure misunderstanding and has long since died a natural death. My association with him has been of the greatest profit and pleasure to me."

Though Mr. Edison is social in his nature even to the point of jollity, he is thoroughly averse to the formulas of a conventional society. Can we expect men who work twenty hours a day to cultivate the more elaborate graces? This is in some sort to be regretted, especially from the point of view of the circles, which, if he were otherwise minded, would be open to him; for he is really a brilliant conversationalist. But while society loses a lion, the world gains a genius. "He has often been heard," continued Mr. Johnson, in his courteous answers to questions, "to express contempt for an inventor who, having produced a single invention, makes a tour of 'society' to receive its plaudits, and, finding the life so agreeable, pursues it permanently, to the destruction of his further ambition."

It is told that in the halcyon days of Mr. Edison's earlier

manufactories he absolutely refused to have any system of bookkeeping, and even kept no record at all of notes to be paid. When these fell due, he would drop everything and scurry around to raise the necessary funds — this on the principle, as he put it, that the notary's fee on the protested note was cheaper than keeping books ! He has learned much since then in the stern régime of the business world ; but it is still the unqualified opinion of many true friends that both the world and Mr. Edison would have been gainers if he had left the conduct of the purely business side of his affairs to associates of special commercial training and instincts. For the inventor has an intolerance of forms in business, as in society. He undertook an active part in the management of the industries he had created in consequence of his disappointment at the slow development of the electric lighting venture. Mr. Johnson gives him credit for fertility of resource and brilliancy of conception in his business management, but easily shows how little these avail in the exacting world of commerce when not backed by the patient pursuit of an established order.

This natural disregard for the forms and minutiæ of business affairs has led to anything but a path of roses for Mr. Edison in his financial operations.

"He is frank and open to a degree," said Mr. Johnson, "and despite many a sad experience, as well as oft-repeated expressions of cynicism under the sense of injustice, he is always ready with sympathy and an open hand. When he feels himself injured he is bitter for a time, but this passes away unless fed by the active hostility of an opponent.

"He is extremely sensitive to criticism of his motives, and is even too apt to interpret a light remark to mean a great disparagement. When he is robbed of money he will easily forget it ; but if attainted in any moral sense he becomes relentless."

Edison's achievements cannot be separated from commerce. He is an inventor, not a discoverer of underlying laws and mathematical formulas. The keynote of his work is commercial utility. He is willing to make mathematics, pure science, his servant ; but as an end in itself, he has no taste for it. He sees in every idea that ever taxed his brain a direct, immediate worth to the people about him, though it

may not be within the limits of human imagination to comprehend the extent of that worth. The masses of his fellows and their needs are regarded in every test, in every experiment, in the most daring new conception, and in the most homely improvement alike. He asks himself when a new idea is suggested : "Will this be valuable from the industrial point of view ? Will it do some important thing better than existing methods ?" And then, if the answer is clearly affirmative, "Can I carry it out ?" He is not so much a seeker after truth as he is a mighty engine for the application of scientific truths, through unexpected and marvelous channels, to the fight we are making "in the patient, modern way." He is an inventor purely, and the greatest of his race. One might call him the Democrat of Science.

It is a sign not to be passed over without thought, that the first chamber the visitor enters on invading Mr. Edison's workshop at Orange contains his working library with voluminous and closely packed shelves. It is the sumptuous room of the establishment. Taken in connection with the store of volumes at his home, his books constitute one of the most costly and well equipped scientific libraries in the world ; the collection of writings on patent laws and patents, for instance, is absolutely exhaustive. It gives in a glance an idea of the breadth of thought and sympathy of this man, who grew up with scarcely a common school education. Nor will one find this self-taught and self-made scientist only a gigantic specialist. He will respond to any topic of real interest and value, will talk intelligently and quote appositely.

But while it is significant to note that Mr. Edison's sympathies have not been dwarfed by his early limitations, yet it is the character of specialist, after all, in which he enchains our attention ; a more profound impression of him comes when he stands in his roomy but topsy-turvy laboratory, with its two well-hung and well-locked doors, or when he is directing the assistants and skillful workmen, who follow his behest with something nearly akin to reverence. In the huge system of electrical manufactories with which he is associated not a very large proportion of the best helpers come from the colleges, so many of which now have special courses in the new profession. The college training has the danger of spoiling them for the necessary rough manual labor. For a long time

a test was applied when a new man came in. He was told that one of his duties would be to sweep the floor in the morning — this, of course, only to try him. But if he bridled up and resented it as an insult, it was evident that he could never be of much use as an electrician.

Two centuries ago Edison would have had a poor chance to escape the stake if the good people of Salem had taken an awed peep at the uncanny materials of his stock room. In these multitudinous drawers and shelves lurk unearthly relics of birds, beasts, plants, and crawling things. The skins of snakes and fishes, the pelts of an extraordinary number of fur-bearing animals, some of them exceedingly rare, the hide and teeth of sharks and hippopotami, rhinoceros horns, the fibers of strange exotic plants, all manner of textile substances and precious stones from the uttermost parts of the earth, are there waiting to bridge over their destined gap in some important machine. Many of the great inventions have awaited a laborious trial of this infinite variety of material before they became practical. "That," said Mr. Edison, pointing to a globe inclosing the filament of the incandescent light, "never would work right, no matter how hard we tried, till the fiber of a particular kind of bamboo was put in"— the marvelously delicate, quivering elastic thread which we have all seen. The phonograph, too, was only perfected after finding the value of the hard sapphire stone for several of its parts — the reproducing ball, the recording knife, and others.

A later development of the musical phonograph is among the last devices which Mr. Edison has perfected. The cylinders of this instrument can record the most elaborate musical instrumentation. It is hard to believe, but the machine has been so delicately constructed that the very quality of tone in most instruments was preserved. The effect is its special value, which Mr. Edison has spent much work in attaining. One feels tempted to pinch one's self to break the dream when the violin's long drawn notes with their sympathy and pathos, the 'cello's marvelous tone, the firm, clear, reed sounds of the flute, and the cornet's blare are ground out of this insignificant bundle of bolts and bars — the whole of which one might almost get into a peck measure.

Perhaps it will give a better idea of what Mr. Edison's work means to the world than any generalization or enumer-

ation to simply state that the duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy begun by him in 1869, and finished after six years of work, have saved in America alone the enormous sum of $20,000,000. By the duplex system two currents of different degrees of strength were sent over the wire in the same direction, thus doubling its efficiency, while the quadruplex arrangement became possible when it was discovered that these two currents could be sent in opposite directions at the same time — thus enabling one wire to transmit four simultaneous messages. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Edison is confident of attaining sextuplex and octuplex systems.

Through the mysterious qualities of a carbon button, Mr. Edison has been able to construct a little machine called the tasimeter, which, in different forms, measures degrees of heat, of moisture, and — in the odoroscope and microphone — of odors and sounds so small that it is difficult for the human mind to grasp the situation. The tasimeter will show a sensible deflection at the one-millionth of a degree Fahrenheit. The heat from the human body standing eight feet away will be accurately registered; a lighted cigar held at the same distance will give a large deflection, as will the heat of a common gas jet one hundred feet away. When it was arranged to be sensitive to moisture, this astonishing instrument was deflected eleven degrees by a drop of water held on the finger five inches away. The microphone multiplies the intensity of sound by the hundred thousand, making the passage of the tiniest insect sound like a mighty, deafening roar.

Edison's experiments have extended into many fields outside the purely electrical. How many times he has pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of a deluding prospect to a stern recognition of an unfruitful end, probably he alone can tell. A devoted student of chemical science, he has delighted in delving in this fascinating and noble domain.

It is related that a distinguished scientist, visiting Edison within the year, spoke of some experiments he had made in a direction that he supposed was unknown and untried.

"Did you try this," inquired Edison, "and did you get such a result?" The visitor was astonished. Edison had made the experiments and, with a sure hand, had gone direct to the heart of the matter and had reached the same unique result.

He would say to all visiting inventors seeking advice and encouragement: "I will listen to you, but one thing is barred — no 'perpetual motion' schemes will ever be considered."

Edison has probably been more fortunate in combining his versatile inventive ability with commercial success than any other inventor living or dead. Not content with one achievement and its riches, vast sums received from success in one line are expended in research and experiment in other lines. His private laboratory at Orange, N. J., is lavishly planned and stocked with every known tool, with chemical, mineral, metallic, and organic substances, and the pay-roll of the past ten years would amount to a king's ransom. With natural bent, genius, unflagging industry, wonderful discernment and deliberate selection of subject, Edison may truly be said to be the greatest exponent of invention, as an art, the world has yet known.

To-day the world is waiting for the practical introduction of what may prove to be Edison's greatest commercial success — the storage battery.

Edison was recently asked to name his principal inventions. He replied characteristically :—

"The first and foremost was the idea of the electric lighting station; then — let me see, what have I invented? — well, there was the mimeograph, and the electric pen, and tne carbon telephone, and the incandescent lamp and its accessories, and the quadruplex telegraph, and the automatic telegraph, and the phonograph, and the kinetoscope, and — I don't know, a whole lot of other things."

When asked if he thought the achievements of the twentieth century would surpass those of the one just closed, he said with much enthusiasm :—

"They certainly will. In the first place, there are more of us to work, and, in the second place, we know more. The achievement of the past is merely a point of departure, and you know that, in our art, 'impossible' is an impossible word."

Edison is a true captain of industry. Work, constant, enthusiastic work, has ever been his motto. Idleness has no charms for him, and scarcely has recreation or things that please the palate. His analytical, questioning, and sanguine mind is ever reaching for new fields of endeavor. His con-

ception is keen and searching, and he puts the impress of progress on whatever he touches. May he be with us many years ! His achievements, it is safe to say, will endure to the end.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEA.

IDEAS, not gold, govern the world. Machines do much of the world's work, but machines are born of ideas. A human worker without ideas is only a machine. He is content to serve all his life, doing the same work over and over again, making the same thing year after year, without progress, ambition, or purpose. It is the thinking man who becomes master workman, perhaps proprietor. Ideas become to him an inspiration and force. They rally his intellectual powers ; and these control and develop his physical ability. Stupidity becomes a machine in the workshop of life, but ideas only can make a man.

It is no chance system that returns to the Hindu citizen a penny, and to the American laborer a dollar for his daily toil ; that makes Mexico, with its mineral wealth, poor, and New England, with its granite and ice, rich ; that bids the elements in one country become subservient to the wants of man, and in another to sport idly and run to waste ; it is thought that makes the difference. Ideas do not stir the Hindu and Mexicans as they do the American. Here they beget enterprise and invincible courage that defy difficulties and surmount obstacles. They assure victory.

Young people should take in the worth of an idea, for this will exert great influence upon the occupation they choose, the methods they adopt, and the books they read. Idealess occupations, associates, and books should be avoided, since they are not friendly to intelligent manhood and womanhood. Ideas make the wise man ; the want of them makes the fool.

Roger Sherman, a poor boy in Newton, Massachusetts, was apprenticed to a shoemaker for his board and clothes. There was every prospect that the poverty of his father would be that of the son, and that he would never rise higher than the last on which he worked and the pegs he drove. But early in life the idea took possession of his soul, "I can become a lawyer." How it could be done was not quite plain to him ; but from the time the idea possessed him, he said that it must be done.



EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY.

That idea was the making of him. It rallied his latent faculties, and bent them to one end. To become a lawyer was the dream of his youth. Obstacles dwindled away before the indomitable spirit which that one idea nursed into stalwart life. Every leisure moment became a self-improving moment. A book was his constant companion. Spare time was the most valuable time of all, for it was used to improve his intellect, and fit him for the duties of a noble manhood. His occupation became a teacher to him, and the world a school. He learned from everything around him; and, at thirty-three years of age, he was admitted to the bar. The dream of his boyhood was realized. The idea that possessed him at twelve years of age lifted him out of the dull routine to which he seemed to be doomed for life, and placed him at once higher up in the scale of being.

Roger Sherman grew greater and greater as long as he lived. He became one of the founders of our republic. He was second to no public man as a statesman and wise counselor, and was one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence. His wisdom and ability were leading factors in the direction and outcome of the Revolution. Jefferson wrote of him, "He never said a foolish thing in his life." It might have been said of him, in his age, as it was of another, "He was so loaded with laurels that he could scarcely stand erect." The idea of his boyhood, of which we have spoken, was worth to him all that he became worth.

Gutenberg was a thoughtful young man, familiar with manuscript volumes, of which the age in which he lived could furnish but few. One day, when he was in a meditative mood, a new idea flashed upon his mind, namely, that letters might be invented with which to print books, instead of writing and copying them. He unfolded his idea to his wife, and she indorsed the suggestion heartily, whereupon the inventor proceeded at once to reduce his idea to practice. His decided inventive genius soon triumphed, and the art of printing became reality.

Gutenberg, who had been a skilled lapidary, now turned his attention to bookmaking, since which time the value of his new idea to the world has been illustrated by wonderful progress in the art. In contrast with the slow, difficult, and

very imperfect method of making books by Gutenberg's letters, the methods of our day, multiplying volumes like the leaves of the forest, are magical indeed. The art of bookmaking now is characterized by rapidity, elegance, and cheapness. With the latest improvement in the printing press, it is possible to supply the demands of the world for books at a price that brings them within the reach of even the poor. The rapidity with which books are multiplied is a marvel of our times. A roll of paper, containing a thousand yards, will run through a Hoe press with almost incredible speed, printing sheets enough for five thousand volumes in a single day. In printing newspapers, a roll of paper at one end of the press is turned out at the other end, printed on both sides, and folded ready for mailing, at the rate of five thousand papers an hour. Equally remarkable has been the progress in typesetting, both by hand and machinery, and it is all the outcome of Gutenberg's idea of making letters. The inventor set in motion a train of influences that has changed the secular and moral condition of mankind. We cannot estimate the value of Gutenberg's idea.

Nor can we compute the value of Morse's idea, that gave us the electric telegraph. Morse was coming from Havre to New York city on board the ship *Sully*. Dr. Charles S. Jackson, of Boston, was on board, and was describing an experiment made in Paris with an electro-magnet, by means of which electricity had been transmitted through a great length of wire arranged in circles around the walls of an apartment. Morse, who was a painter, and had just completed a three years' residence in Europe to perfect himself in his art, excitedly said, when Dr. Jackson finished, "Then messages may be transmitted by electricity."

There the telegraph was born. It only remained to test the idea. This Morse did, surmounting great obstacles, overcoming the most discouraging difficulties, making progress slowly, but surely, until he had the real thing,— the telegraph. Who can estimate its worth to-day? Ask the man of business who communicates by telegraph with the four quarters of the globe. The recent fire in New York which destroyed the headquarters of the great Western Union Telegraph Company interrupted the business of the whole civilized world for a day, or until the company renewed the business in another

place. Such is the importance of the telegraph in our day, and such is the value of Morse's idea on board the *Sully*.

Patrick Henry is another illustration of our theme. In his boyhood he appeared to think more of a fishing rod and gun than he did of true manhood, or a good name. He was not a machine, but was devoid of laudable ambition and enterprise. The time came, however, when a new and nobler idea flashed upon him. He saw that he might become an honored citizen. He resolved to enter the legal profession, and set himself about preparing therefor with a will. In an almost incredibly short time, he was admitted to the bar as a practitioner. His success was phenomenal. He handled the first case of importance that came to his management with consummate skill, and exhibited such power of eloquence that his most intimate friends were astonished. He won the case by his adroit management and bewitching oratory, and the admiring crowd bore him in triumph upon their shoulders from the court room. An idea did it. But for the thought that awakened him from his reverie one day, in early manhood, he might not have outgrown his gun and fishing rod. "I can do something better than this," he said; and he did. The idea roused his whole being to begin and run a marvelous race.

The worth of an idea is illustrated in the ordinary walks of life. In every place, and at all times, we are reminded that a single thought is the most valuable legacy bequeathed to us. In articles of furniture that make our homes comfortable, and the utensils of the kitchen that lighten labor and administer to human wants, we find much to magnify the worth of a thought. Once they were only ideas in the brain of the inventor.

So small an article as the watch which we carry in our vest pocket involves principles of construction, the discovery and development of which have brought the race out of ages of mental gloom. Yet how few note their indebtedness to ideas when they consult their watches. They keep time, and that is enough; and they would be just as good for that if they grew like acorns.

Says another: "What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few brass wheels and a little piece of elastic steel to out-calculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being traveling toward

eternity can ask. What a miracle that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher; which watches and moves when sleep palsies alike the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver; nay, when the last sleep has come over them both." And the author of all this was a solitary idea in the mind of Galileo, when he stood watching the oscillation of a lamp in the Metropolitan Temple of Pisa. A clear, vivid idea of the correct measurement of time flashed upon his mind, and his name and fame became immortal.

Despise not an idea; for the smallest is better than none. A man of one idea is sometimes ridiculed. Garrison was persecuted for his anti-slavery idea; but it wrought a revolution. It made him a public benefactor. His idea was worth all that liberty was worth. The youth who is rich in ideas will never be poor in reputation.

Many authors of good ideas have failed to reduce them to practice. They lacked the practical talent necessary to reap the profits of valuable conceptions. Hence, many inventors have derived no pecuniary advantage from their inventions; other parties have stepped in and taken the profits. They were able to beat the bush, but others caught the bird. The discoverer of gold at Sutter's Mill, California, and the proprietor of the mill never got rich; both died poor. They could discover, but they failed to appropriate and keep. It may require less tact, industry, and perseverance to beget a valuable idea than to reduce it to practice; for greater difficulties may obstruct the way of the latter, and more complications, even, may attend its consummation. Almost without exception, the successful men, who have made the best practical use of their ideas, have been men of marked courage, application, tact, and determination. Ordinary difficulties did not cause them to hesitate for a moment and extraordinary ones seemed to arouse their whole being to almost superhuman efforts.

An illustration of this point was brought to the attention of the American people when Congress voted a gold medal to Mr. Joseph Francis, of Washington, for "his distinguished services in discovering and applying scientific principles to inventions for saving human life and other humane pur-

poses." The medal cost six thousand dollars, and was ornamented with designs emblematic of the recipient's life work.

It was presented to him by President Harrison. This crowning act of his success came late in life; nor was this distinction gained without heroic struggles with poverty, opposition, and ridicule, as the following brief sketch of his life proves: —

Mr. Francis was a Boston boy, and served as page in the Massachusetts Legislature, from eleven to sixteen years of age. In 1812, when he was twelve years old, there was an unprecedented number of destructive shipwrecks, and the terrible tales of horror wrought deeply upon the sensitive nature of this gifted boy. The war had destroyed his father's property, and broken up a family of seven children, so that Joseph's earnings were necessary, to the last cent, to aid in the support of his brothers and sisters. In these circumstances, it was the more remarkable that he should conceive the idea of a lifeboat, and proceed — a boy of twelve years — to produce a model. Every moment, when he was not required to be at the State House, he spent in a workshop on Clark street, near Hanover. His progress was slow but sure. With pluck and hope he worked on, sometimes baffled and disappointed, and often laughed at, but never yielding to discouragement. He was eighteen years old when his lifeboat, with all its life-saving qualities, was completed, and was placed on exhibition at the fair of the Mechanics' Institute, in Boston, in 1819. He crossed the Rubicon when his lifeboat was complete. The battle of his life was won by that early struggle. What manner of stuff he was made of became manifest then. The thought, tact, resolution, and force of character necessary to produce the lifeboat, were competent to produce more and greater results.

The author of Thrift accounts for the failure of some men to derive advantages from valuable conceptions, by saying: "Some of the best and noblest of men are wanting in tact. They will neither make allowance for circumstances, nor adapt themselves to circumstances; they will insist upon driving their wedge the broad end foremost; they raise walls only to run their own heads against; they make such great preparations, and use such great precautions, that they defeat their own object,— like the Dutchman mentioned by

Washington Irving, who, having to leap a ditch, went so far back to have a good run at it, that when he came up he was completely winded, and had to sit down on the wrong side to recover his breath."

In contrast with this, we see how Francis went to work in the straightest and shortest way to accomplish his purpose. He was not only competent to conceive, but having cultivated those manly qualities that one must possess in order to win, he was equally well prepared to execute. He would give practical force to any noble conception.

At the Mechanics' Fair, in 1819, he received a certificate of merit and a handsome cash prize for his lifeboat; and, at the same time, secured the lifelong friendship of Henry Grinnell, of New York, and Gen. John A. Dix, author of the famous order, "Whoever pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Grinnell said to him, "Persevere; you are an inventor and manufacturer, and your improvements are but a beginning in a good cause." Young Francis profited by this friendly counsel, and pressed forward until he fairly earned, the world over, the honor of being "Father of the life-saving service."

In 1838, another and grander conception engaged the mind of Francis — that of an iron ship. Although poor and needy, he hastened to reduce his idea to practice. Having provided a very humble home for his family in the country, he shut himself up in a workshop on Anthony street, New York city, to produce his ideal iron vessel. It took him six years to put his conception into a real ship, and they were years of hard study, and harder struggles with want and the indifference of friends.

In 1847, his famous metal life car was completed; but Congress repulsed its author, and the Secretary of the Treasury said to him: —

"There is no means known under Heaven, nor will there ever be, of saving life under circumstances such as you recount; besides, the government cannot afford to try experiments. Try your life car, and, if it will do anything like what you represent, you may rest assured the government will adopt it."

Francis was equal to the occasion. While protesting against the attitude of the government, he spent the next two years in

proving to the world, at his own expense, the great value of his invention; and his success spread his fame over both continents. From that time his life was a succession of triumphs in America and Europe. Subsequent to 1855, he spent several years in Europe, establishing immense factories for the manufacture of his iron boats, vessels, and life cars, floating docks, pontoon bridges and wagons, for five of the leading European governments. Medals, diplomas, and royal honors were showered upon him from the highest authorities. Crowned heads recognized his services in the interests of humanity; and it is claimed that no American, except General Grant, was ever more kindly received and honored by nobles and monarchs than Mr. Francis.

This is a remarkable life, with its lessons for every reader. The conception of the great idea of his life was the easiest part of it. His trials and exhausting labors came when he attempted to reduce it to practice. Had he been no more resolute and invincible than the average American, his conception never would have attained a real form. He would have soon found excuse for abandoning his idea in the poverty that oppressed him, or the difficulties that beset his way. But his noble qualities of mind and heart served him better than wealth. They won success for him without private or public patronage.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOHN DAVISON ROCKEFELLER.

ON THE IMPORTANT ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS — HIS RANK AMONG THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY — HIS GREAT WEALTH — PLACE OF HIS BIRTH — PARENTAL QUALITIES INHERITED — HIS BOYHOOD MARKED BY INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY — REMOVED TO CLEVELAND — INTEREST IN CHURCH WORK — EDUCATION — BEGINNING OF HIS INDUSTRIAL CAREER — HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE OIL INDUSTRY — THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY — OTHER BUSINESS ENTERPRISES — HIS PERSONALITY — HOMES AND HOME LIFE — TO WHAT HIS WONDERFUL SUCCESS IS DUE — PHILANTHROPIES. THE LEDGER OF ECONOMY.

It has always seemed to me that there is something unfortunate in being born in a city. Most young men brought up in New York and other large centers have not had the struggle which come to us who were reared in the country. It is a noticeable fact that the country men are crowding out the city fellows who have wealthy fathers. They are willing to do more work, and to go through more for the sake of winning success in the end. Sons of wealthy parents have not a ghost of a show in competition with the fellows who come from the country with a determination to do something in the world.



What benefited me the most was the new insight I gained as to what a great place the world really is. I had plenty of ambition, and saw that if I was to accomplish much I would have to work very, very hard indeed.

In my early career I was very economical, just as I am economical now. Economy is a virtue. A glance through my first ledger shows me how carefully I kept account of my receipts and disbursements. I only wish more young men could be induced to keep accounts nowadays. It would go far toward teaching them the value of money.

My advice is : keep a little ledger, write down in it what you receive, and do not be ashamed to write down what you

pay away. See that you pay it away in such a manner that your father or mother may look over your book and see just what you do with your money. It will help you to save money, and that you ought to do.

I think it is a man's duty to make all the money he can, keep all he can, and give away all he can. I have followed this principle religiously all my life. But always live within your means. One of the swiftest toboggan slides I know of is for a young fellow, just starting out into the world, to go in debt.

The chief thing to which I ascribe my business success is early training, and the fact that I was willing to persevere. I do not think there is any other quality so essential to success of any kind as the quality of perseverance. It overcomes almost everything, even nature.

But don't make the mistake that the struggle for success means nothing but money. Money is good only if you know how to use it. Some have all the money they need to provide for their wants, and still are poor. Indeed, the poorest man I know of is the man who has nothing but money ; — nothing else in the world upon which to fix his ambition and thought. That is the sort of man I consider to be the poorest in the world.

John D. Rockefeller

AMONG the American captains of industry, Mr. John D. Rockefeller is the greatest. He combines with this position that of a master of finance, and it may be that in this field he will yet prove as great as, or greater than, Mr. Pierpont Morgan. But as this one is first of all a financier, so the other is above and beyond everything a master in the industrial field. It is surprising how very much is told of Mr. Rockefeller, and how very little is known concerning him. The material for a book has been published in the newspapers, and the writers have vied with one another in presenting his great wealth in the most bewildering lights, yet it is a positive fact that no man except Mr. Rockefeller himself knows what his wealth amounts to. His partners in various enterprises, and the officers of the many companies in which he has invested

his wealth, all know something about his means, but no man knows everything about them.

It is to be doubted whether Mr. Rockefeller himself knows how much he is worth, and if he knew to-day, the fluctuations of the listed stocks on the exchange, minute and like the tremblings of a needle though they are, must alter the sum of his wealth with every hour and minute of each working day.

We read a great deal about only one sort of change in his wealth ; the steady growth of the same by the accretions of interest. These are always published upon the assumption that Mr. Rockefeller is the richest man in the world, and that he is worth two hundred millions of dollars. This is set down to his credit in spite of the fact that he has testified in court that he does not know within ten millions of dollars what his vast fortune amounts to.

John Davison Rockefeller was born in Richford, Tioga County, N. Y., July 8, 1839. His father, William Avery, was a physician and business man as well. With great energy he cleared the forest, built a sawmill, loaned his money, and, like his noted son, knew how to overcome obstacles.

The mother, Eliza Davison, was a woman of rare common sense and executive ability. Self-poised in manner, charitable, persevering in whatever she attempted, she gave careful attention to the needs of her family, but did not forget that she had Christian duties outside her home. The devotion of Mr. Rockefeller to his mother as long as she lived was marked, and worthy of example.

The Rockefeller home in Richford was one of mutual work and helpfulness. All were taught the value of labor and of economy. The eldest son, John, early took responsibility upon himself. Willing and glad to work, he cared for the garden, milked the cows, and acquired the valuable habit of never wasting his time. When about nine years old he raised and sold turkeys, and instead of spending the money, probably his first earnings, saved it, and loaned it at seven per cent. It would be interesting to know if the lad ever dreamed then of being, perhaps, the richest man in America.

In 1853 the Rockefeller family moved to Cleveland, Ohio ; and John, then fourteen years of age, entered the high school. He was a studious boy, especially fond of mathematics and of music, and learned to play the piano ; he was retiring

in manner, and exemplary in conduct. When between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he joined the Erie Street Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, now known as the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, where he has been from that time an earnest and most helpful worker. The boy of fifteen did not confine his work in the church to prayer meetings and Sunday school. There was a church debt, and it had to be paid. He began to solicit money, standing in the church door as the people went out, ready to receive what each was willing to contribute. He gave also of his own as much as was possible; thus learning early in life, not only to be generous, but to incite others to generosity.

When about eighteen or nineteen, he was made one of the board of trustees of the church, which position he held till his absence from the city in the past few years prevented his serving. He has been the superintendent of the Sunday school of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church for about thirty years. When he had held the office for twenty-five years the Sunday school celebrated the event by a reception for their leader. After addresses and music, each one of the five hundred or more persons present shook hands with Mr. Rockefeller, and laid a flower on the table beside him. From the first he has won the love of the children from his sympathy, kindness, and his interest in their welfare. No picnic even would be satisfactory to them without his presence.

After two years passed in the Cleveland high school, the school year ending June, 1855, young Rockefeller took a summer course in the Commercial College, and at sixteen was ready to see what obstacles the business world presented to a boy. He found plenty of them. It was the old story of every place seeming to be full; but he would not allow himself to be discouraged by continued refusals. He visited manufacturing establishments, stores, and shops, again and again, determined to find a position.

He succeeded on the 26th of September, 1855, and became assistant bookkeeper in the forwarding and commission house of Hewitt & Tuttle. He did not know what pay he was to receive; but he knew he had taken the first step towards success,—he had obtained work. At the end of the year, for the three months, October, November, and December, he received fifty dollars,—not quite four dollars a week.

The next year he was paid twenty-five dollars a month, or three hundred dollars a year, and at the end of fifteen months accepted a position with the same firm, at five hundred dollars, as cashier and bookkeeper, supplanting a man who had been receiving a salary of two thousand dollars.

Desirous of earning more, young Rockefeller after a time asked for eight hundred dollars as wages; and, the firm declining to give over seven hundred dollars a year, the enterprising youth, not yet nineteen, decided to start in business for himself. He had industry and energy; he was saving of both time and money; he had faith in his ability to succeed, and the courage to try. He had managed to save about a thousand dollars; and his father loaned him another thousand, on which he paid ten per cent. interest, receiving the principal as a gift when he became twenty-one years of age. This certainly was a modest beginning for one of the founders of the Standard Oil Company.

Having formed a partnership with Morris B. Clark, in 1858, in produce commission and forwarding, the firm name became Clark & Rockefeller. The closest attention was given to business. Mr. Rockefeller lived within his means, and worked early and late, finding little or no time for recreation or amusements, but always time for his accustomed work in the church. There was always some person in sickness or sorrow to be visited, or some stranger to be invited to the prayer meetings.

The firm succeeded in business, and was continued with various partners for seven years, until the spring of 1865. During this time some parts of the country, especially Pennsylvania and Ohio, had become enthusiastic over the finding of large quantities of oil through drilling wells. The *Petroleum Age* for December, 1881, gives a most interesting account of the first oil well in this country, drilled at Titusville, on Oil creek, a branch of the Allegheny river, in August, 1859.

Petroleum had long been known, both in Europe and America, under various names. The Indians used it as a medicine, mixed it with paint to anoint themselves for war, or set fire at night to the oil that floated upon the surface of their creeks, making the illumination a part of their religious ceremonies. In Ohio, in 1819, when, in boring for salt, springs of petroleum were found, Professor Hildreth of Marietta wrote

that the oil was used in lamps in workshops, and believed it would be "a valuable article for lighting the street lamps in the future cities of Ohio." But forty years went by before the first oil well was drilled, when men became almost as delirious with excitement as when they rushed to California for gold in 1849.

Several refineries were started in Cleveland to prepare the crude oil for illuminating purposes. Mr. Rockefeller, the young commission merchant, like his father a keen observer of men and things, as early as 1860, the year after the first well was drilled, helped to establish an oil-refining business under the firm name of Andrews, Clark & Co.

The business increased so rapidly that Mr. Rockefeller sold his interest in the commission house in 1865, and with Mr. Samuel Andrews bought out their associates in the refining business, and established the firm of Rockefeller & Andrews, the latter having charge of the practical details.

Mr. Rockefeller was then less than twenty-six years old; but an exceptional opportunity had presented itself, and a young man of exceptional ability was ready for the opportunity. A good and cheap illuminator was a world-wide necessity; and it required brain, and system, and rare business ability to produce the best product, and send it to all nations.

The brother of Mr. Rockefeller, William, entered into the partnership; and a new firm was established, under the name of William Rockefeller & Co. The necessity of a business house in New York for the sale of their products soon became apparent, and all parties were united in the firm of Rockefeller & Co.

In 1867 Mr. Henry M. Flagler, well known in connection with his improvements in St. Augustine, Fla., was taken into the company, which became Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler. Three years later, in 1870, the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was established, with a capital of $1,000,000, Mr. Rockefeller being made president. He was also made president of the National Refiners' Association.

He was now thirty-one years old, far-seeing, self-centered, quiet and calm in manner, but untiring in work, and comprehensive in his grasp of business. The determination which had won a position for him in youth, even though it brought

him but four dollars a week, the confidence of his ability, integrity, and sound judgment, which made the banks willing to lend him money, or men willing to invest their capital in his enterprise, made him a power in the business world thus early in life.

Mr. Rockefeller has proved himself a remarkable organizer. His associates have been able men ; and his vast business has been so systematized, and the leaders of departments held responsible, that it is managed with comparative ease.

The Standard Oil Companies own hundreds of thousands of acres of oil lands, and wells, refineries, and many thousand miles of pipe lines throughout the United States. They have business houses in the principal cities of the Old World as well as the New, and carry their oil in their own great oil steamships abroad as easily as in their pipe lines to the American seaboard. They control the greater part of the petroleum business of this country, and export much of the oil used abroad. They employ from forty to fifty thousand men in this great industry, many of whom have remained with the companies for twenty or thirty years. It is said that strikes are unknown among them.

With such power in their hands, instead of selling their product at high rates, they have kept oil at such low prices that the poorest all over the world have been enabled to buy and use it.

Mr. Rockefeller has not confined his business interests to the Standard Oil Company. A very large proportion of his wealth is now in the form of securities and properties in no way connected with the petroleum business. He has shown amazing shrewdness in buying mining and railroad properties when times were bad, or the owners of these stocks were willing, for other reasons, to sell at low prices. In this way he has come to own stocks and bonds in seventeen great railroads. Other large sums he has invested in sugar trust, Brooklyn Union gas, Consolidated gas (New York), natural gas in Ohio, Federal steel, coal mines in Ohio, copper mines in Montana, iron mines in the Lake Superior region, lake steamers ; also real estate in New York, Chicago, Buffalo, and several other cities. In the Standard Oil subsidiary companies alone he is said to be a larger owner than in Standard Oil itself ; at least his holdings have a larger value than those in the parent

company. He is reputed to control vast railway systems, to own every oil car in the land, to possess twenty thousand miles of oil tubing, two hundred steamers and seventy thousand delivery wagons. He employs twenty-five thousand men, and as a financier, employer, a power in the world, he knows no rival.

With all these different lines of business, and being necessarily a very busy man, he never seems hurried or worried. His manner is always kindly and considerate. He is a good talker, an equally good listener, and gathers knowledge from every source. Meeting the best educators of the country, coming in contact with leading business and professional men as well, and having traveled abroad and in his own country, Mr. Rockefeller has become a man of wide and varied intelligence. In physique he is of medium height, hair gray, blue eyes, and pleasant face.

He is a lover of trees, never allowing one to be cut down on his grounds unless necessity demands it, fond of flowers, knows the birds by their song or plumage, and never tires of the beauties of nature.

He is as courteous to a servant as to a millionaire, is social and genial, and enjoys the pleasantry of bright conversation. He has great power of concentration, is very systematic in business and also in his everyday life, allotting certain hours to work, and other hours to exercise, the bicycle being one of his chief outdoor pleasures. He is fond of animals, and owns several valuable horses. A great St. Bernard dog, white and yellow, called "Laddie," was for years the pet of the household and the admiration of friends. When killed accidentally by an electric wire, the dog was carefully buried, and the grave covered with myrtle. A pretty stone, a foot and a half high, cut in imitation of the trunk of an oak tree, at whose base fern leaves cluster, marks the spot, with the words, "Our dog Laddie ; died, 1895," carved upon a tiny slab.

It may be comparatively easy to do great deeds, but the little deeds of thoughtfulness and love for the dumb creatures who have loved us, show the real beauty and refinement of character.

Mr. Rockefeller belongs to few social organizations, his church work and his home life sufficing. He is a member of the New England Society, the Union League Club of New

York, and of the Empire State Sons of the Revolution, as his ancestors, both on his father's and mother's side, were in the Revolutionary War.

Besides Mr. Rockefeller's summer home in Cleveland, he has another with about one thousand acres of land at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown on the Hudson. The place is picturesque and historic, made doubly interesting through the legends of Washington Irving. From the summit of Kaakoote mountain the views are of rare beauty. Sleepy Hollow and the grave of Irving are not far distant. The winter home in New York city is a large brick house, with brownstone front, near Fifth avenue, furnished richly but not showily, containing some choice paintings and a fine library.

Mr. Rockefeller will be long remembered as a remarkable financier and the founder of a great organization, but he will be remembered longest and honored most as a remarkable giver. We have many rich men in America, but not all are great givers; not all have learned that it is really more blessed to give than to receive; not all remember that we go through life but once, with opportunities to brighten the lives about us, and to help to bear the burdens of others.

Mr. Rockefeller's private charities have been almost numberless. He has aided young men and women through college, sometimes by gift and sometimes by loan. He has provided the means for persons who were ill to go abroad or elsewhere for rest. He does not forget, when his apples are gathered at Pocantico Hills, to send hundreds of barrels to the various charitable institutions in and near New York, or, when one of his workingmen dies, to continue the support to his family while it is needed. Some of us become too busy to think of the little ways of doing good. It is said by those who know him best, that he gives more time to his benevolences and to their consideration than to his business affairs. He employs secretaries, whose time is given to the investigation of requests for aid and attending to such cases as are favorably decided upon.

When we come to consider his mere opinions of wealth, they are at once sensible and surprising. He holds that, since no man is so rich that there is not another man who is richer, the riches of man only bring discontent and make him feel poor. Then again, a man's wealth must be determined by the



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

relation of his desires and expenditures to his income. If he feels rich on ten dollars and has everything else he desires, he really is rich. But a man's expenses usually increase with his income and nearly always bear the same relation to it; therefore, whether he have five thousand or five million, he is never very much better off. A man's desires expand to an extent wholly disproportioned to his acquisitions, he says, and many men have felt much poorer when they have accumulated a fortune of five million than they did when they had but a million.

Mr. Rockefeller is scarcely past middle life, with, it is hoped, many years before him in which to carry out his great projects of benevolence. He is as modest and gentle in manner, as unostentatious and as kind of heart, as when he had no millions to give away. He is never harsh, seems to have complete self-control, and has not forgotten to be grateful to the men who befriended and trusted him in his early business life.

His success may be attributed in part to industry, energy, economy, and good sense. He loved his work, and had the courage to battle with difficulties. He had steadiness of character, the ability to command the confidence of business men from the beginning, and gave close and careful attention to the matters intrusted to him.

Mr. Rockefeller will be remembered, not so much because he accumulated millions, but because he gave away millions, thereby doing great good, and setting a noble example.

THE LEDGER OF ECONOMY.

"TAKE this book and keep an accurate account of your expenses," said Mr. H. to his son about leaving for Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, where he would prepare for college.

"What good will that do?" responded the son, as if his father were requiring him to do a "little thing" too small for an aspirant for college honors to be troubled about.

"What good!" exclaimed the father, somewhat surprised by the spirit in which his suggestion was received. "It is one of the things that will help make a man of you, if such a thing be possible. You may think it is a small matter to put down every cent that you spend; but I assure you that it will

have much to do with your habits twenty years from now. You want to know where your pocket money goes — a little matter, you may think; but it will do much to incline you to virtue instead of vice in manhood."

This father was not a fussy man; he did not attach too much importance to the expense book; nor was the son an exception among boys in regarding it unimportant, small. Young people of both sexes are apt to class it with the "little things" that are of no account. Hence, few of them know where the pocket money goes. The pennies vanish, and the nickels, and their allowance disappears much sooner than they expect. Where it is gone is well-nigh a mystery to them.

Right here is the evil of not keeping an expense book. If one is not kept in youth, it is probable that it will not be kept in manhood and womanhood. That business man of whom it is said, "He does not know the worth of a dollar," did not keep an expense book in his boyhood. He did not know then where his money went, and he does not know now. That woman "who keeps her husband's nose to the grindstone" continually by her wasteful habits, never thought of an expense book in her young days. She spent all she could get hold of then, and she spends all she can get hold of now; and she does not know any more about where it goes now than she did then.

An expense book accurately and conscientiously kept, helps young people to know themselves. Many have scarcely scraped an acquaintance with themselves. They do not see how prone they are to spend money for useless and worse than useless things; confections, goodies, knickknacks, fun, and so on *ad infinitum*. The expense book will show what they are on this line. They can see themselves in it, as others see them. There is the unmistakable record of their weakness. It stares them in the face; there is no such thing as denying it, or getting around it.

To the thoughtful and wise youth, the expense book becomes a good teacher, and its lesson is never forgotten. It lasts as long as life lasts.

A young merchant, who was doing a thriving business, was generous and jolly. He was wont to keep a box of cigars upon his desk for his own use, and the use of his customers, and,

perhaps, his employees. It was the duty of one of the clerks to keep the box of cigars replenished; and he took it into his head to keep an account of the number of cigars he put into the box in three months. At the end of this period he asked the merchant if he had any idea of the number and cost of the cigars used in three months.

"Not the least whatever," the merchant replied. "It is possible five or six hundred cigars have been used. Perhaps not so many."

"You will be surprised, then, if I tell you," added the clerk, "that over two thousand cigars have been put into that box in three months, at a cost of not less than one hundred dollars."

The merchant was surprised, and could scarcely believe the statement, for he kept no account of the cigars used, having never kept an account of these little expenses. He kept no expense book when he was a boy, and so never thought about keeping one when he became a man. Why should he? Is not the boy "father of the man"?

Whether the young student of whom we have spoken was faithful to keep an account of his expenses or not, we know of one boy who was. His parents required him to keep an expense book before he was old enough to go away to school. When he left home for the academy, his father allowed him fifty cents a month for pocket money, with which he could do as he pleased. But his expense book set him thinking. It would look better if it should show a balance in favor of his pocket from month to month.

The thought decided his course, and he spent but twenty-five cents a month, thus saving one half of his allowance. The expense book did it. The whole would have gone but for that accurate account. He became a noble, affluent man, and often said that the expense book of his boyhood contributed largely to make him what he was.

The expense book has often established the habit of economy, which has proven the foundation of a fortune; while, on the other hand, neglecting to note the method of spending money in early life has led to improvidence and want. "The ship which bore home the merchant's treasure was lost because it was allowed to leave the port from which it sailed with a very little hole in the bottom." "A small leak will sink a ship." The expense book may stop the small leak.

"For want of a nail, the shoe of the aid-de-camp's horse was lost; for want of the shoe, the horse was lost; for want of the horse, the aid-de-camp himself was lost, for the enemy took him and killed him; and for want of the aid-de-camp's intelligence, the army of his general was lost; and all because a little nail had not been properly fixed in the horse's shoe,"— a good illustration of the manner in which an evil habit of youth, though small in itself, may grow and curse the whole future life.

So far as money is concerned, the expense book is designed to guard against such a result.

Amos Lawrence presented to one of his sons on his twelfth birthday, an expense book, with the following written on the first page: —

"My dear Son: — I give you this little book, that you may write in it how much money you receive, and how you use it. It is of much importance in forming your early character, to have correct habits, and a strict regard to truth in all you do. For this purpose, I advise you never to cheat yourself by making a false entry in this book. If you spend money for an object you would not willingly have known, you will be more likely to avoid doing the same thing again if you call it by its right name here, remembering always that there is One who cannot be deceived. I pray God so to guide and direct you, that when your stewardship here is ended, he may say to you, that the talents intrusted to your care have been faithfully employed. Your affectionate father,

"A. L."

In 1822, Lawrence wrote to the father of a boy who came from Connecticut to serve in his store, "Will it not be well for him to furnish you, at stated periods, an exact account of his expenditures? The habit of keeping such an account will be serviceable, and, if he is prudent, the satisfaction will be great ten years hence, in looking back and observing the process by which his character has been formed."

Joseph Baxendale, one of England's most successful merchants, was well known for his practical wisdom, and the good influence he exerted over his employees. He saw, every day, the evils of wasteful habits in early life extending into manhood and womanhood, and he sought to accomplish by placards what the expense book might have done in boyhood and girlhood. He posted up mottoes in his warehouses like the following: "A penny saved is a penny earned;" "He

who spends all he gets, is on the way to beggary;" "Time lost cannot be regained;" "Let industry and economy be the habits of your lives;" "Lay by something for a rainy day." These mottoes were reminders and teachers to his work people, as the expense book reminds and teaches a boy or girl. They reformed the habits of some employees by causing them to reflect. Getting a good idea into their heads from one of them, changed the current of their lives.

The expense book is an idea, and it suggests an idea to the owner. Nor is it an ephemeral idea. It takes possession of the mind for life. It comes to stay. It speaks of character, — how to make or mar it. It lures to virtue and hinders vice.

Many persons, young and old, think of education as belonging only to the schools. This is a grave mistake. If the school alone can give culture, such men as Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln never would have been known, for their best teachers were outside the schoolroom. Scores and hundreds of scholars, even, have become such and owe their claims to distinction to the culture of business, supplemented by the discipline of leisure moments devoted to reading or study. William B. Spooner, one of the most accomplished and honored merchants Boston ever had, never went to an academy after he was sixteen. Yet he became one of the most intelligent, and even gifted, men of New England. Business was a school to which he went every day, never absent, nor tardy. He early determined to make it more than a college curriculum to himself; and he did achieve through it the highest elements of manhood, which were of more value to him and the world than his large fortune that followed as a matter of course. The writer once called at Mr. Spooner's office, when the latter showed him three elaborate reports which he had prepared for that week. One of them was to be presented to the Board of Trade, of which he was president; another to the directors of a bank, of which he was also president; and the third to a benevolent society, whose president he was, also. He prepared all such papers with as much ability as a college graduate; and business did it. True, he improved his leisure moments, which were few, in reading and attending lectures; and this, without doubt, had its decided influence in his rise and progress. But, after all, his business was his school, and here his powers were developed and trained. A business run by industry, tact, honesty, per-

severance, and philanthropy will make a noble man of the proprietor in any age and anywhere. Webster defines education to be "that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." Hence, there may be education without the schoolroom. It is possible for a youth to be more truly educated out of college than in it. Abraham Lincoln was better educated than half the graduates of Harvard and Yale. Proof of this is found in the fact that he was fitted for "usefulness in his station." The farm, shop, and warehouse teach eminently practical lessons. They teach much even about science and art. The successful man of business knows more about philosophy, mathematics, and psychology, after he has amassed a fortune, than he did before. Experience is a good schoolmaster. When Edison had wrought his first invention, he had acquired ability to bring out a half dozen others. The discipline of one year's business enables a man to do better work next year. He is more of a man at the close of a year's work if he has been true to himself. His mind is constantly on the alert to discover the reason of things, and so he is constantly improving and acquiring power. When Schiller was a boy, the inquisitive characteristic of his mind in manhood was foreshadowed as follows: during a terrific thunder shower his father missed him, and ran out of doors to learn his whereabouts, when he discovered him perched in the top of a tree which the storm was rocking like a cradle. Much frightened at the peril of the boy, the father called out, "What are you there for?" Promptly the answer came back, "I want to see where the lightning comes from." The lad had a reason for being there, and a good one, too.

The inquiring mind which led him to ascertain where lightning comes from was the secret of his manhood's success; and the same would have been true of him had he been a merchant instead of a scholar.

The late Hon. William E. Dodge, who was known throughout our land as a wealthy merchant and Christian philanthropist, derived all the advantage he ever had from schools before he was fifteen years of age. At that age his distinctively business life began in New York city,—a school that was in session as long as he lived. Like Mr. Spooner, he

determined that manhood should stand for more than wealth with him,—that everything about his time and business should contribute strength to his personal character. Consequently, his business was his university. In it he had his daily drill. Both his head and heart were disciplined by the duties of his warehouse. The standard he set up made industry, tact, honesty, and economy absolutely indispensable. He grew mentally and morally here. It was public school and Sunday school together, exerting a powerful influence upon his life. Mr. Dodge's career illustrates what an English journal recently said : "There can be no question nowadays that application to work, absorption in affairs, contact with men, and all the stress which business imposes on us, gives a noble training to the intellect, and splendid opportunity for discipline of character. The perpetual call on a man's readiness, self-control, and vigor which business makes, the constant appeal to the intellect, the stress upon the will, the necessity for rapid and responsible exercise of judgment, —all constitute a high culture." Hence the most successful men have been those who began the world in their shirt sleeves.

James Harper, founder of the publishing house known as Harper Brothers, of New York, began his business life in that city at fifteen years of age. He began in a printing office in Franklin square. He commenced with the resolution to make the most out of the business possible, and, by doing that, to make the most of himself. He applied himself so closely to his work, declining to engage in pleasures, which others sought, as to draw down upon himself the ridicule of his companions. They laughed at his clothes, his awkward gait, and his large and homely shoes. Finally, one day, a fellow workman said to him, "Give us your card." Forgetting himself for a moment, Harper kicked the young scamp downstairs, exclaiming, "That is my card ; take it!" In five minutes he was very sorry for the act and made an apology, adding, "When I get to doing business for myself, I will let you have work." In thirty years Harper was a wealthy publisher, and mayor of the city, and among his employees was the scapegrace whom he kicked downstairs. The latter came to him in a miserable plight, and he gave him a job to keep him from starving. It is one thing to make business a school, but quite another thing to make it the road to ruin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JAMES JEROME HILL.

WHERE OPPORTUNITY LIES — BORN IN CANADA — ANCESTRAL STOCK — HOW EDUCATED — FROM COUNTY CLERK TO RAILROAD PRESIDENT — REORGANIZATION OF THE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC RAILROAD — TRANSFORMATION OF THE NORTHWEST — FORTUNE FAIRLY EARNED — THE GREAT NORTHERN OF TO-DAY — HIS METHODS — THE TRAINING OF YOUNG MEN — MR. HILL A MANY-SIDED MAN — HIS HOME AT ST. PAUL — INTEREST IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS — PHILANTHROPIES — SOMETHING OF HIS PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS. VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

The railroad interests in this country are not the greatest, after all. The agricultural interests are most important. They represent one half the population of the United States, one half the capital, and about all the patriotism, religion, and feeling there is.



The country rules the cities. I should be sorry to see the time come when the city interests controlled the country. At present they do not. Whenever a situation comes up where the integrity of the country is at stake, the agricultural interests rise up in a body and sweep the obstacle aside. It is the man who owns the land, the area upon which we live, who is the strongest factor in affairs, and he is bound to continue so. He it is who possesses all the potential qualities that produce success anywhere, and safeguards the common interests of our country.

James J. Hill

JAMES JEROME HILL, president of the Great Northern Railroad, is, in many respects, the most interesting of all the captains of industry who are now at the head of affairs in this country. He was born in Guelph, Wellington county, Canada, in 1838, and is therefore about sixty-

four years of age. On his father's side he is descended from sturdy Irish stock, while from his Scotch mother he inherited the noble traits of the Dunbar line. He is a typical John Bull in his build, being short, square, and powerful. His head is massive, his features are large, his hair is heavy, and his manner calm, but alert. He is always closely watchful, and under ordinary circumstances bland.

Unlike most American millionaires, Mr. Hill was hampered in the task of self-creation by a thorough education. Of a dreamy temperament as a child, he preferred a book and the woods to the play of other boys. For such a nature there was, at that time, no opening but the ministry or medicine. To fit him for the latter profession his parents sent him to the Rockwood Academy, where he received a thorough grounding in mathematics, Latin, and the sciences, and acquired that thirst for knowledge which has characterized his whole life.

At the age of fifteen his father's death threw him upon his own resources, and he was obliged to abandon his coveted profession and to seek employment in a country store. When about eighteen he came to St. Paul, then a straggling village on the hem of civilization, and secured employment as shipping clerk in the office of the Dubuque and St. Paul Packet Company. At that time the Mississippi offered almost the only opportunity for the study of problems of transportation, and to this he devoted his attention. He successively enlarged the scope of his activity, to include the sale of fuel, and the agencies for the Northwestern Packing Company and the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. He was the first to bring coal to St. Paul, and he opened the first communication between St. Paul and Winnipeg, then Fort Gary. The latter was accomplished in 1872, when he consolidated his interests with Norman W. Kittson, of the Hudson Bay Company, who was then operating steamboats between Moorhead and Winnipeg —thus gradually reaching out.

He next undertook the reorganization in detail of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. When that sickly infant crept haltingly out upon the trackless prairies to die, Mr. Hill was the only one to see in it promise of life. The road then consisted of eighty miles of indifferent construction extending from St. Paul to St. Cloud, two hundred and sixteen miles

from St. Paul to Breckenridge, and in the neighborhood of another hundred miles of track not connected with either of these lines.

In addition to being $33,000,000 in debt, the road was utterly discredited on both continents. Mr. Hill persuaded Mr. Donald Smith and Mr. George Stephen to undertake, with him, its purchase and reorganization. In 1879 the transaction was completed, and the road was reincorporated under the name of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad. Mr. George Stephen, now Lord Mount-Stephen, was the first president, and Mr. Hill the general manager. Mr. Hill was afterward elected vice-president, and in 1883 he became president, which position he still holds. Since that time his achievement has been without parallel in the history of the railroad world. He has built and equipped a system of 6,000 miles — with the exception of the original 400 miles — entirely without state or government land-grant or subsidy; at a capitalization in stocks and bonds of about $30,000 a mile, and at the rate of nearly a mile a day for every day of his control. While other transcontinental roads have collapsed and gone into the hands of receivers, the Great Northern has never once defaulted the interest on its bonds or passed a dividend.

Figures give no adequate idea of the economic significance of such an artery of commerce. Because James J. Hill conceived and successfully carried out his project, it may be that men and women who never even heard of the United States, much less of the Great Northern Railroad, have been saved from death by starvation. It may be that sometime the fruition of the idea born in the mind of this railroad man will serve to avert a nation's famine. The opening and developing of the great wheat raising states of the Northwest have had their part in determining the question of war or peace, and will have again. It has promoted *ententes cordiales*. It has shared, with blood ties and diplomacy as a factor, in the relations of this country with Great Britain, and consequently the relations of Great Britain with other nations. "Wheat Across the Sea" may be equally potent with "Hands Across the Sea." Each of the 520,000,000 bread eaters of the world is a shareholder in the Great Northern Railroad. For twenty cents the Minnesota farmer may send a bushel of wheat or its equivalent in bread to Western Europe.

When Mr. Hill first mooted the project of a railroad from Puget sound to the Great Lake waterway, passing through what was virtually "An Undiscovered Country," he had to face the knowledge that his road would parallel and run between, at no tremendous distances in this big continent, two already existing lines, neither of which had proved successful. The Northern Pacific had been constructed at enormous cost, with the assistance of the Federal Government, and its record had been a series of failures. The Canadian Pacific had had behind it the resources of the British Empire ; to build it, half a continent had been put in pawn. Wise men pointed these things out to Mr. Hill. They said : "Even if he can build two thousand miles of railroad through new country, without governmental aid or subsidy, *cui bono ?* What doth it profit a man if he build a whole railroad and lose his yearly dividends ?" But Mr. Hill saw with a clearer vision. He went ahead with that confidence which is possessed only by great men and fools. Steadily, inch by inch, rod by rod, mile by mile, the shining rails stretched westward through "the land of sky-blue water," passing innumerable sparkling Minnesota lakes, skirting one, bridging another, pushing on through forests and natural parkways, crossing the line into the newer Dakota, chasing the limpid waters of the Red river, and plunging into the trackless ocean prairie — direct, almost, as the crow flies, across the billowy fields to the confines of another state ; running beside the turbid Missouri, bombarding and overcoming the Rockies, shimmering through cañon, diving through tunnel, climbing over trestle, ever westward, until at last they rested by the waters of the Pacific. Purely as a matter of construction, it was a gigantic feat, rapidly, safely, and cleanly accomplished. Then came the rub — the material but no less important question, from every point of view, of making it pay ; and another phase of Mr. Hill's genius was called into requisition. That he succeeded is a matter of railroad history. To the knowledge of a man who knows his business to the minutest detail, the determination of one who will not be defeated, the daring of a pioneer, Mr. Hill must have added an instinctive perception which bordered on the gift of prophecy.

Following a railroad come population, trade, civilization. A railroad, even through unarable country, brings some set-

tlers along its line; a railroad, however poorly managed, causes some movement of trade. How much more is this true of a pioneer road through a country every mile of which is possible of settlement, and great tracts of which are as fertile as any on earth! Following the track layers come the settlers. Following the settlers come the hamlets, villages, towns, cities, the mills, factories, and all the concomitants of trade. The building of the depot causes the construction of the schoolhouse, and the upraising of the church spires to the sky. It is hardly possible to overestimate the effect of the construction of the Great Northern upon the development, physical and sociological, of a great part of our Northwest. The shriek of the locomotive whistle evoked the spirit of progress. Village and town sprang up along the line. Dwellings and granaries dotted the prairies. Hundreds of thousands of acres of previously non-productive land were put under cultivation. Desolate prairies began to bloom. The grain elevator, like a lighthouse in a yellow sea, uplifted itself above the fields of waving wheat.

That there should have come an outlet for these magnificent possibilities seems now almost inevitable; but in this case the credit must go to James J. Hill. The state of Minnesota alone produces, approximately, about 80,000,000 bushels of wheat, or about one thirty-seventh of the total production of the world. Of this she is able to export two thirds. Of the Dakotas, not having begun to reach their limit of productiveness, North Dakota raised, in 1898, 55,000,000 bushels, and South Dakota 42,000,000. Oregon produced 24,000,000 bushels. The modern farming methods in the Northwest challenge the admiration of the world. Steam and electricity are made to serve the farmer's purpose. He plows, reaps, thrashes by machinery. He telephones from his farmhouse to his granaries. Sometimes he receives the latest grain quotations over a private telegraph wire in his dwelling. Often the acreage of his farm is expressed in the thousands, sometimes in five figures. He comes from the poor places of the earth and finds a home and self-respect. He sends his products to Europe, Asia, Japan, even China. He furnishes a traffic that provides work for tens of thousands of employees of transportation lines. He keeps a procession of grain ships moving to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which makes the "Soo" rank ahead of far-famed

Suez in point of tonnage. Moreover, he is furnishing bone and sinew for this great country of ours which cannot be expressed in figures. And much of this is due to the Great Northern Railroad.

Unlike other "Napoleons of Finance" and "Railway Kings" who have preyed upon the interests confided to their care, Mr. Hill has accepted no salary, profited by the ruin of no man's fortune, depending for his reward upon the natural increase in the value of his investment. While he has built up for himself and other shareholders of the road a constantly accruing fortune, he has created for the settlers along his line $1,000,000,000 of wealth in real property. The reduction in rates of transportation has given the shippers along the road practically $67,000,000, thus diminishing the company's revenues by that amount.

Nevertheless, in fourteen years, from the beginning of Mr. Hill's stewardship to 1893, the company had paid to stock and shareholders between $15,000,000 and $16,000,000, while employees had received for their share $79,000,000. Owing to its economy in operation, constantly increasing business and earning capacity, the Great Northern has made a steady decrease in freight rates. Last year the president suggested a new schedule of grain rates, which meant a reduction of $1,500,000 to the company.

The Great Northern to-day comprises a system of roads giving in all 6,000 miles of excellent construction, extending in a network from Puget sound on the west to St. Paul on the east, from Duluth on the north to Yankton on the south. The headquarters is at St. Paul, where are located the general offices and operating staff. During the season of navigation, Duluth and Superior are, however, the practical terminals, where the road connects with its own steamers of the Northern Steamship Company for Buffalo. Passengers are offered the perfection of travel, via the *Northwest* or *Northland*, two of the most luxurious steamers of the world. The restful journey over inland seas, varied with rivers, charming resorts, and locks, is attracting tourists to the full capacity of the boats.

In addition to the passenger steamers, a fleet of six freight vessels offers formidable competition to other transcontinental lines. For the Great Northern has thus 2,000 miles of railroad

from the Pacific Coast, with the added 1,000 miles of cheap waterway, as against the 3,000 miles entirely by rail of the other roads. The shipping from Duluth and Superior is far beyond belief to the casual observer. In 1898 there were received at these ports 86,000,000 bushels of grain ; sawmills on the harbor manufactured 324,000,000 feet of lumber ; iron ore shipments reached 6,000,000 gross tons ; flour mills about the bay manufactured 2,000,000 barrels of flour. From these figures, and the fact that the Great Northern handles 65 per cent. of the business, will be seen the change which has been wrought in diverting traffic of the Central West from Chicago and other more southerly lake ports.

As in the conception, construction, and extension of the road, so in his methods of operation, Mr. Hill's achievement is unique. He has the genius which in a military age would have made a Napoleon.

He has made the road ; — he is its head, its hand, its conscience. He has risen through successive stages and grown with the road's growth. He has studied, assimilated, taught, — and moved on. Wherever he left a department he shed a system. In his rise he has carried with him a staggering weight of detail. He knows every inch of the country through which his road runs — in its geography, topography, fauna, flora, minerals, water, air, population, resources, and portable products. He knows the road in its sleepers, rails, spikes, ballast, engines, shops, sidings, and stations. He knows exactly what pressure every part of every engine can endure, what work it is capable of performing, and how long it should last. So close a touch has he on every detail that he feels the slightest jar in the vast machine, and his finger falls instantly upon the disturbing cause. He seems omniscient and omnipresent, appearing unexpectedly at remote mountain stations, — from no one knows where, — and vanishing as mysteriously as he came.

There is no filtering of authority through vice-president, general manager, or chief clerk, with the consequent shifting of responsibility ; the enlightenment, reproof, or dismissal comes on the spot, warmed with Mr. Hill's personality. As a result of this close relationship between him and his employees, the Great Northern has been singularly free from the strikes, agitations, and annoyances which have beset

other roads. The only strike of any consequence was in 1894. It grew out of the fact that the prevailing business depression of 1893 had made necessary a reduction in the pay roll of the Great Northern Railroad Company, and this was brought about in part by reducing the salaries of its officers and the rates of pay of its employees.

During the winter, representatives of the American Railway Union, formed in 1892, had been active in the work of organization on the lines of several railroads, among others the Great Northern. The work was conducted with great secrecy, and none of the officers of the company had knowledge of it. The company, for years having recognized the old unions, had no knowledge of complaints, or of any considerable dissatisfaction on the part of its employees, who at that time numbered about eight thousand.

When the cloud finally broke, there were many misconceptions, therefore, to be cleared away ; and it was not for some two weeks that Mr. Hill and the strike organizers came to understand each other. When they did the whole trouble was promptly and finally settled by arbitration. Through the whole incident Mr. Hill's was the guiding mind in every detail, and his clear head, tact, firmness, and fairness were successful in bringing to a happy issue a matter which might have had permanently unfortunate results in the hands of a man of less generous mould.

In connection with the general offices, there has been established a school of railroading, where young men are given a thorough knowledge of every department. When a new branch road is organized, or a department is created, the man needed for its head is immediately forthcoming ; for at the same time Mr. Hill foresaw the future need he foresaw the man for the place, and began to train the boy. The motto of the Great Northern road should be, "The child is father to the man" ; for Mr. Hill believes that strength and swiftness are in the feet of young men. His son, James N. Hill, is president of the Spokane & Northern Division, and third vice-president of the general system. His son, Louis Hill, is vice-president of the Eastern Minnesota Division. Both are young men of great promise, who have served their apprenticeship in every branch of railroading ; and upon them Mr. Hill is gradually unloading the enormous burden which he has carried so long.

During those years of apprenticeship in the steamboat office he was preparing himself to fill in the canvas which then contained but the sketchy outlines drawn by his imagination. Days filled with labor were succeeded by nights of unremitting study. The subjects devoured were so far apart in interest, so abstruse and apparently impractical in application, that nothing but the preparation of an encyclopædia would seem to justify his selection. This omnivorous appetite for reading, joined to a phenomenal memory, makes his learning prodigious. Question him on almost any subject and you are overwhelmed by a steady flow of information, detail, statistics, until the finite mind reels. No man is so versed in his own specialty that Mr. Hill cannot teach him something therein. This course of study was to prepare him not only for a successful business career, but also to provide resources of enjoyment for his dearly-bought leisure. He may, like Carlyle, be described as a sledge hammer with an æolian-harp attachment; for, while his knotted muscles are battering away for the world's commerce, his delicately strung sensibilities never fail to give answering music to each wandering wind of beauty or fancy. He is essentially domestic and lives amid his regal surroundings a life of rugged simplicity.

Mrs. Hill, who was Miss Mary Mahegan, is a woman of beautiful face and more beautiful character, and is universally beloved. She possesses a rare combination of quiet humor, tact and executive ability. To these qualities, and the consequent, thrift, discipline, and comfort in their domestic affairs, Mr. Hill ascribes no small measure of his success in life. A family of nine interesting and gifted children have grown up about them. To each has been given the best preparation which America offers educationally to fit them for the wide opportunities of their lives.

Several years ago Mr. Hill built in St. Paul one of the handsomest houses in America. It is baronial in style, massively built of brownstone, and contains every interior perfection known to science. With his characteristic love of detail he spent a fortune on plumbing, heating, lighting, and ventilation. The interior finish is simple and rich as the exterior. The house is filled with the rarest and costliest of art treasures, tapestries, rugs, vases, wood-carving, antique furniture; all

are of the choicest selection and of quiet taste. His art gallery ranks second or third among the private collections of the United States. He has a fondness for French art, and among the gems are some of the best specimens of the modern painting of that country. Some of the notable ones are Corot's "Biblis," Ribot's "Descent from the Cross," Diaz's "Storm," Rousseau's "Mont Jean de Paris." Added to these are some of the masterpieces of Millet, Delacroix, Deschamps, Troyon, Bouguereau, Henner, Laurens, and Jules Breton. Of every picture Mr. Hill will give you the conception, the technical and artistic value, as no one but a painter can do, as well as every fact of interest concerning each artist. His adeptness as an art critic is equaled only by his skill as a lapidary; he has one of the choicest private collections of jewels in America, and can detect at a touch any flaw, however obscure. These jewels he collects for the pleasure he takes in their perfection, as the members of his family seldom wear them. All these treasures of their superb home Mr. and Mrs. Hill enjoy and share without ostentation or vanity — a constant object lesson and benignant influence to those about them.

One of Mr. Hill's dearest ambitions was to be a soldier, and it was a bitter blow at the outbreak of the rebellion that, owing to a defect in his vision, he was not accepted for service. Upon this fact, doubtless, his whole career hinged. In hardships and hairbreadth escapes, traveling by dog sledge and on foot, he sought to forget this disappointment in fighting his country's battles against wilderness, desert, and mountain.

Mr. Hill's order of intellect does not permit him a recreation that is purposeless; every pastime develops into a science. Thus his farming, which he began as a relaxation, has developed an experimental station. His North Oaks farm, within easy driving distance of St. Paul, contains 5,500 acres, inclosed by a single fence. The land is wooded or under cultivation, and seven lakes are included within its limits. The buildings are unpretentious and simple, like those of the surrounding farms, but so numerous as to form a good sized village. They consist of a house for the family, another for the workmen, horse and cow stables, pigsties, hay-barns, extensive greenhouses, a marble-fitted and refrigerated dairy, a bowling alley and boathouse. In the interior

arrangement, the highest degree of sanitation and comfort is secured. Here he has collected, from all parts of the world, the best breeds of horses and cattle, whose feeding, training, and marketing he personally oversees to the minutest detail. He has a strong love for horses, and seldom sells any of those he has raised. Upon an island in the largest lake he is preserving a herd of elk. In another pasture he has a large herd of buffalo — among the last of their vanishing race.

Near Crookston, Minn., he has a grain-farm of 35,000 acres. This is carried on in the same manner as the large farms in Dakota, with all externals of the plainest, but with the latest labor-saving machinery.

In his farming, as in his home life, Mr. Hill's aim is to be a helpful neighbor; the result of all his experiments he shares with those about him. The value of his agricultural and stock-raising knowledge to the settlers along the line of his road is, in consequence, incalculable. He is constantly giving talks and addresses at state and county fairs, stock-grower's conventions, and before legislatures. It is largely through his influence that the Red River Valley settlers have been induced to take up diversified farming instead of depending, as formerly, upon wheat alone; and, in consequence, having to face starvation with every crop failure. In this, as in all his advocated reforms, he does not stop with "talk." Following his instruction, he has scattered along the line of his road, for free use of the farmers, 500 blooded bulls and 3,500 boars. The result of this foresight has been a complete transformation of the "scrub" stock of the Northwest.

One of Mr. Hill's most notable philanthropies is the St. Paul Theological Seminary, a school of preparation for the priesthood, dedicated in 1895. Unlike most philanthropists, and with characteristic modesty, Mr. Hill refuses to allow this institution to bear his name, but gives that honor to the city of his residence. The buildings, erected through the gift of $500,000, are six severely handsome structures of pressed brick built in the English university form of a quadrangle. The site, upon the high, wooded bluff of the Mississippi river, offers a quiet retreat, perfectly fitted for study and thought. No expense was spared in internal equipment, affording an opportunity for comfort, health, and the highest culture. Each student is provided with a study and sleeping room,

with access to the bath. A gymnasium gives opportunity for physical development, so often overlooked in such institutions. The seminary offers unrivaled opportunities for theological research, as well as a broad culture in science and literature, not usually joined to a theological course. While the seminary is intended principally for the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul, and draws its students from the dioceses comprised in this province, still it is open to students of all sections of the country, and from the first its fullest capacity has been tested. The Right Reverend Monsignor Caillet, a pioneer in Minnesota religious life, was its first rector. On his death the Very Reverend Patrick R. Heffron, a young man of unusual attainments and brilliancy, became its rector.

Two Protestant colleges in the environs of St. Paul owe, in a large measure, their prolonged activity to Mr. Hill's generosity — Macalester, a Presbyterian institution, and Hamline, of the Methodist denomination. Indeed, scarcely a church of St. Paul has appealed to Mr. Hill in vain in its financial crises; and many towns along the lines of his road show with pride some church, educational, or philanthropic institution which he has built or helped to build.

In Mr. Hill we have the seer, with all the nineteenth century improvements. In him the highest imagination is yoked to the lowliest common sense; the vision is followed by the deed. Mountains, seas, continents, wars, and empires are pawns in his game; but each spike which holds his rails is considered as carefully as though it were to serve for the axis of the universe.

His imagination is not of the lawless order which runs riot to no purpose; it is the masterful architect, which directs his nimble intellect as it builds. His mind's eye is telescopic, looking far beyond the range of ordinary human vision, and seeing things not so much as they are, but rather as they may be. He saw the great Northwest, lying imprisoned like the prince in the Arabian Nights, half man and half marble, and has set it free in its own proper shape, with all its possibilities restored. His faith, moving mountains, both literally and figuratively, has led the world's superfluous population into the wilderness, to behold and to work miracles. They have felled the forests, tilled the soil, dug mines, built houses, banks, churches, and colleges, under the delusion that these

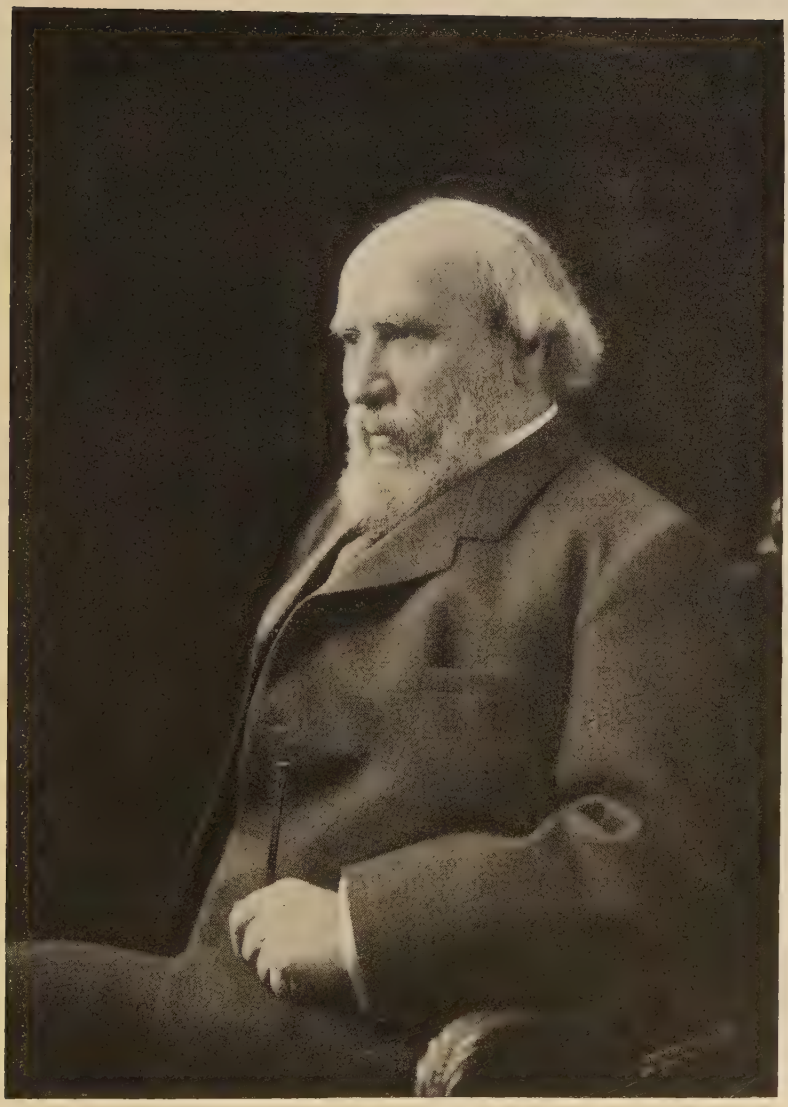
enterprises were of their own suggestion; but, like Alice and the red chessman in "Wonderland," they are merely acting a part in the White King's dream.

THE VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

NEARLY a hundred thousand Romans are assembled in the Colosseum to see the hated Christians struggle for their lives with the wild beasts of the amphitheater. The grand spectacle is preceded by a duel between two rival gladiators, trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace. When a gladiator hit his adversary in such contests, he would say "*Hoc habet*" (He has it), and look up to see whether he should kill or spare. If the people held their thumbs up, the victim would be left to recover; if down, he was to die. If he showed the least reluctance in presenting his throat for the death blow, there would rise a scornful shout: "*Recipe ferrum*" (Receive the steel). Prominent persons would sometimes go into the arena and watch the death agonies of the vanquished, or taste the warm blood of some brave hero.

The two rival gladiators, as they entered, had shouted to the emperor: "*Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant*" (Hail, Cæsar, those about to die salute thee). Then in mortal strife they fought long and desperately, their faces wet with perspiration and dark with the dust of the arena. Suddenly an aged stranger in the audience leaps over the railing, and, standing bareheaded and barefoot between the contestants, bids them stay their hands. A hissing sound comes from the vast audience, like steam issuing from a geyser, followed by calls of "Back, back, old man." But the gray-haired hermit stands like a statue. "Cut him down, cut him down," roar the spectators, and the gladiators strike the would-be peacemaker to earth, and fight over his dead body.

But what of it? What is the life of a poor old hermit compared with the thousands who have met their deaths in that vast arena? The unknown man died, indeed, but his death brought Rome to her senses, and no more gladiatorial contests disgraced the Colosseum, while in every province of the empire the custom was utterly abolished, to be revived no more. The vast ruin stands to-day a monument to the victory in the hermit's defeat.



JAMES J. HILL.

No man fails who does his best, for, if the critical world ignore him, his labor is weighed in the scales of Omniscient Justice. As there is no effect without cause, no loss of energy in the world, so conscientious persistence cannot fail of its ultimate reward.

One of the first lessons of life is to learn how to get victory out of defeat. It takes courage and stamina, when mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruins the elements of future conquest. Yet this measures the difference between those who succeed and those who fail. You cannot measure a man by his failures. You must know what use he makes of them. What did they mean to him? What did he get out of them?

I always watch with great interest a young man's first failure. It is the index of his life, the measure of his success-power. The mere fact of his failure does not interest me much; but how did he take his defeat? What did he do next? Was he discouraged? Did he slink out of sight? Did he conclude that he had made a mistake in his calling, and dabble in something else? Or did he up and at it again with a determination that knows no defeat?

"I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator," said Humphry Davy, "for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures."

"God forbid that I should do this thing, and flee away from them," said Judas Maccabæus, when, with only eight hundred faithful men, he was urged to retire before the Syrian army of twenty thousand. "If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not stain our honor."

"Sore was the battle," says Miss Yonge; "as sore as that waged by the three hundred at Thermopylæ, and the end was the same. Judas and his eight hundred were not driven from the field, but lay dead upon it. But their work was done. The moral effect of such a defeat goes farther than many a victory. These lives, sold so dearly, were the price of freedom for Judea. Judas's brothers, Jonathan and Simon, laid him in his father's tomb, and then ended the work that he had begun; and when Simon died, the Jews, once so trodden on, were the most prosperous race in the East. The temple was raised from its ruins, and the exploits of the Maccabees

had nerved the whole people to do or die in defense of the holy faith of their fathers."

After a long and desperate but vain struggle to free his country from the iron rule of Rome, Vercingetorix surrendered himself to Cæsar on condition that his army should be allowed to return home without molestation. He was held a prisoner for six years, then dragged in chains over the cold stones of Rome to grace an imperial triumph, and killed in his dungeon the following night. Yet no one would think of naming any one else if asked who was the bravest and noblest among the Gallic leaders.

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man," said Latimer, as he stood with his friend at the stake; "we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out;" and every word had more influence than would the preaching of a hundred sermons against the intolerance of the age. So incensed did the people become that, besides Cranmer, burned two years later, very few others were sacrificed; and of these it is said that they were secretly tried and burned at night, surrounded by soldiers, for fear of riots by the populace enraged at such injustice and cruelty.

There is something grand and inspiring in a young man who fails squarely after doing his level best, and then enters the contest again and again with undaunted courage and redoubled energy. I have no fears for the youth who is not disheartened at failure.

"It is defeat," says Henry Ward Beecher, "that turns bone to flint, and gristle to muscle, and makes men invincible, and formed those heroic natures that are now in ascendency in the world. Do not, then, be afraid of defeat. You are never so near to victory as when defeated in a good cause."

Failure becomes the final test of persistence and of an iron will. It either crushes a life, or solidifies it. The wounded oyster mends his shell with pearl.

"Failure is, in a sense," says Keats, "the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid."

"We mount to heaven," says A. B. Alcott, "mostly on

the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes."

No man is a failure who is upright and true. No cause is a failure which is in the right. There is but one failure, and that is not to be true to the best that in us.

Of what avail would it be for a man without a kingdom, without an army, to oppose the most powerful monarch of Europe? William the Silent was a learned philosopher, an accomplished linguist, of good family and great wealth, and a lover of peace. Yet, as a mere citizen of little Holland, on what could he rely should he attempt to wage war against overwhelming odds, except the justice of his cause and the weight of his character?

Philip II. was a nephew of the emperor of Germany, husband of the queen of England, and ruler in his own right of Spain, Holland, Belgium, and most of Italy, Oran, Tunis, the Cape Verde, Canary, and Philippine Islands, the Antilles, Mexico, and Peru. While his neighbors were weakened by quarrels, his resources were unrivaled. His cause was supported by the arms, wealth, glory, genius, and religion of Europe.

Philip determined to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands, and William resolved to consecrate himself to the defense of the liberties of his country.

The struggle was prodigious. At last William died, but Philip was not a victor. Holland, indeed, was without a leader, but the vast Spanish monarchy was tottering to its fall. From the beginning of the contest, "the figure of the king becomes smaller and smaller until it finally disappears, while that of the Prince of Orange grows and grows, until it becomes the most glorious figure of the century." Proscribed, impoverished, calumniated, surrounded by assassins, often a fugitive, and finally a lifeless lump of clay, William had maintained throughout a solidity of character against which beat in vain the waves of corrupt wealth and injustice. Character is power.

Raleigh failed, but he left a name ever to be linked with brave effort and noble character. Kossuth did not succeed, but his lofty career, his burning words, and his ideal fidelity will move men for good as long as time shall last. O'Connell did not win his cause, but he did achieve enduring fame as an orator, patriot, and apostle of liberty.

Viewed in this light, the retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand outshines the conquests of Alexander; and the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna was as great as the victories of Wellington.

"Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney, he can make anything," said the widow of General Greene, when some officers who had served under her husband in the Revolution said it was impossible to extend the culture of cotton, on account of the trouble and expense of separating the seed from the fiber. Eli Whitney had gone from his Massachusetts home, in 1792, to teach in Georgia.

Mrs. Greene, at whose house he was visiting, introduced Mr. Whitney to the officers and some planter guests, and recommended him as a young man of great integrity and ingenuity. The young teacher said that he had never seen cotton or cotton seed, but promised to see what he could do. He found a little in Savannah, and shut himself up in a basement to experiment. He had to make his own tools, and even draw his wire, as none could then be bought in Savannah. He hammered and tinkered all winter, but at last his machine was successful.

Mr. Miller, who had recently married Mrs. Greene, offered to become an equal partner with Mr. Whitney, furnishing funds for perfecting, patenting, and making the machines. People came to see the wonderful device, but Mr. Miller refused to show it, as it was not yet patented.

Some of the visitors broke open the building by night and carried off the gin. Soon the partners found that machines that infringed upon theirs were upon the market. Mr. Whitney established a manufactory in New Haven, but was hampered greatly by a long sickness, while suits to defend the patent swallowed all the money of the partners. Again Whitney was sick, and had but just recovered when his manufactory burned, with all his machines and papers, leaving him bankrupt. Just then came the news that British manufacturers rejected cotton cleaned by his machine, saying that the process was injurious. He went to England and at last overcame this prejudice, when his cotton gin was again in demand. A suit against an infringer was decided against him by a Georgia jury, although the judge charged in his favor. The market was flooded with infringements. Not until 1807, the

last year of his patent, was a suit decided in his favor, Judge Johnson saying : —

"The whole interior of the Southern states was languishing and its inhabitants emigrating for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age, it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off. Our capitals have increased, and our lands have trebled themselves in value."

Whitney was obliged to engage in another kind of business to gain a livelihood, on account of the injustice of his fellow countrymen, yet one of the world's greatest victories grew out of his apparent defeat. Instead of a pound of cleaned cotton as the result of a day's work of an able-bodied man, he had made it possible for him to clean hundreds of pounds. His invention increased the production of cotton in the South more than a thousandfold, and was worth, according to conservative men, more than a thousand millions of dollars to the United States. What an inspiration there is in this career for discouraged souls in life's great battle !

" No language," says E. P. Whipple, " can fitly express the meanness, the baseness, the brutality, with which the world has ever treated its victims of one age and boasts of them in the next. Dante is worshiped at that grave to which he was hurried by persecution. Milton in his own day was 'Mr. Milton, the blind adder, that spit his venom on the king's person' ; and soon after, 'the mighty orb of song.' These absurd transitions from hatred to apotheosis, this recognition just at the moment when it becomes a mockery, sadden all intellectual history."

" Even in this world," says Mrs. Stowe, " they will have their judgment day ; and their names, which went down in the dust like a gallant banner trodden in the mire, shall rise again all glorious in the sight of nations."

What cared Garrison or Phillips for the rotten eggs, the jeers and hisses in Faneuil Hall ? What did Demosthenes, Curran, or Disraeli care for the taunts and hisses that drove them from the rostrum ? They felt within the power of great-

ness, and knew that the time would come when they would be heard. Mortified by humiliation and roused by defeat, they were spurred into a grander eloquence. Those apparent defeats which would have silenced forever men of ordinary mould, only excited in these men a determination which, like the waters of the Hellespont, "ne'er felt retiring ebb." Who can estimate the world's debt to weak, deformed, and apparently defeated men, whose desperate struggles to redeem themselves from perpetual scorn have made them immortal? It was Byron's clubfoot and shyness which caused him to pour forth his soul in song. It was to Bedford jail that we owe the finest allegory in the world. Bunyan wrote nothing of note before or after his twelve years' imprisonment.

Death wins no victory over such men. Regulus might be destroyed bodily by cruel torture, but his spirit animated Rome to blot Carthage from the face of the earth. Winkelried did indeed fall beneath the Austrian spears, but Switzerland is free. Wallace was quartered: Scotland never. Lincoln became the victim of an assassin, but none the less his work went forward. Never was martyr yet whose death did not advance the cause he advocated tenfold more than could possibly have been accomplished by his voice or pen.

He who never failed has never half succeeded. The defeat at Bull Run was really the greatest victory of the Civil War, for it sent the cowards to the rear and the politicians home. It was the lightning flash in the dark night of our nation's peril which gave us glimpses of the weak places in our army. It was the mirror which showed us the faces of the political aspirants.

"The angel of martyrdom is brother to the angel of victory." What cared Savonarola though the pope excommunicated him because he could not bribe him? What cared he for the live coals on his feet? He would still tell the Italian people of their terrible sins, and he knew that though they should burn him at the stake, his ashes would plead for him and speak louder than his tongue had ever done. He shrank not from telling the dying Lorenzo to restore liberty to Florence and return what he had stolen from the people, before he would grant him absolution. Though the prince turned his face to the wall, rather than purchase forgiveness on such terms, Savonarola was inflexible, and the monarch died

unabsolved. On the way to the scaffold the bishop said, "I separate thee from the Church militant and triumphant." Savonarola corrected him, saying, "Not triumphant, that is not yours to do."

"Heaven is probably a place for those who have failed on earth. The world will be blind indeed, if it does not reckon among its great ones such martyrs as miss the palms but not the pains of martyrdom, heroes without laurels and conquerors without the jubilations of triumph."

Uninterrupted successes at the beginning of a career are dangerous. Beware of the first great triumph. It may prove a failure. Many a man has been ruined by overconfidence, born of his first victory. The mountain oak, tossed and swayed in the tempest until its proud top sweeps the earth, is all the stronger for its hundred battles with the elements if it only straighten up again. The danger is not in a fall, but in failing to rise. All the great work of the world has been accomplished by courage, and the world's greatest victories have been born of defeat. Every blessing that we enjoy—personal security, individual liberty, and constitutional freedom—has been obtained through long apprenticeships of evil. The right of existing as a nation has only been accomplished through ages of wars and horrors. It required four centuries of martyrdom to establish Christianity, and a century of civil wars to introduce the Reformation.

"There are some whom the lightning of fortune blasts, only to render holy," says Bulwer. "Amidst all that humbles and scathes—amidst all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and strange defeature, they stand erect—riven, not uprooted, a monument less of pity than of awe! There are some who pass through the lazar house of misery with a step more august than a Cæsar's in his hall. The very things which, seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them become almost venerable and divine; and one ray, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the infant God, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherished his patient image, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of Heaven!"

Even from the dreary waste and desolation of his bereavement at Fordham, the stricken soul of Edgar A. Poe blossomed in those matchless flowers of funeral song, the delicately ethereal dirges, "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee," which alone would immortalize their author.

To know how to wring victory from defeat, and make stepping stones of our stumbling-blocks, is the secret of success. What matters it —

> "If what shone afar so grand
> Turned to ashes in the hand?
> On again, the virtue lies
> In the struggle, not the prize."

Raphael died at thirty-seven, in the very flush of young manhood, before he had finished his "Transfiguration." Yet he had produced the finest picture in the world, and it was carried in his funeral procession, while all Rome mourned their great loss.

Even the defeat of death found victorious voice in the unequaled requiem of Mozart.

There is something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment often better than success. Constant success shows us only one side of the world; for as it surrounds us with friends who tell us only of our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom only can we learn our defects.

Columbus was carried home in chains, on his third voyage, from the world he had discovered. Although the indignant people remonstrated, and his friend the queen had him set free, persecution followed him when he again crossed the Atlantic westward. At the age of seventy, after the "long wandering woe" of this fourth and final voyage, he was glad to reach Spain at last. He hoped for some reward — at least, enough to keep soul and body together. But his appeals were fruitless. He lived for a few months after his return, poor, lonely, and stricken with a mortal disease. Even towards his death he was a scarcely tolerated beggar. He had to complain that his frock had been taken and sold, that he had not a roof of his own, and lacked wherewithal to pay his tavern bill. It was then that, with failing breath, he uttered the words, sublime in their touching simplicity, "I, a native of

Genoa, discovered in the distant West, the continent and isles of India." He expired at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, his last words being, "Lord, I deliver my soul into thy hands." Thus Columbus died a neglected beggar, while a pickle-dealer of Seville, whose highest position was that of second mate of a vessel, gave his name to the greatest continent on the globe. But was the Genoese mariner a failure? Ask more than a hundred millions of people who inhabit the world he found a wilderness. Ask the grandest republic the sun ever shone upon if Columbus was a failure.

Joan of Arc was burned alive at Rouen, without even a remonstrance from Charles VII., who owed her his crown. Was the life of Joan of Arc a failure? Ask a nation besprinkled with her bronze and marble statues if the memory of the Maid of Orleans is not enshrined in every Frenchman's heart.

"A heroic Wallace, quartered upon the scaffold," said Carlyle, "cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the brave, that there be just, real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master."

Leonidas and his three hundred may perish after defending a little mountain pass against a vast Persian army for three days in hand to hand conflict; but their defeat shall prove a nation's victory, and they shall live in song and story when Xerxes and his vast horde will be remembered only because they were repulsed at Thermopylæ and vanquished at Salamis and Platæa.

When it was ascertained that the troop-laden English ship *Birkenhead* was foundering in stress of weather, the officer in charge of the battalion ordered his men to stand at "parade rest" while the boats rowed away with the women and children. They kept their places as the water swashed higher and higher around their feet, and, when it reached their waists, unstrapped their belts and held aloft their cartridge-boxes until with a wild lurch the wreck went down. Think you there was no victory in this apparent defeat? Character is power and triumphs over physical weakness.

"A man, true to man's grave religion," says Bulwer, "can no more despise a life wrecked in all else, while a hallowing

affection stands out sublime through the rents and chinks of fortune, than he can profane with rude mockery a temple in ruins — if still left there the altar."

The exertion of all your strength of mind or body may result in nothing but failure in the eyes of a critical world, but what you have done is already weighed in the scales of Omniscient Justice, and can in no way avoid its legitimate reward. Your deed is registered —

> "In the rolls of Heaven, where it will live,
> A theme for angels when they celebrate
> The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth has witnessed."

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHARLES MICHAEL SCHWAB.

ON THE FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS — HIGHEST SALARIED MAN IN THE WORLD — IN THE PRIME OF LIFE — BIRTHPLACE — BOYHOOD — HOW EDUCATED — BEGINS LIFE AS A CLERK IN A GROCERY STORE — STAKE-DRIVER — EARLY PROMOTIONS — HEAD OF STEEL WORKS — AN ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTE — HOW HE WORKS — SECRET OF HIS POWER — INTERESTED IN YOUNG MEN — HOW HE REGARDS ORGANIZED LABOR — NOT A TYRANT. MANNERS AND DRESS.

My success is due to the fact that in the first place I stood on my own feet — always relied on myself. It is really a detriment to have anyone behind you. When you depend on yourself you know that it is only on your own merit that you succeed. Then you discover your latent powers, awake to your manhood, and are on your mettle to do your uttermost. It is a very good motto to depend on yourself. I am a great believer in self-reliant manliness, which is manhood in its noblest form.



No man ever made a success of his life by luck, or chance, or accident. When you come across one of that vast majority who have failed because they "never had a chance," you 'll take notice that he lacks that indefinable, subtle something that stands for success; and sometimes I 'm inclined to believe the mysterious something is simply a capacity and a disposition for hard work.

The rich man's son enters life's race with a handicap. Not only the handicap which a fortune is, because it deprives him of the necessity to progress and expand, but the handicap of never being able to appreciate what he 's got. For everything in life that 's worth while is ten times more worth while when we yearn and work and climb for it.

The first great blessing in my life was being born poor. The fundamental principles that founded my character were

the lessons wrung out of early hardships, and privations, and self-denials. I would not give up the experience of a boyhood barren of luxuries and paved with obstacles for any amount of money. It would be like pulling the foundation out of a building.

At an age when boys of to-day are petted and pampered, I learned the size and value of a dollar. I learned all that it stood for in comforts and in working principle, and I learned all the labor it stood for. And incidentally I realized that every one of those dollars that figured in my life would mean just so much honest labor on my part.

Fortunately I realized, too, that the plan worked both ways ; that every dollar's worth of work I executed would be paid for in coin of the realm, whether it was overtime, whether it was bargained for, whether it came out of this employer's pocket or the next one, or, indeed, whether the present employer knew of it at all.

Some employer, I knew, would pay me full value for every hour's work I put in, for I was stowing away, as a stock in trade, every moment's work, and its subsequent knowledge and experience. I am a hearty believer in the law of compensation. I don't believe an honest effort ever goes unrewarded, though sometimes the reward is a long time coming.

There are many reasons why men are always working and not always succeeding. Sometimes they belong to the class who cultivate the appearance of working, doing anything. Sometimes they spend their lives working, bemoaning the fact that it 's all effort and no reward, and lay down the scythe just before the harvest ripens.

Hope and faith and courage are just as essential to success as the necessary effort. Many a man has lain down just this side of his laurels and neither he nor the world ever knew how near he came to accomplishment.

Then there are men who work conscientiously, perseveringly, hopefully ; but they 're working on the wrong tack. I believe that such men realize they 're out of place and out of tune, and will never strike the harmonious chord which accomplishment is. But they resolve they 've got a little start and don 't want to lose it. These men form part of the army that fails.

I do not believe there is a normal man living who has not

a capacity for some one line, who could not excel in that line if he pursued it. The first essential in a boy's career is to find out what he 's fitted for, what he 's most capable of doing and doing with a relish.

The second essential is to go to work and do it, no matter the cost, no matter the obstacles, no matter the sacrifices. And if he 's going to stand out among men he 's got to resolve to do the particular thing he 's fastened on better than anyone else.

Every one 's got it in him, if he 'll only make up his mind and stick at it. None of us is born with a stop-valve on his powers or with a set limit to his capacities. There 's no limit possible to the expansion of each one of us.

It all depends upon our will and the power of our resolution. Our capacities expand and enlarge with exercise, just as the muscles of our bodies enlarge and grow strong.

That 's the way character is formed — doing calisthenic feats with obstacles and adversities. I tell you the hard knocks are the nest eggs of our fortunes. The men that are not made of the right stuff go under with them and are never heard of again.

And there are the others who are soured and embittered by them, and they 're heard from eternally. They have n't a good word to say for the world's plan, because when it got a trifle complicated it baffled them.

Those are the men who do more harm to the youth of civilization than its vices. Then there are those who start out, sometimes with bare feet and holes in their trousers, bravely resolving never to let circumstances crush them, never to harbor bitterness over defeat, but to save their energies for the next encounter.

These are the men hard knocks don't hurt. They toughen them ; they help them get ready for the next encounter. To these men, it 's only a question of sufficient hardship, and sacrifice, and battle, to make them proof against any onslaught. These are the soldiers, the victors.

Did you ever find a successful soldier who had n't seen a fight ? That 's why I say the rich man's son is born with a handicap, and it 's why I think the man with a million and a son should keep the two a long way apart.

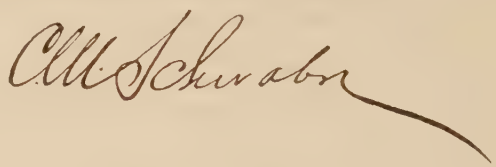
Heaven forbid that money should be the only thing to

strive for. Beyond a certain point of requirement, money is useless to the individual. A vast fortune cannot do its full duty in the life of one man who inherits or makes it; it is destined to better the lives of hundreds.

What satisfaction can there be in piling up vast wealth for the sake of wealth itself? The only part that money plays in success is as a reward. Money is the standard of value. It is the equivalent of merit. Money is the only coin in which we can pay for hard work or for genius, and so it is the equivalent of accomplishment.

But the men who reap success are not the men who aim to accumulate millions; they are the men who aim to do one thing; to do it better than anyone else can do it; to take it up from the very beginning and push it through to the end. That is what makes success, and success means money.

For my own part I am more interested in my work than its mere money value. Millions of money can never give me the pleasure I found in learning the intricate workings of a steel plant. Hitting upon a new device which, when applied to a machine with my own fingers, had a desired effect upon its workings, gave me the keenest possible satisfaction.



TO the great majority of his admiring countrymen, Mr. Charles M. Schwab is known, chiefly, by the unimportant circumstance that he draws the largest salary in the world. The public has a way of seizing upon trivialities like this and ignoring the solid merits that are a man's real title to fame.

Suppose Mr. Schwab does receive the highest salary in the world — what of it? The essential questions are, does he earn it? and if so, how? Mr. Schwab does earn it, and, moreover, he was earning it for a good many years before the public heard anything about him. When he became president of the Carnegie Steel Company, in February, 1897, his salary was fixed at fifty thousand dollars a year, with an interest in the business. When the company was absorbed by the United

States Steel Corporation four years later, the value of that interest was estimated at over twenty-eight million dollars. That is equivalent to a salary of seven million dollars a year for the four years. Compared with that, the largest estimates of the figures opposite Mr. Schwab's name on the pay roll of the steel trust seem modest. This amiable, smooth-faced young man has done much, and is likely to do more. He is forty years old now — just the age of President Butler, of Columbia, and a little younger than President Roosevelt and the Emperor William. He had what he himself calls the indispensable inheritance of poverty.

Back in the mid-seventies, on almost any day when there was mail or a stray passenger to go, a rickety old stage might have been heard creaking down from the little town of Loretto, Penn., to the railroad station at Cresson and back, with a freckle-faced boy of about twelve on the driver's seat, — a newcomer to the quaint little mountain town. The freckled boy — could he jump the quarter century — would scarcely know the multi-millionaire, unless he could drive him over those four hilly miles and some one should whisper him into awe of his passenger. But the man remembers the boy, and is proud of him. After all, does it matter much to either of them whether it is a stagecoach at Loretto or an octopus in the great world that they are controlling, so long as they hold the reins of power ?

But to go back to the boy. Loretto, as every one knows, was the place where Demetrius Gallitzen, the prince-priest, kin to the present ruling house in Russia, brought, over a hundred years ago, the Catholic faith, to what was then an unknown country, and the friars of St. Francis's College still carry on the work he began. To them the boy went for his education, and learned something of engineering, which he liked better than anything else they taught. At eighteen he had finished his course, and must earn a living. He could find no task exactly to his liking. His people were poor, and he took the first thing at hand,—a clerkship in a country grocery at Braddock. A few months had passed, when one day Mr. Jones, of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, happened into the store and the boy behind the counter surprised him by asking for a place. Mr. Jones thought a moment and then asked :—

"Can you drive spikes?"

"I can drive anything," said the boy. Perhaps he was thinking of the weather-beaten stage at Loretto.

"At a dollar a day?"

"At any price."

And so he began. Six dollars a week was better than two and a half, his grocery store stipend, and it was an opportunity. In six months he was chief of the engineering corps with which he had begun work. Then it was that he ceased being "Charlie" and became Mr. Schwab. From that time his story is an exceedingly simple one,— as all great things are simple.

There were blast furnaces to be constructed, and he superintended the work. The rail mill department must be enlarged; he enlarged it until it had the largest output in the world. Competition was close, there must be economy in production, and he made improvements which sent the Pittsburg product all over the world, and, with the late Captain W. R. Jones, developed the famous "metal mixer," which reduced costs to a minimum. In 1887 the Homestead Steel works needed a new superintendent, and Mr. Schwab took the place. Reconstruction was needed, and he made the plant the largest of its sort in the world. The United States wanted armor plate, and after long experiment and over many obstacles, he gave it to them. Captain Jones died in 1889, and Mr. Schwab went back to the Edgar Thomson Works as superintendent, only to take control of both the Homestead and Thomson works in 1892.

The following anecdote illustrates his character: After he had risen to be general manager of the Carnegie Steel Company, an English manufacturer offered him more than fifty thousand dollars a year to be manager of his factory. Mr. Schwab refused, but did not tell Mr. Carnegie. Some months later Mr. Carnegie heard of it, and took pains to say to Mr. Schwab "that he must not think of it."

"It is not what I want," he replied.

"What is it you do want?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"To be a partner in your company," said Mr. Schwab.

He became one, and in 1896 was elected president.

The young man had worked and learned and bided his time. In 1896 he became its president, being preferred by Mr. Carnegie to an older official, when it became a matter of

choice ; and now that Mr. Carnegie has stepped out and the greater steel company has been consummated, Mr. Schwab is its president and active head. And so the boy became the man merely because he had something to do and did it.

No man at the immense works is as busy as its head. Every morning early, some portion of the works is inspected, and at ten he is in his office. Then the day moves on like clock work. The mail which needs his personal attention is read and comprehended quickly — for quickness to see and decide is part of his secret. With his secretary he answers every communication that can expect reply. Every application for place is scrupulously attended to. Then there are conferences with heads of departments, and visits to various parts of the great plant during the remainder of the day. He personally inspects the entire works during each week.

On Saturday the heads of the departments, most of them young men like himself, lunch with him socially. Absolutely no business conversation is allowed at the table. The meal over, conference begins, and suggestions and plans are discussed carefully. Every important word spoken is taken by stenographers present, to be referred to at will afterward. On Monday each of his superintendents lunches with his associates in the same way, and the results are likewise noted. Thus Mr. Schwab becomes the very center of the pulsing body of men and machines. He knows both thoroughly and controls them — even while he is planning such stupendous things as billion-dollar combinations. And all the men associated with him — for Mr. Schwab has no one *under* him — respect and love him. He is their master, not by chance but by superior knowledge and capacity — yet he is their fellow, for he has done all their tasks, realizes all their difficulties. He knows the mechanic's smallest tool as well as the company's bank account. And he gives each man his chance. A bit of system will illustrate.

A new product is planned for. Expense is figured most accurately and closely by the heads in conference. The exact cost of production is settled upon. Then the matter is placed in the hands of the department which must make the article. It must produce at the figure decided upon. If the man in charge can cheapen its productive cost, he can pocket the

difference. All that the company exacts of him is the specified article at the specified cost price.

Mr. Schwab believes in work, just enough work, but no more. At night he tries to free himself from the day's cares. He enjoys his home; he has a fine library of books — not a library of fine books; the theater attracts him; he loves music. From these he gets his rest and change. Often he will spend spare moments with his violin, and he still plays the piano, just as he used to for the friars at Loretto. His handsome home is hung with *chef-d'œuvres* which he has chosen, not because they are well known, but because he likes them. He is sincere here as at his desk.

He is just the common man among men, keen, practical man of business, careful though daring man in the game of finance, but socially considering himself distinctly one of the people,— and this, too, is part of his secret. The man appears on the surface: a stocky figure dressed like the clean-cut, sensible man that he is; a full, young-looking face, with a pair of keen brown eyes that take in everything at a glance; quick, tense walk, and frank, quiet speech, gentle and courteous in manner, but with a distinct impression of decision and firmness in reserve.

Mr. Schwab is interested in the young men. He is a young man himself,— and he understands them. He is very democratic — a thorough good fellow when business is out of the way. He is a clean man. He uses neither tobacco nor liquors to any extent. In fact, he does n't have time. That is another of his secrets — that he has time only for the necessary things. He perhaps cannot be called an actively religious man, and yet he is building two churches, one for his mother at Loretto, and one for his wife's mother at Braddock; has given largely to the convent at Cresson, and has built a monument at Loretto to Prince Gallitzen. The amount of money he has donated to charities it would be difficult to estimate. He has given very widely and largely, but he does it quietly, just as he does everything else, with no ostentation. And his feelings regarding his gifts were voiced in a remark he made in a speech at the laying of the Braddock Church corner stone.

"It is a small thing," he said, "for a man to sign his name to a check while there is money in the bank."

He represents the highest development of the salaried employee. Other men comparable with him as generals of industry have soon graduated from the pay roll to work for themselves. Rockefeller, Hill, Spreckles, Mills, Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Carnegie all began poor, but all turned their energies to putting themselves into a position in which everything amassed by their brains would go into their own bank deposits. Schwab alone has been content to remain a glorified wage earner, cheerfully putting ten millions into the pockets of his employers for every million retained by himself.

It is as such a wage earner that he is of such peculiar significance: Technologists may grow enthusiastic over his work in connection with Captain Jones in perfecting the "metal mixer," by which melted iron instead of cold pig is used in steel making, and the whole industry is transformed. They may admire the bold ingenuity of the devices by which a boy enabled his employers to undertake the manufacture of armor plate in competition with rivals who had spent years and millions in constructing the gigantic special plant then considered necessary. But the real value of Mr. Schwab's career is in the light it throws upon the possibilities open to those vast wage-earning masses, of which he has chosen to remain a member.

It is generally understood that Mr. Schwab does not believe in trades unions, as usually managed. Plenty of men who have worked their way from poverty to wealth hold similar views. Their standpoint is purely selfish. When they were making two dollars and fifty cents a week, they would have been glad of a union to help them to make more. When they are pocketing hundreds of thousands a year, they see no need for a union to help anybody else. They oppose the union for its merits. Just in so far as it helps the workers, they object to it.

If this were Mr. Schwab's position, it would not be worth notice. But his idea is something very different. His objection to the union policy is that it discourages ability. He wishes to leave the way open for every worker to win, if he can, a success like his own. He sees that possibility in the new organization of industry.

To his mind, the trades union of the future is the trust. He

sees in that the solution of the whole problem of capital and labor, and of the problem of national prosperity as well. His theory was explained by himself some time ago in these words: —

"The larger the output, the smaller, relatively, is the cost of production. This is a trade axiom. It holds good whether the output consists of pins or of locomotives. It is much more economical, proportionately, to run three machines under one roof than it is to run one. It is cheaper to run a dozen than it is to run three, and cheaper still to run a hundred. Therefore, the larger plant has an undoubted superiority over the small plant, and this advantage increases almost indefinitely as the process of enlargement continues. . . . The well managed combination is a direct gain to the state. Anyone who doubts this need only consult the foreign newspapers. Everywhere, he will find a cry of industrial alarm leveled, not at the individual American manufacturer, but at the American nation. This is because the combination has done for the American state what the individual was never able to do — put it in industrial control of the world. . . . The capitalist and the laborer are equal sharers in the advantages the new scheme offers. Capital finds itself more amply protected, and labor finds an easier route to a partnership with capital. To the workingman, the combination offers the most feasible scheme of industrial coöperation ever presented."

Mr. Schwab is a socialist in disguise. He recalls the difficulty a worker found under the old individualistic system in securing a foothold in business for himself. His savings would not buy a factory, or a partnership in one. The exceptional man could save enough to start a little workshop, and he could add to his business from day to day, until with good luck he had built up a great industry, but the average wage earner could never hope to be his own employer. Now, a man with any thrift at all can buy a share of stock. A little later he can buy another share. Before he knows it, he is perceptibly a partner in the business that employs him. This Mr. Schwab believes to be the direction in which evolution is going to carry our industrial system. He has given his views a dazzling illustration in his own person. In his case it has been, not merely the purchase of one share at a time out of

weekly savings, but the acquisition of blocks of stock as a reward for conspicuous ability. The Carnegie idea has been to give an interest in the business to the ablest brains in the service of the company. That has been also one of the ideas through which young Mr. Harmsworth, of England, has been enabled to pile up a million for every year of his life. If we ever come to the Coöperative Commonwealth, perhaps a statue of Schwab may be found along with the effigies of Rockefeller, Morgan, and Carnegie in its Westminster Abbey. These nationalizers and internationalizers of industry are wiping out the competitive system, not only in the United States, but in the whole world. For the present, their work has its ugly, selfish side, but they are toiling, some of them perhaps unconsciously, but some with undoubted appreciation of the meaning of their efforts, toward the creation of a gigantic industrial organism, in which every human atom will be harmoniously related with every other.

Bellamy's ideal was a community, the products of whose industry should be equally divided among all its members. Schwab's is a community in which every man can get what he earns, and in which earning possibilities are unlimited. Like Napoleon, he would open a career to talent. He would have a basis of well-paid, comfortable labor, but he would have no laboring class. He would have every position in the industrial world open to any man with the capacity to reach it, and he would put no brakes on any man's progress. There would be no speed limit for automobiles on his industrial highway. Thus he would reconcile the aspirations of ambitious workers with the need for the intelligent direction of industry. Instead of having a business policy directed by unsympathetic labor delegates from outside, he would promote the ablest of those laborers, and have them direct the business sympathetically from the inside. It would be an interesting plan, even in the head of an impecunious professor. It is especially interesting as the program of a man that controls a business with a capital of one billion five hundred million dollars, and a yearly income of over one hundred million.

Charles M. Schwab is a living refutation of the theory that a driver of workmen must be a hard, unfeeling tyrant. He is bubbling over with sympathy and good humor, but he keeps a huge industrial army on edge by the force of infectious

energy and of perfect organization. A hard overseer may make his men afraid to shirk — Mr. Schwab has learned the nobler and more profitable art of encouraging every man to do his best.

MANNERS AND DRESS.

IT is well for young men to obtain, at the very start of their career, some idea of the value of politeness. Some cannot be otherwise than urbane. They are born so. One can kick them roundly and soundly, and they will not refuse to smile, if it be done good-naturedly. They escape all corners by a necessity of their nature. If their souls had only corporeal volume, we could see them making their way through a crowd, like little spaniels, scaring nobody, running between nobody's legs, but winding along shrinkingly and gracefully, seeing a master in every man, and thus flattering every man's vanity into good nature ; but really spoiling their reputation as reliable dogs, by their undiscriminating and universal complaisance. There is a self-forgetfulness which is so deep as to be below self-respect, and such instances as we meet with should be treated compassionately.

Puppyism is not politeness. The genuine article is as necessary to success, and particularly to any enjoyable success, as integrity, or industry, or any other indispensable quality. All machinery ruins itself by friction, without the presence of a lubricating fluid. Politeness, or civility, or urbanity, or whatever we choose to call it, is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction. We are obliged to bend to one another — to step aside and let another pass, to ignore this and that peculiarity, to speak pleasantly when irritated, and to do a great many things to avoid abrasion and collision. In other words, in a world of selfish interests and pursuits, where every man is pursuing his own special good, we must mask our real designs in studied politeness, or mingle them with real kindness, in order to elevate the society of men above the society of wolves. Young men generally would doubtless be thoroughly astonished if they could comprehend at a single glance how greatly their personal happiness, popularity, prosperity, and usefulness depend on their manners.

I know young men who, in the discharge of their duties,



CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

imagine that if they go through with a literal performance, they are doing all that they undertake to do. You will never see a smile upon their faces, nor hear a genial word of good-fellowship from their lips; and, from the manner in which their labor is performed, you would never learn that they were engaged in intercourse with human beings. They carry the same manner and the same spirit into the countingroom that they do into the dog kennel or the stable. Everyone hates such men as these, and recoils from all contact with them. If he has business with them, he closes it as soon as possible, and gets out of their presence. A man who, having got his vessel under headway on the voyage of life, takes a straight course, caring or minding nothing for the huge man-of-war which lies in his path, or the sloop which crosses his bow, or the fishing smacks that find work where he seeks nothing but a passage, or interposing shoals, rocks, or islands, will be very sure to get terribly rubbed before he gets through, if he even happens to get through at all.

Servility is to be despised, but true and uniform politeness is the glory of any young man. It should be a politeness full of frankness and good nature, unobtrusive and constant, and uniform in its exhibition to all classes of men. The young man who is overwhelmingly polite to a celebrity or a nabob, and rude to a poor man, because he is a poor man, deserves to be despised. That style of manners which combines self-respect with respect for the rights and feelings of others, especially if it be warmed up by the fires of a genial heart, is a thing to be coveted and cultivated; and it is a thing that produces a good return, alike in cash and comfort.

The talk of manners introduces us naturally to dress and personal appearance. It is the duty of all men, young and old, to make their persons, as far as practicable or possible, agreeable to those with whom they are thrown into association. By this is meant that they shall not offend by singularity, nor by slovenliness. Let no man know by your dress what your business is; you dress your person, not your trade. You are — if you know enough to mould the fashion of the time to your own personal peculiarities — to make it your servant, and not allow it to be your master. Never dress in extremes. Let there always be a hint in your dress that you know the prevailing style, but, for the best of reasons, disregard its

more extreme demands. The best possible impression that you can make by your dress is to make no separate impression at all; but so to harmonize its material and shape with your personality, that it becomes tributary to the general effect; and so exclusively tributary, that people cannot tell after seeing you what kind or color of clothes you wear. They will only remember that you look well and dress becomingly.

We may like it or not, but we are judged in this world first for what we are, but also as we look; and a young man's common sense should teach him that it is always wise to create a good impression. It does much for him and he cannot afford to ignore it. Good clothes cannot make a young man, but they are a help; and when carving out a career it is only pure justice to himself that he should take advantage of every point offered him. In other words, it is a duty which every young man owes himself to be well dressed. But to be well dressed does not necessarily imply the highest priced clothes, cut according to the latest patterns. It is just as possible to be well attired in clothes of moderate cost, so long as they are not "loud" or "showy," but quiet and neat.

The average young fellow undoubtedly errs in this matter of dress. With his tastes unfixed, in the majority of cases, he goes to either one of two extremes: he either dresses shabbily because he claims he cannot afford to do otherwise, or he goes to the other extreme and tries to imitate the styles affected by the extremists in dress, and necessarily makes himself an object of ridicule.

Clothes are moderate enough in price nowadays to make it possible for every young man, no matter how humble his income, to be neatly attired. The secret of a neat appearance in dress does not depend upon the number of suits he may have, but upon the manner in which even a single suit is taken care of and how it is worn. Many a young man with a wardrobe of but two suits of clothes looks neater than another who has five or six suits with which to alternate. The art of looking well depends, first, upon the choice of a suit; and, second, upon how it is taken care of. If a young man has a moderate income he should make it a point to select only the quiet patterns of dark colors. Not only is this more economical, but it is in better taste than are the lighter and

more conspicuous clothes. If a young man will look around him a bit, he will find that the successful men of the day are always the most quiet dressers. Their clothes are never conspicuous ; they detract rather than attract attention. It is only the fop of shallow mind who invites attention by his dress. There is a certain class of pictures that requires elaborate gilt frames in order to set off the little merit they possess ; and likewise are there scores of men who must dress conspicuously in order to gain even the most meager attention. Men who are least certain of their position always dress the showiest. Hence if a young man dresses quietly and neatly he pursues not only the best but the only wise course. His dress is a pretty accurate reflection of his character, and very often he is judged, to a certain extent, by the taste which he shows in his clothes.

But while a young man injures himself by showy dressing, he has no business to dress shabbily. Shabby clothes are no longer an eccentricity of genius. There are men of genius who have achieved deserved fame and substantial success who are absolutely indifferent to their appearance. And the world overlooks and forgives it. But this is only possible with men of commanding genius who are established ; and the young man who takes these men as models so far as attire goes makes a sorry mistake. It is given to men of high position and of established success to follow a great many little eccentricities which are not overlooked in a young man struggling for a career.

Aside from the aspect of mere appearance, neatness in dress is undoubtedly a great inner and outer factor in a young man's success. A well-fitted suit of clothes communicates a sense of neatness to the body, and, in turn, this sense of neatness of the person is extended to the work in hand. As we feel, so unquestionably do we work. Our clothes unmistakably affect our feelings, as any man knows who has experienced the different sensation that comes to him when attired in a new suit from the feeling when wearing old clothes. No employer expects his clerks of moderate incomes to dress in the immediate fashion ; but he likes to see them neat in appearance. It commends them to his attention. We all have an inner consciousness that a young man who keeps himself looking neat and clean is more worthy of our con-

fidence than he who is regardless of his appearance and looks soiled and shabby. Neatness always attracts, just as shabbiness invariably repulses.

The value of clean linen to a young man should be particularly emphasized. There is no earthly excuse why any young fellow should wear soiled collars or cuffs. Soap and water are within the reach of the smallest purse, and the home or the outer laundry is accessible to all. No single element of his dress cuts more of a figure in a young man's success than his linen. However worn may be his clothes, his appearance always invites closer proximity when his linen is clean.

We do not wish to be understood as making too much of dress as a factor in a young man's life. But it is sufficiently important to justify the statement that no young fellow anxious for his self-betterment can afford to slight his appearance. No fair computation can be offered as to what percentage of his income he should expend on his dress. That depends altogether too much on circumstances. But he should be strongly counseled to dress as well as his means allow; no better, but no worse. Money spent on a neat appearance is never wasted with a man, be he young or old. The chief danger which the young man has to battle with is dressing beyond his means. A tendency towards extravagance is never justifiable, no matter what may be his income. Extravagance is always wasteful. But neither must he economize too closely. In a word, he should strive always to look neat; to present the best appearance he can.

The extreme styles presented in men's clothes are like the extreme styles fashioned for women: they should be left for those who have large wardrobes. The young man of limited wardrobe cannot afford to have anything in it which is in the immediate style one year and out of fashion the next year. Quiet patterns in clothes, in cravats, in shoes, and in linen are always in style. The marvelous combinations we see in young men's clothes, of extreme long coats, of light cloths, and large patterns in suitings, of pink shirts, white collars, and blue cravats, are generally worn by extremists in dress, or by those of mediocre tastes whose exhibition of those tastes always keeps them in the lower stations of life. These styles should never be affected by the young man who wishes to

gain the confidence of his superiors in business, or the respect of the people in social life whose friendship will be of value and benefit to him. A young man, so far as this matter of dress is concerned, cannot do better than always to remember this one inflexible rule : that the best dressers among men follow the same method as do the best dressers among women — they dress well, but quietly. And quiet dressing is always in good taste.